LAUGHS *from* JEWISH LORE

JACOB RICHMAN

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BY
JACOB RICHMAN

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INTRODUCTION

The keen sense of humor, for which the Jew is distinguished, is one of the great psychological enigmas.

Oppressed for two thousand years, one would expect the Jew to be a melancholy person, detesting mockery and abhorring levity. Yet nobody has contributed to the gaiety of nations so much as the Jew. The screen, the stage, the magazine, the newspaper column, the comic page—all have been animated by his scintillating mind.

The Jew has the happy faculty of being able to perceive the grotesque and the ludicrous in the most tragic situations. And he can laugh at almost anything. He can laugh even in the face of death. When Heinrich Heine was on his death-bed, he dictated a will, in which he bequeathed everything to his wife, Mathilda, stipulating, however, that she remarry after his death. And when asked for the reason, the great wit said: "When Mathilda remarries, there will be at least one

man who will regret my death." Then there is the story of the dying atheist, who sent an urgent call for the rabbi, before whom he wanted to say "confession." Asked by his astonished comrades why he had suddenly turned his back on his principles, the expiring libertine declared that by this act he wanted to disprove the Talmudic apothem that "the wicked do not repent even at the threshold of Gehenna."

THE CRITERIA OF A JEWISH STORY

Students of Jewish humor have often puzzled as to what constitutes a Jewish story. A story told about a Jew is not necessarily a Jewish story. In order to be Jewish, a story must depict Jewish life, Jewish character, or reflect the Jewish habit of thought.

Everybody is familiar with the so-called "Hebrew yarn," so popular in recent years on the American vaudeville stage. The "Hebrew comedian" invariably had in his repertoire a few fire-stories, with which he regaled his audience. Yet those stories were not Jewish; they were not the product of the Jewish people.

Take the conventional fire story: A Jew

meets a coreligionist on the street. "Hello, Abe," he says. "I hear you had a fire last Tuesday."

"No, it's the coming Tuesday," informs the other.

That may be a witty story, but it is not Jewish. It may be told with the same effect about an Irishman, or an Italian. At any rate, no Jew will concede that it is a Jewish story, which in itself is sufficient reason to exclude it from that category.

The following fire story, however, is decidedly Jewish: An Israelite calls on the rabbi of a small community, and tells him that he is the victim of a general conflagration, in which his house was razed. He is now collecting funds to rehabilitate himself, and he wants the rabbi's assistance.

"Have you a document from your rabbi that you are a fire victim?" interrogates the leader of the community.

"I had one," replies the "nisraf," dismally, "but that, too, was burnt."

A Jewish story, on the other hand, must not necessarily be about a Jew. The Talmud abounds in stories about Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and other non-Jewish poten-

tates. Yet they are a part of Jewish folk-lore on account of the special appeal they hold to the Jew's philosophy of life or special turn of mind.

The typical Jewish joke is sardonic. In it humor and pathos are mingled together. Beneath the smile you can notice a tear. Take the following story: A circus comes to a Russian town. The next day, an Israelite meets a coreligionist on the street. "You know, Reb Avrohom," he says, "I am going to take the next train to go out of town."

"Why?"

"Don't you know? A bear escaped from the circus, and the police issued an order to shoot him on sight."

"So, what of it? You are not a bear, are you?"

"Well," says the precautious man, "the first thing you know they will shoot a Jew, and then let him go and prove that he is not a bear."

ANTIQUITY OF JEWISH HUMOR

It is asserted that the Jew, having for many centuries been compelled to circumvent the restrictions imposed on him, has developed a

nimbleness of mind and an unconscious humor unequalled by any other race. The Jews, however, were a humorous people even in Biblical times, when their national and individual lives were as normal as those of their neighbors.

We find in the Bible every form of wit and humor. Cain's sharp retort, "Am I my brother's keeper?" is a splendid repartee. When Abimelech, the son of a maid servant, slew all his brothers, except Jotham, and became king over Shechem, Jotham recited the fable of the trees that went forth to anoint a king over themselves, and chose the bramble (Judges 9: 8-15). When David caused the death of Uriah, in order to marry his beautiful wife, the prophet, Nathan, moved him to repentance by the parable of the rich man, who robbed a poor man of his only lamb in order to entertain his guest (II Samuel 12: 1-4).

Isaiah is one of the greatest books of satire ever written. Its pages are bristling with sarcasm and parody. "Wo unto them that are mighty to drink wine" (Isa. 5: 22), is representative of the whole book. But we find sarcasm and satire also in the earlier prophets. When Achish, the King of Gath, looked at David, who was a fugitive simulating insanity,

he exclaimed, "Have I need of mad men that you have brought this fellow to play the mad man?" (I Samuel 21: 15). Then there is the withering sarcasm of Elijah, when he taunts the prophets of Baal: "Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked" (I Kings 18: 27).

Paronomasia is, perhaps, the most abundant type of humor found in the Bible. "Precept upon precept; line upon line, here a little, there a little" (Isa. 28: 10), is an alliteration. "A day of trouble, and of treading down, and of perplexity" (Isa. 22: 5), constitutes in the Hebrew text an alliteration in conjunction with onomatopœia. Chapter 145 of Psalms presents one of the many acrostics found in that book, each verse beginning with a different letter of the Alphabet, arranged in consecutive order. The pun is to be met with quite frequently. Jacob called the place where he wrestled with the angel, Peniel, a hyphenated word, meaning "the face of God." We find the rime in "Our bones are dried, and our hope is lost" (Ezekiel 37: 11).

The riddle must have been popular with the ancient Hebrews. Samson propounded one

to the Philistines: "Out of the eater came forth food, and out of the strong came forth sweetness" (Judges 14: 14), the answer being, the beehive in the carcass of the lion, which Samson had discovered. Frankly speaking, I do not see the wisdom of this conundrum. Bees do not habitually congregate in the carcasses of lions. The case in question was a mere incident, and how could the poor Philistines ever guess it? It is about as clever as the riddle of the green herring that hangs on the wall and squeaks. Nevertheless it shows the prevalence of riddles in those days.

The practical joke was not foreign to the ancient Hebrews, either. Here is what we are told in Judges 15: 4, 5. "And Samson went and caught three hundred foxes, and took torches, and turned tail to tail, and put a torch in the midst between two tails. And when he had set the torches on fire, he let them go into the standing corn of the Philistines, and burnt up both the shocks, and also the standing corn, with the vineyards and olives."

Tying the tails of foxes together and letting them loose, with burning torches stuck in their tails, on the field of an adversary, is about as witty as tying a tin can to a dog's tail, or put-

ting a tack on teacher's seat, and is worthy of any bad boy. The motive of revenge does not alter the facetious aspect of the situation. Surely this prank was not inspired. But Samson was a primitive man, with a primitive mind and I can see the Hebraic giant and his silly contemporaries chuckle at what they considered a masterpiece of humor, in which the foxes, I surmise, did not concur.

Masquerading, assuming that it is a form of humor, is also to be found in the Bible. Jacob, in order to receive Isaac's blessings, disguised himself as Esau by covering his hands with the skin of a goat.

The Solomonic has its origin in the Bible, and derives its name from the ingenious manner in which Solomon determined the parentage of the contested child.

The Jewish sense of humor did not deteriorate with the Dispersion. On the contrary it was enhanced. Due to their contact with other cultures, the Jews became broader, while the persecutions they suffered at the hands of their neighbors forced them to create allegories, by which they expressed their protest against their tormentors.

The humor of the Talmud is more subtle

than the Biblical brand. Indeed, the ancient Rabbis were masters of repartee and anecdote. The witticisms recorded in the Talmud are gentle and pleasing, but never hilariously funny. The Rabbinic anecdote is calculated to make one smile and think, but not roar with laughter. Æsop's fables were very popular with the Sages. Rabbi Meier knew three hundred fables about foxes. Undoubtedly some were original. Many of the Rabbinic anecdotes are rather indelicate and would not be passed by a modern censor. But since their purpose was to throw light on some phase of human conduct or to interpret a Scriptural passage, it was considered perfectly proper. Anecdotes that have no other purpose but to amuse, also are to be found in the Talmud.

Here is a typical Talmudic anecdote: A middle-aged man had two wives. One was young and the other old. The young wife wanted him to look younger, and she used to pluck his white hairs. The older wife, wanting him to look older, plucked his dark hairs. Due to this process of depilation he became bald-headed.

The parody and the pun formed a popular diversion with the Rabbis, and they utilized

the most significant verses of the Bible for that purpose.

THE DECLINE AND RISE OF THE JEWISH ANECDOTE

After the conclusion of the Talmud in the fifth century, the anecdote practically disappeared from Hebrew literature.

The tendency of medieval Hebrew writers was toward fables and parodies, in both of which they excelled. Dunash ben Labrat, Ibn Gabirol, Abraham ibn Ezra, Joseph Zabara, Immanuel di Roma, contemporary and friend of Dante, Kalonymus ben Kalonymus, Abraham ibn Hasdai, Judah ben Isaac ibn Shabbethai, and Juda Al-Harizi are only a few of the medieval Hebrew poets who gained a reputation as satirists.

Woman, ordinarily, was the butt for the shafts of those wits. Some of them, like Joseph Zabara, dwelt at great length on the wickedness and perfidy of women, their vanity and garrulity, and have illustrated their point of view by numerous fables.

Among later Jewish satirists we find the names of Samuel David Luzzatto, Zachariah

Frankel, Isaac Erter, and the late Gershon Rosenzweig, who died in America only a few years ago.

The Jewish anecdote did not come into vogue again until the nineteenth century, with the spread of the Talmudic academies in Russia. The students of those havens of learning, who came from all parts of Europe, made the "yeshibah" their home. They ate there and slept there. Late of a winter evening after school-hours, the "bachurim" gathered around the large warm brick stove and swapped stories. Most of those yarns were folk tales current among the masses. Others were the ingenious inventions of the narrators. Coming back to their native towns, the Talmudic scholars recounted their witty stories and bon mots to their friends and admirers. Thus the stories became popular.

In view of the fact that there was no Yiddish literature in the first half of the nineteenth century, and the Hebrew literature was practically restricted to rabbinic Responsa, the students of the Talmudic academies were the true disseminators, and to a large extent the creators, of the Jewish folk-tale and anecdote.

The predominant character in the Jewish

anecdote is the rabbi. For many centuries the "rov" has been the actual leader of his community. Often he was endowed with legal powers, and always people came to him for arbitration and advice. His decisions were mostly wise, but sometimes otherwise. Due to the scarcity of lawyers and physicians in the ghetto, the rabbi was the most important man in the community, and the most talked of. The masses, therefore, told and created stories about him.

The itinerant preacher was a familiar and pathetic character. So was the mendicant, that picturesque, happy-go-lucky fellow, who was the most optimistic of God's creatures. A prominent place in Jewish folk-lore is occupied by the "schadchan" or marriage-broker, whose services in the Russian-Polish and Galician communities were indispensable, in an age when it was considered immodest for a young man to do his own courting. His cunning and exaggerations formed the subjects of numerous tales, which the Jews told and listened to with keen pleasure.

The teacher, the merchant, the physician did not escape the attention of the Jew, either, and

the stories told about them are most entertaining.

It is hard to tell when the first collection of Jewish anecdotes appeared. A little pamphlet of ten pages written in fluent, but ungrammatical, Hebrew, and bearing the title "Katoves L'Chanukah" ("Jokes for Chanucah"), is probably the first book of its kind, judging by its discolored, moth-eaten pages. But it bears no date of publication. Nor does the name of the author, or place of publication appear on its title-page. This book is in the possession of the Jewish Theological Seminary of New York. "Sichas-Chulin-shell-Talmide Chachamim," a Hebrew collection of rabbinic bons mots and anecdotes, the second edition of which appeared in Vilna, in 1880, is probably next in priority. Since then there have appeared from time to time little pamphlets of Jewish jokes in Yiddish, written in the most atrocious style.

A systematic and fairly good collection of Jewish anecdotes in Hebrew was made by M. H. Berstein, and published in London in 1904 under the title of "Ozar Pisgamim Mechuchamim."

A few collections appeared in the German

language, the most comprehensive being "Ostjüdische Humor," by Chaim Bloch, published in Berlin in 1920. A fine collection of Jewish anecdotes was made by Dr. Immanuel Olsvanger and printed in Switzerland in 1920 under the title "Rosinkess mit Mandlen."

In 1922, there appeared two collections of Jewish anecdotes, one in Hebrew by A. Druyanow, under the title of "Sefer Habdichah V'hachidud," and one in Yiddish by I. H. Ravnitzky, entitled "Yiddishe Witzen." Unquestionably, these two books are well done. It is to be regretted, however, that the Solomonic is entirely missing from their pages, altho the Solomonic witticisms are considered the finest element in the humorous folk-lore of every nation. For that matter, the Solomonic is hardly represented in the other collections, either.

"Laughs From Jewish Lore" is the first attempt of its kind in the English language. It contains much new material, which the author has gathered for many years. The American Jewish anecdotes, in particular, are new in book form. A distinguishing feature of this work is the large number of Solomonics, which the reader will find in the first two divisions of

the book. The author trusts that this book will help the American public to get an adequate conception of what Jewish genius has created along this line of intellectual endeavor.

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My acknowledgments are due to the editors of the New York Sunday *World* and the New York *Evening World,* for permission to reprint matter that has appeared in their pages.

LAUGHS FROM JEWISH LORE

I

LEADERS IN ISRAEL

HIS CLEAN HANDS MEANT AN UNCLEAN HEART

FOR many centuries the Jewish rabbis of Europe were not only the religious guides of their communities but also their Magistrates and arbiters in civil cases. The wisdom and comprehension of worldly matters some rabbis displayed, and the just and sagacious decisions they rendered attracted the attention of the outside world. Very often Gentiles came with their disputes to the rabbi and cheerfully abided by his decision.

A Russian, who had invited three guests to dinner, discovered after their departure that his silver cigaret-holder, an heirloom, was miss-

ing. He was sure that it had been purloined by one of the visitors. But as he lacked evidence, he did not know what to do.

"I would take them to the Jewish 'rabbin,' " said the Russian's wife, "he is such a holy man, and he'll surely detect the thief."

The good husband consented, and the three gentlemen were summoned to the rabbi.

"My friends," said the rabbinic Magistrate, "Mr. Ivan Ivanowitz, who entertained you at his house, has a suspicion that one of you, due undoubtedly to absent-mindedness, has taken his cigaret-holder. Now, I have a magic candlestick. It is standing on a table in a dark room. I shall blindfold you, and one by one you will enter the room and touch the candlestick, which you will have no difficulty in finding. The man who has the silver vessel will experience, upon touching the candlestick, a terrific pain, and will begin to scream. Are you satisfied to take the test?"

All assented.

Thereupon the three suspects were blindfolded, and one by one they entered the mysterious chamber to touch the magic candlestick. The first two came out with soiled hands, for the rabbi had daubed the mystic vessel with

soot; the third one, apparently afraid to touch it, emerged from the dark room with hands unsullied.

"You have stolen the cigaret-holder!" finally declared the divine, pointing his finger at the bewildered rustic. "Bring it right back to Ivan." And he did.

IN THE INTEREST OF BUSINESS

The single employee of the Jewish wine-cellar in a Polish town was in the habit of concealing his valuables behind a barrel of wine, which stood close to the wall.

Once, when leaving for lunch, he stopped for a while at the repository and found, to his utter dismay, that his precious treasure was gone.

As no stranger had been in the establishment that morning, he was sure that the theft had been committed by his employer. Yet he lacked the courage to accuse his master openly. Besides, he had no direct evidence.

So the distracted laborer brought his troubles to the rabbi.

The venerable Judge summoned the proprietor of the wine-cellar to his office and questioned him regarding the purloined valuables.

But the wine-merchant made a positive and vigorous denial.

The following day the ecclesiast-Magistrate caused an announcement to be posted in the synagog that the wine of the local merchant was under suspicion of having been touched by a heathen, and as such it was "yayin nesech," or libation, which no good Jew was permitted to use.

That came like a thunderbolt from the clear sky. Complete financial ruin stared him in the face.

In haste and confusion he ran to the minister and demanded an explanation.

"Well, you see," said the sage, calmly, "the valuables have been stolen. The thief, in order to get them, had to touch the barrel of wine, touching undoubtedly, on his way in and out, other barrels of wine. You say that you know nothing about it. Then they must have been stolen by a stranger, and who knows that it was not a heathen? It is my duty, therefore, as guardian of the precepts of God's Torah, to warn my people of the possible contamination of your wine."

"But," stammered the dumfounded wine-

merchant. "But, to tell the truth, it was myself who took them."

"Your present statement is in direct contradiction to your previous assertion," declared the reverend Judge, inexorably, "and I am not at liberty to accept it."

"But, my dear rabbi," pleaded the owner of the condemned stock, with tears in his eyes, "I am totally ruined. I don't know why I did it. I must have been crazy."

"Then I shall administer an oath to you," said the divine. And after a formal and pompous ordeal, the crestfallen defendant swore that he was the thief, and volunteered to reimburse the plaintiff twice the value of the amount stolen, as required by the Hebrew code.

EVIDENTLY THE PURSE WAS NOT HIS

The wealthy miser had lost his purse, and following his wife's advice, posted a notice in the synagog announcing his loss, and promising a generous reward to the one that would return it to him.

A poor man, who found the purse, went directly to its owner, and waited for the "generous reward."

When the avaricious man had finished counting the money, he exclaimed with feigned horror: "You have not returned all the money you found. The purse contained 500 rubles and here is only 300 rubles. You are not entitled, therefore, to any reward."

It was a ruse on the part of the tightwad to cheat the poor fellow out of his merited reward, and the honest man went home disappointed, wondering whether honesty was a good policy.

Whereupon he complained to the rabbi of the community.

The venerable sage was indignant at this abuse of honesty and confidence. Stroking his patriarchal beard, he began strolling back and forth along the large room, which served as study and court room. Every other while he would pause before the long table, open a musty tome and peruse a paragraph here and there. "I have it!" he suddenly exclaimed. "Everything will be all right. Yudel," he motioned to his messenger, "go straight to that shameless ingrate and tell him to come here immediately."

Shortly the "shamash" returned with the magnate of the small community.

"How much money did your purse contain?" demanded the clerical Magistrate, in a stern voice.

"Five hundred rubles," replied the skinflint rather timidly.

"And how much money was contained in the purse you found?" queried the divine of the hoodwinked fellow.

"Three hundred rubles," he meekly responded.

"Then," declared the ecclesiastic Judge, "the purse this man found is not yours. You will please return the purse and the 300 rubles to him, and he shall keep it till the rightful owner appears."

A DOSE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE

A Jewish merchant arrived in a small town late Friday afternoon. Being a man of orthodox propensities, who would not carry anything on the Sabbath, he intrusted his money and valuables to the hotel-keeper for safe keeping until after Saturday.

Saturday night, when the guest asked for his valuables, the hotel man declared that he had not received anything from him.

In confusion the stranger ran to the local

rabbi and asked him to help him recover his treasure, which represented his entire fortune. The divine was horrified at this treachery, and he forthwith sent his "shamash" to summon the hotel man.

It was a puzzling situation, and the sage was about to give the matter up in despair, when a clever idea flashed through his mind.

"Give me your cane and box of snuff," the venerable rabbi ordered the defendant.

The accused man was rather mystified at the rabbi's request, but he reluctantly obeyed.

The rabbi went into the anteroom, and after holding a whispered consultation with his trusty "shamash," returned to the litigants.

A few minutes later the messenger came into the studio-court carrying the cane and snuff-box in one hand and the deposit in the other hand. For, pursuant to the sage's instruction, the "shamash" told the proprietor's wife that her master wanted the valuables intrusted by the stranger, and as a sign, he sent along his cane and snuff-box.

TRUTH WILL OUT

The butcher's shop and the shoe-store adjoined each other, and were separated only by a

thin partition, so that the proprietor of each could overhear the conversation of the other.

The butcher was a simple, honest man, trusting all and suspecting none. It was his custom before closing the store to count the money collected for the day's sales, and then lock it in a strong wooden box, which served as a safe.

The counting was invariably done in a loud voice which was heard through the partition. One night the proprietor of the shoe-store broke the thin partition dividing the two stores, and then notified the police that, to his belief, he had been robbed by his neighbor. He informed the authorities how much money he had lost, and urged them to open the box, so that the contents thereof might be examined and his suspicion verified.

The box was opened in the presence of the two storekeepers, and it was found to contain the exact sum claimed by the shoe merchant. The police were convinced of the butcher's guilt. They were about to deliver the money to the plaintiff and arrest the accused man, when the butcher, inspired by righteous indignation, made a firm stand against the officers of the law, and declared that under no circumstances would he submit to arrest or give up his

money without having first a hearing before the local rabbi, who, he said, was a saintly man, and who, he confidently believed, would have no difficulty in ascertaining the truth.

Before a large tallow candle the venerable rabbi of the small Lithuanian town was meditating over a ponderous tome of the Talmud, when he heard a rap at the door.

As he opened it, the two merchants, followed by half a dozen policemen, walked in. They told him the cause of their late visit, and immediately the sage proceeded to have a hearing on the case.

The evidence, tho circumstantial, was clearly against the defendant. But there was something in the voice and appearance of the butcher which told the great man that he was the victim of a wily scheme.

For a long time the reverent man looked puzzled. Incessantly he paced up and down the long study, which was also his court-room, and stroked his patriarchal beard. At last he had an inspiration.

"Bring me a pail of water," he finally ordered.

The police brought a pail of water.

"Throw the money into the pail," commanded the holy man.

The officers obeyed, and in a few moments the water was covered with a layer of fat.

"The money belongs to the butcher," declared the holy man, "and that man is a scoundrel. Arrest him."

FIND THE THIEF FIRST

Two muzhiks went to the city on a spree, which included a Turkish bath. On their way they found a pocketbook containing a 1,000-ruble bill. As they could not divide it up outright, they deposited it with the grocer near the bath house and instructed him not to deliver the money to one without the other. As the two found upon entering the bath house that they had no soap, one of them volunteered to go out and bring some from the grocery.

The rustic went into the store and told the owner that they had decided to withdraw the deposit.

"I can't give it to you without your friend," stated the storekeeper.

"Well, you may ask him," suggested the cunning country man.

Stepping outside, the grocer shouted his in-

quiry to the co-depositor, who was standing over at the bath house.

"Should I give it to him?" he screamed.

The unsuspecting peasant, thinking that the question referred to the soap, answered in the affirmative. The depositary then handed over the money to the swindler, who made away with it.

When the hoodwinked fellow discovered what had happened, he demanded that the grocer make good his loss, for, according to agreement, he had no right to give the money to one without the other.

After much wrangling, they decided to bring their case before the Jewish "rabbin."

At the trial the clerical judge listened to the arguments of the litigants very gravely, stroking his long white beard and knitting his brow. He seemed to be puzzled. Then, as if animated by an inspiration, the sage spoke up.

"What was your stipulation?" he interrogated.

"Our stipulation was," replied the plaintiff, "that the money should not be given to one without the other."

"Then," said the ecclesiastic Magistrate to the complainant, "go and find your friend.

When you both come to the depositary, he will give you your money."

SOLOMON COULD HAVE NOTHING ON HIM

King Solomon's wisdom in determining the parentage of the contested child has been emulated by numerous rabbis in various lands and at various times.

One Solomonic decision was recently rendered by a famous rabbi in New York.

Like in the Book of Kings the contestants were women. The object of their contention, however, was not a baby, but a basket of linen.

The litigants, who were neighbors, had hung out their wash in the yard. One woman's wash consisted of precious linen and embroidery, while the other's comprised a few punctured tablecloths and several pieces of threadbare underwear. The poor woman collected her neighbor's articles and claimed them as her own.

The owner's rebukes and expostulations proved of no avail, and, as a matter of last resort, she demanded that her pilfering neighbor go with her to a rabbi and put the case before him.

The thieving woman acceded, trusting that

in the absence of evidence she would be able to retain the stolen goods. So they took the basket of laundry with them and repaired to a rabbi for arbitration.

Having heard their arguments the ecclesiastic Judge ordered his "shamash" to remove the basket of contention to his living-room. There the divine took several pieces of his own linen, mingled them with the contents of the basket, and brought the basket back to the studio-court-room.

"Mrs. Greenberg," the rabbi called to the plaintiff, "will you please step up here and identify your belongings?"

The rabbi took the contested articles out one by one, and held them up for her identification. To be sure, she claimed all the articles as her own, excepting those that belonged to the minister.

Then the defendant was called, and, curious enough, she claimed everything as hers, including the articles that belonged to the minister.

"You are a thief!" finally exclaimed the holy man, shaking a menacing finger at the defendant. "Get out."

And the basket of linen was delivered to the plaintiff.

HE CONFESSED, ANYHOW

A Jewish pedler came into a Christian jewelry-store, and when he left, the proprietor discovered that a diamond ring, which had been displayed on the counter, was missing. As no other person had been in the store, he felt that the ring had been purloined by the Jew. Yet having no direct evidence, he could not possibly sue him in a court of justice. So he repaired to the chief rabbi of the community for advice.

"You sit here for a while," said the patriarch, "and I will see what I can do for you."

Whereupon the minister sent his "shamash," to summon the suspected man.

When the suspect arrived, the venerable man addressed him in Yiddish.

"For Heaven's sake," he said, in a confidential manner, "don't you confess before this Gentile that you have stolen the ring."

"All right, sir," responded the thief, gratefully, "I never meant to confess."

"You never meant to confess, eh?" shouted the sage indignantly. "But you have stolen the ring. Now return it to this man immediately, or I will have you arrested." Whereupon the thief produced the stolen article.

WHEN RABBI TURNS DETECTIVE

The following sounds like a story of the middle ages, yet it happened but a short time ago.

A poor Jewish woman in the City of Brest-Litovsk had a marriageable daughter. In view of the prevailing custom among Russian Jews to give dowries to their daughters, the indigent woman wrote a letter to her wealthy sister in New York, asking for funds with which to marry off the girl.

In a few weeks there came from the philanthropic American woman a letter, in which she said that she had mailed a parcel containing linen, dress-goods, and a ready-to-wear cloak, in which, under the lining of the left pocket, she had sewn in $600.

A few days later, the package came, but, upon opening it, the recipient was amazed to discover that it contained nothing but a few old rags. It was clear that the package had been looted in transmission, probably by the local postal employees.

The distraught woman nearly went insane, and she repaired to the rabbi of Brest-Litovsk for advice.

"Write a letter to your sister," counseled

the patriarch. "Tell her the facts, and request her to dispatch at once a sample of the material of which the garment was made."

When the sample arrived, the robbed woman began to keep a vigil eye on every woman that wore a new coat, carrying the piece of cloth with her all the time for comparison with any garment that might look like it.

Eventually she espied a woman who wore a coat of the very same material. She was the wife of the local Postmaster. Forthwith the Jewish woman retained a lawyer, who brought proceedings against the wearer of the suspicious garment.

The suspect, however, brought as witnesses a local dry-goods merchant and a local tailor, who testified that the official's wife had purchased the material and had it made right there in town.

Now it looked as tho the plaintiff would be prosecuted for libel, but here again the rabbi who had attended the trial, came to the poor woman's assistance.

"I suggest," said the divine, "that the lining behind the left pocket be ripped open to see whether there is no money there."

The Magistrate granted the rabbi's wish,

and to everybody's astonishment, $600 in new, crisp bills was found sewed in under the left pocket, as was indicated in the letter from America.

SATISFYING BOTH SIDES

The Jewish community of Chelm was on the verge of a civil war. A public bath was in the course of construction. It was being built by Jews, for Jews, and with Jewish money. Everybody wanted to have his say regarding the construction of this public utility. The town was divided into two hostile camps; one demanded to have the flooring made of smoothly planed boards so there would not be any splinters; the other maintained that a smooth floor would constitute a source of danger—it would be slippery and people might fall and be injured.

The matter was brought before the rabbi.

"My decision is," he said, "that the boards should be planed. But," continued the sage, turning to the rough-board champions, "in order to remove the danger that might ensue from smooth boards, I shall direct the carpenters to lay the boards with the smooth sides downward."

HE DID NOT COMPLY

There was a specialist in Vilna who looked at pain and suffering as a mere blessing to the medical profession. He charged exorbitant sums for his services, and never treated a needy person free.

One day a poor woman became critically ill, and the distracted husband ran to the great doctor and begged him to save her life.

"My dear man," said the medical genius, coldly, "I may have to treat your wife for weeks, and you don't have sufficient funds to compensate me."

"Doctor," cried the distraught man, "you save her life, and I'll pay you every copeck, even if I have to sell my house."

"And suppose I can't save her," queried the physician, "won't you pay me then?"

"I'll pay you whether you cure her or kill her," shouted the loyal husband.

After treating the woman a few weeks, she passed away.

With unseeming haste, the doctor sent the bereft man a bill for 1,000 rubles, but it received no attention. Subsequent letters were equally ignored. Eventually the doctor sued

the delinquent debtor, and the Judge referred the case to the chief rabbi of Vilna.

The divine heard the arguments carefully and regarded the two litigants thoughtfully. It was unjust, thought the rabbi, to make the poor man sell his house and give the money to the avaricious practitioner, and he determined to protect him.

After a few moments of hard thinking, the minister had an idea.

"What was your agreement with the defendant?" inquired the sage, again.

"Our agreement was that I was to get paid whether I cured her or killed her."

"Did you cure her?" asked the rabbi.

"No," replied the medico, reluctantly. "It was impossible."

"Did you kill her?" was the next query.

"Oh, no, I should say not."

"Then declared the rabbi, "you have no claim, for you neither cured her nor killed her."

ALEXANDER DEFEATED

Alexander the Great, according to the Rabbis, once went to a strange land to study its customs and habits.

While visiting the King, two men came for a trial.

It seems that one of the litigants had bought of his neighbor an old house and when he had demolished it and began to dig up the ground, found a treasure.

As he had bought the house and ground only, the buyer maintained that the find belonged to the former owner. The other, however, insisted that since his neighbor had purchased the ground, everything found therein belonged to him.

"Have you a son?" inquired the King, turning to one of the contending men.

"I have," was the reply.

"And have you a daughter?" he queried of the other.

"I have," he replied.

"Well, then," said the ruler to the litigants, "let your children marry each other and take the treasure as a dowry."

The great warrior looked and marveled.

"What would you do in such a case?" interrogated the monarch of the little kingdom.

"If those two idiots had come to me," said the great conqueror, "I would have removed

their heads, and confiscated the treasure for the royal house."

"Does the sun shine over your land?" inquired the local ruler, after a moment's reflection.

"It does," answered Alexander.

"Does the rain fall over your fields?" continued the royal Magistrate.

"Yes," said the invincible warrior.

"Do you have cattle in your land?" further queried the little potentate.

"I suppose so," responded the great emperor.

"Then," said the little King, bravely, "I am sure that the sun and the rain and all the other elements of nature bestow their bounties for the sake of your animals, not for your sake."

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE

After the Egyptian occupation of Palestine, in 1831, Ibrahim Pasha, the Governor of the Holy Land, happened to visit the City of Jaffa. While there, he was approached by a Jewish goldsmith.

"You are talking about law and order," complained the Jewish merchant. "I fail to see it.

Under the Sultan, I conducted a shop for twenty years, and I never sustained any damage. But as soon as you became the rulers, my shop was robbed. In the name of justice I demand that you make restitution."

"I'll see what I can do," said the Governor.

Forthwith he sent out a "crier," who proclaimed in the streets that the public was invited to assemble, the following day, in front of the Jewish goldsmith's shop, as something miraculous would happen there.

At the appointed time, an immense crowd gathered to witness the promised spectacle.

Mounting an improvised platform, the potentate delivered an eloquent oration, in which he extolled the virtue of honesty and denounced dishonesty.

"Gentlemen," he orated, "it is a well-established fact that anybody who harms anybody else, or fails in his duty toward somebody, will ultimately be punished. This applies even to inanimate objects. Now since the door of this store has failed to protect the store, I impose upon it the penalty of a hundred lashes."

When the flogging had been administered, Ibrahim inclined his ear toward the door, and pretended to receive a message.

"You are talking nonsense!" he exclaimed, indignantly. "Another hundred lashes!"

After the second flagellation, he bent over the door again and pretended to communicate with it.

"What," he exclaimed, scornfully, "you say that the thief is in this gathering of honest citizens, and that on his fez there is a little cobweb, which has stuck to him since he robbed the store, impossible!"

While he delivered himself of this peroration, the Governor noticed that one individual was stealthily examining his cap.

"Come over here," shouted the wise Governor, "you are the thief."

And the other confessed.

EVERYBODY RIGHT

The venerable rabbi was sitting in the capacity of Judge. The case involved thousands of rubles, and the controversy between the litigants was very spirited.

"One at a time," ordered the rabbinic Magistrate. "Reb Yossel, you are the plaintiff, let me hear what you have to say."

Reb Yossel told a long and convincing story,

at the end of which the rabbi gravely remarked: "You are perfectly right."

"Reb Moishe, now we'll hear what you have to say," said the divine to the defendant; and at the end of his story the minister again observed: "You are perfectly right."

"For Heaven's sake!" exclaimed the "rebitzin" (rabbi's wife), who had been witnessing the proceedings, "how can they both be right?"

"Well," drawled the sage, abstractedly, "I think you too are right."

SHOWING WHAT A LOVELY FLOCK HE HAD

An orthodox Jew arrived in a small Lithuanian town late Friday afternoon and engaged a room in the local hotel to stay over Saturday. He had with him a large sum of money, which, as a good observant Jew, he could not carry on the Sabbath, and as a cautious and experienced traveler, was afraid to entrust it for safekeeping to the hotel-man. So he repaired to the rabbi of the community and asked him, as a matter of kindness to a stranger, to keep it for him until after the Sabbath.

There were at that moment in the minister's house a few members of his flock, in whose

presence the deposit was made; and the pious man went away perfectly confident of the safety of his treasure.

To his utter amazement, however, when he came to withdraw it, the minister made a categorical denial that he had ever received any valuables from him.

There was nothing else to do but sue the rabbi in a court of justice.

In response to a summons, the ecclesiastic appeared in the court in company of the gentlemen who had been present in his house when the plaintiff deposited the money. They came as witnesses to uphold their spiritual leader, however, and after being duly sworn in, testified that they had been in the rabbi's house when the plaintiff paid him the visit, and that they were sure that he had entrusted no valuables to the rabbi.

As soon as the last witness had left the chair, the rabbi ascended the witness stand and dramatically drew from his pocket a bulky wallet containing the fortune the traveler claimed.

"What was the idea," inquired the Judge, in astonishment.

"Your honor," said the leader of Israel, "my

purpose was to show what contemptible scoundrels the leaders of my congregation are. They are all a bunch of thieves and perjurers."

PROVIDENCE WAS AGAINST HIM

It was the very laudable custom of the good Jewish housewives of Lithuania to invert the family laundry after washing, so as to keep the outside immaculate, and before putting on a garment one had to revert it.

The rabbi of Grinkishok, however, a true sage, and becomingly absent-minded, never could think of performing that little task and he always put on his underwear the wrong way —to the chagrin and vexation of the "rebitzin," his alert helpmate.

One Friday afternoon the spiritual leader was preparing to go to a Turkish bath, as was the custom every Friday of all good Jews in the small community, and he asked for a suit of undergarments.

The wise woman, well knowing that the saintly man was absent-minded, turned the garments before she gave them to him.

That afternoon the great man just happened to remember the continual warnings of his

spouse, and he turned the garments inside out before putting them on.

At night the solicitous lady discovered, to her utter amazement, that the rabbi's undergarments were again inside out.

"Schliemiehl!" she exclaimed in rage. "Before I handed you the garments to-day I turned them for you and still you wear them the wrong way!"

The sage looked puzzled and stroked in silence his long, patriarchial beard.

"It's beyond my comprehension," he finally commented. "You reverted them once and I reverted them once and yet they remained inside out. It seems as if Providence itself is against me."

DOGS DON'T BELIEVE IN MESSIAH

"That legend about the advent of Messiah is stuff and nonsense," emphatically declared the enlightened and modernized member of the congregation, while discussing the subject with the patriarchic rabbi.

"That reminds me of a story," said the venerable man, reminiscently.

"Once a rooster escaped into the woods, where he perched on the top of a tall tree and

started to crow and flap his wings in the most boisterous manner. The performances of the winged biped attracted the attention of the beasts of the woods, who flocked around the tree and gazed with bewilderment at the peculiar creature that stood 'way up in the air and emitted such weird, raucous sounds.

"After a brief conference, the dwellers of the woods decided to bring that noisy thing down, and as the bear was reputed for his skill in climbing, the task was naturally assigned to him.

"The ursine started immediately for his prey. But no sooner did he reach his goal than the rooster, with one single swoop, took up a similar position on another tree.

"Bruin descended with a growl to work his way up the second tree. But as soon as he reached the top, the cock repeated his feat and was again out of reach.

"The sylvan strategists soon realized that wisdom, rather than physical strength, would have to be employed in order to capture that noxious, defiant creature, and the fox was commissioned with the execution of this work.

" 'Why stand on the tree crowing and flapping your wings and trembling with fear?'

commenced the fox in a conciliatory, persuasive tone, looking up at the terrified fowl. 'You better get down here and be one of us. Don't you know that the Messianic era is at hand when "the wolf will dwell with the lamb, and the lion, like an ox, will eat straw" and all creatures will live peacefully together?'

"While Reynard was still delivering his learned and humane discourse, a hunter and his dogs invaded the forest, and the canine concert reechoed with ominous voice throughout the thicket.

"The fox began to shiver with terror and prepared to run for dear life.

" 'What is the cause of your trembling and your hasty departure?' queried the innocent rooster, with wonder. 'Didn't you say it was the Messianic era?'

" 'Of course,' replied the fox, 'but you see, the dogs don't believe in Messiah.' "

EVEN HIS DRIVER WAS A SCHOLAR

It was the custom of Rabbi Ezekiel Landau, of Prague, to make semi-annual trips to the communities suburban to his city, and render his services in settling their religious and economic problems.

His driver was a jolly man and he often took the liberty to jest with his famous master. "Rabbi," he once facetiously remarked, "I tell you that my task requires more skill than yours. I could settle the petty squabbles of the tiny hamlets just as well as you, but you couldn't do my work."

The ecclesiastical passenger accepted the challenge, and the two exchanged their clothes and their positions on the wagon, continuing their journey incognito.

Arriving in the first village the "rabbi" was welcomed by a committee of prominent men, who escorted him to the house of one of their leading citizens. After having dined with the guest, the representative men of the community brought before the consideration of the visiting "rabbi" some difficult problem that had been baffling the best minds of the community for a long time.

The pseudo-rabbi heard the query with great solemnity, and shrugged his shoulders, evidently wondering at the ignorance of his interlocutors.

"You have asked me a very, very silly question," he finally remarked. "Even my driver can answer that. Here he is, ask him."

WHILE THE BABY'S MOTHER WAS PRAYING

True Judaism is not lip-service, but kindliness toward one's fellow men. This axiom was amply demonstrated by the famous moral teacher known as Rabbi Israel Salanter.

One Yom Kippur Eve, when the synagog was packed with worshipers ready to start the Kol Nidrei prayer, it was discovered that the great rabbi was missing. Forthwith the "shamash" was despatched to Rabbi Israel's house to ascertain the cause of his absence. But he was not there, either.

So a posse of leading members was formed, who set out to scour the town in search of the spiritual leader.

After a long and laborious search, the sage was seen sitting in a dim, ill-ventilated shanty, rocking a baby, to the tune of a liturgic melody.

This strange occupation for a rabbi on Yom Kippur Eve, when even the humblest of Israel were assembled in the house of worship for prayer and repentance, was a puzzle to his admiring followers.

"Rabbi," they queried, in amazement, "what are you doing here?"

"On my way to 'shull,' " explained the saint,

"when I passed before this house, I heard a baby crying bitterly. Apparently the mother had gone to 'shull,' leaving the baby alone. So I went in to take care of it."

PAYING WITH ADVICE

A well-known European rabbi recently came to this land of the free. He secured a position in East New York, where he rented a small private house. The salary he was to receive from his congregation was exceedingly penurious, far insufficient to support his rather large family, and he depended on marriage-ceremonies to meet his budget.

The month of June had arrived. Yet there was no perceptible improvement in the business of making nuptial ties.

While bemoaning the fact to a member of his congregation one Sunday afternoon, a young couple came in. From their nervous, embarrassed look the rabbi surmised that they came to be united in wedlock.

It was a good guess. Promptly the rabbi got out the canopy, extracted from a hidden corner a bottle of red wine, and proceeded with the business of making them man and wife.

When the ceremony was over, the bride-

groom, who wore a blue flannel shirt and soft collar, called the ecclesiastic aside, and whispered in his ear.

"I'm sorry," he said, apologetically, "that I can't give you any money for your services. I'm broke just now. But if you'll take me down to the basement I'll show you how to fix the gas meter so that you won't have to pay for gas."

MISERY LOVES DANCING

The massacre of the Jews of Kishinef in 1903 stirred the wrath and pity of the entire civilized world.

In America mass-meetings to protest against the cruelty of the Czar's government were held from coast to coast, and relief-committees were organized in every city to succor the widowed women and orphaned children.

During the height of this excitement, Rabbi Jacob David of Slutsk, who at that time was spokesman of Orthodox Judaism in America, one night happened to pass an East Side hall, in front of which was displayed a huge sign announcing a dance that was being held at that moment for the benefit of the pogrom victims.

To dance in behalf of misery looked gro-

tesquely incongruous to the venerable patriarch, and he went in to observe this anomalous form of philanthropy.

Upon the appearance of the great man, the music hushed, and the dancing ceased.

Mounting the platform, the rabbi raised his hand and asked for attention.

"Your dance to-night, my friends," began the holy man, "reminds me of a story.

"A farmer once engaged an old Hebrew teacher to instruct his children.

"The first night, the agriculturist aroused from his slumber, and perceived, to his utter amazement, that the aged pedagog was sitting on the ground, before a small tallow candle, and sobbing most bitterly over an old moth-eaten prayer-book.

" 'Reb Rachmiel, what are you crying for?' inquired the rustic, solicitously. 'Maybe you are hungry? Weh is mir!'

" 'Don't you know,' replied the nocturnal worshiper, lugubriously, 'that once upon a time we had our own land, our own government, and our own temple. Then the Romans came, and destroyed our temple, and slaughtered the best men of our people, and drove the rest into exile. Now, shouldn't we weep over our

great tragedy and pray to God to restore our temple?'

" 'Yes, my friend,' sighed the husbandman, 'you are right, and I'm going to join you.'

"For two hours the two individuals sat upon the ground, mourning, and wailing, and praying.

"Then the rustic paused.

" 'Now, Reb Rachmiel,' he said to the old instructor, 'now let's have a drink of "schnapps" so that we gain new strength for further prayer.'

" 'All right,' agreed the 'melamed.' 'It can't do any harm.'

"Having gulped the first glass of whisky, it became evident that strong drink did give one new vigor and energy. So the two kept on imbibing one drink after another until their religious fervor began to find expression in song and dance.

"Startled from her sleep, the 'yeshoovnick's' helpmate rushed downstairs to investigate the cause of this hilarious carousal in the middle of the night.

" 'What on earth are you two doing?' exclaimed the good woman, 'dancing and singing like madmen! Have you lost your senses?'

" 'Feigele,' cried the rustic in a strident, dismal voice, which nearly broke the woman's heart, 'how can we possibly help it? Don't you know that our temple was destroyed; the best men of our people slaughtered like lambs; their children crushed to death; their wives and daughters outraged; and now we are in exile, in this bitter "golus." Come, Feigele, have a drink, too.'

"You, too, my friends," concluded the venerable rabbi, "are dancing and singing because your brethren were butchered."

INTELLECTUAL JUGGLING

Rabbi Joseph Ber Soloveitchick, of Brest-Litovsk, held no high opinion of his contemporary, Rabbi Hirsch Leib Berlin, head of the famous Talmudic Academy of Volozhin. Fate, however, had decreed that the son of Rabbi Soloveitchick marry Rabbi Berlin's daughter.

The wedding-party, which was celebrated at Rabbi Soloveitchick's home in Brest-Litovsk, attracted a large and brilliant assembly of the lights of Israel. For many hours the eminent guests sat at the table, and entertained one

another with Talmudic ingenuities. At last the host interposed:

"Gentlemen," he said, "we have heard enough Torah to-night. Let us now have a little fun. For your amusement I am going to perform a trick that will really astound you. Let the rabbi from Volozhin put a silver ruble on each corner of the table, and an empty glass in the center. Then I shall say a few words and the money will get into the glass. To avoid any suspicion of legerdemain I shall stand at a distance from the table. If this is accomplished, then the money thus gathered into the glass belongs to me. Are you satisfied?"

As soon as the coins were on the designated spots, the ecclesiastic sorcerer told his "shamash" to put them in the glass.

"There is the trick," triumphantly proclaimed the rabbinic thaumaturgus. "I did not touch the money and yet it got into the glass merely by my saying a few words. The money is mine."

"But that is no trick," protested the sage of Volozhin, "anybody can do that." Whereupon the matter was submitted for arbitration to a

committee of rabbis selected from among the guests.

After a brief consideration of the case, the arbiters brought out a verdict in favor of the rabbi-magician, on the ground that this ruse in itself was a trick.

Having deposited the money in his pocket, however, the great Talmudist remarked: "There is one vital point in favor of my opponent, which the venerable rabbis have overlooked, that to fool Rabbi Berlin of Volozhin is no trick at all—anybody can do that. Rabbi, here is your money."

HE DESERVED A RAISE

The Jewish community of a small Southern town was recently shaken to its very foundation.

The preacher of the local synagog, who was also the Hebrew instructor of the young generation, had divorced his wife, a good middle-aged woman, who had borne him five children, and married his Irish servant-girl.

A stormy indignation-meeting was held by his flock to discuss ways and means to punish the scoundrel, who had desecrated the name of

God and His people, Israel. Everybody suggested a fitting penalty for the miscreant.

When the discussion was at its height, and the air was full of smoke and noise, the reprobate breezed into the house of worship, mounted the platform, and motioned for silence.

The assemblage was instantly hushed. Apparently the culprit was going to make a humble and pathetic confession.

"My friends," commenced the guilty man, "I came here to-night to ask for a raise of $500."

"What, a raise?" echoed the furious congregants, bursting into an uproarious and derisive laughter. "A man goes and disgraces his community and then he has the audacity to ask for a raise. Get off the 'bima'!"

"Please let me explain," pleaded the outcast. Whereupon order was restored.

"When I had a Jewish wife," argued the spiritual leader, "I did not care what my salary was. But now that I have a Christian wife, it is a 'chilul ha-Shem,' a shame and disgrace before Gentiles to let a rabbi live in such abject poverty, and I insist that you raise my salary by at least $500 a year."

THE SPIRIT OF THE SPIRITUAL LEADERS

It looks as if the prophecies of Isaiah are being realized. Israel is already exalted and glorified above all nations, and Judaism is speedily becoming the dominant religion of mankind.

According to a recent report of Prohibition officials, there are in Chicago some 5,000,000 Jews who use sacramental wine. As the children of Israel who dwell in the Windy City count much less than half a million, and as the general population of that city is far from the 5,000,000 mark, it is obvious that the different races which inhabit the State of Illinois have relinquished their various and sundry faiths and embraced Judaism, so that they might enjoy the bounties and benefits of that grand religion.

For some inexplicable reason these proselytes have chosen to become members of Chicago synagogs, altho there are Jewish houses of worship in every city of that State.

Rabbis are now very popular. Everybody loves a rabbi. Everybody, regardless of creed, race or color, craves the services of a rabbi.

A well-known New York rabbi, who is too

modest a man to enjoy the limelight of publicity, recently visited Los Angeles, where he engaged a room in one of the local hotels. On the register, through sheer force of habit, he prefaced his name with the title of rabbi.

Having been ushered into his room, the divine seated himself in a comfortable chair, and began to make notes for a lecture, which he was to deliver the following day before a large audience.

Suddenly he heard a knock at the door. Upon opening it, he found himself face to face with a towering Irishman of broad shoulders and ruddy countenance.

The spiritual leader, who is a person of diminutive stature and sallow face, was plainly disconcerted and made a move to shut the door. The giant, however, intercepted it with his huge foot.

"Don't be afraid," assured the intruder. "I'll do you no harm. Are you Rabbi —— of New York?"

"Yes, I am," confessed the terrified ecclesiastic.

"Well," said the strapping personage, "I saw your name on the register, and I came to

get some whisky. What do you charge for a gallon? Gee, I'm dry as hell!"

NON-INTOXICATING WHISKY

In the small communities of Poland and Lithuania, where the Jews struggled for existence, the fate of the rabbis, the leaders of Israel, were not better than that of their constituents. Their salaries were small, and, to make up the deficit, it was customary to grant them the monopoly of selling one commodity or another—candles, salt, yeast, etc.

A certain rabbi in a small Jewish community had a large family—as rabbis sometimes do —and his income was far from sufficient to get along on.

The matter was brought to the attention of the "seven elders of the city," who called a general meeting to consider ways and means to increase the minister's income. A motion was made and accepted that each person should spare a glass of liquor each week and pour it into a barrel, which would be placed in the rabbi's house, and which would be sold by the rabbi when it was full. The proceeds thereof, it was thought, would be adequate to enable

their spiritual leader to live comfortably thereafter.

The good members of the community each religiously brought his weekly contribution of liquid to the rabbi's house. But when the vessel was opened it was found to contain nothing but plain water. For every member of the divine's flock wisely and logically thought that one glass of water in a whole barrel of liquor would hardly affect either its taste or its quality and, as a consequence, they all poured water.

PREPAREDNESS

The rabbi of the small Lithuanian town of Grinkishok was a man of a quiet and humble disposition. He strictly minded his own business and spent his days in his study, where he was writing constantly and feverishly most of the time.

"Our rabbi is surely one of the greatest men living," boasted the proud men of Grinkishok to their coreligionists of the neighboring communities. "Always writing and writing and writing. We don't suppose he would let any of his works be published while alive—he is too modest a man for that. But after a hundred

and twenty years, when he is gone, and his manuscripts are published, they will positively amaze the world."

When the venerable man died, there was great sorrow and mourning. The whole town of Grinkishok was grief-stricken at the loss of their great spiritual leader.

Then the elders of the town got together, and decided to examine the manuscripts of the deceased and, with the permission of the heirs, have them published, so that mankind in general and the Jewish nation in particular might benefit through them.

The committee of local scholars entered the sanctum sanctorum of the demised sage with feelings of awe and reverence. Tremblingly they touched the manuscripts. But after a brief perusal it was found that the spiritual heritage of the great man consisted exclusively of funeral orations which he had prepared for all the important members of his congregation.

THE DOG WAS NOT A HEBREW SCHOLAR

The dogs had embittered his life. His whole body was covered with ghastly scars, which he had sustained in his daily battles with the canine family while peddling through the coun-

try, and he repaired to the rabbi of his community for advice.

"Next time, my child, when you are attacked by a dog," the venerable divine counseled his devotee, "just sit down on the ground; that will give you absolute safety. I found this excellent formula in the Midrash."

The costermonger thanked the learned minister most cordially, and went cheerfully home.

Next day, as he was assailed by a big, ferocious dog, the country pedler quickly sat down on the ground, and looked complacently at the raging animal. The furious dog, frothing at the mouth, was frantically circling around him, but afraid to approach.

While he thus sat, marveling at the efficacy of this rabbinic strategy and admiring the erudition of his rabbi, the huge beast, disregarding the Midrashic tradition, set upon him with demoniac fury and bruised him beyond recognition.

The victim of the Midrashic formula arrived home in a pitiful condition. He was limping and bleeding profusely from many wounds. His clothes were tattered and thickly covered with mire from the innumerable revolutions he

was compelled to make in his grapple with the savage beast.

His wife looked at him closely for a moment and, convincing herself that it was her hubby, or what was left of him, gave vent to a stream of doleful ululation.

When the husband told her what had happened, the frenzied woman rushed to the rabbi and began to excoriate him in the most vehement manner.

The puzzled sage stroked his long beard and did some hard thinking.

Then, as if inspired by a sudden revelation, he wisely remarked: "Well, it seems the dog never heard of this passage in the Midrash."

EXCHANGING TITLES

A certain rabbi, who was stuttering badly, was requested by two members of his flock to act as arbiter for them in a commercial dispute. The loser, a butcher by trade, was a man of violent temper, who respected neither scholarship nor piety, and as soon as the rabbi-Magistrate pronounced his verdict, he opened fire on him.

"You are a thief and a robber," thundered the disgruntled litigant.

The venerable man listened calmly to the flattering epithets, scrutinizing his fuming adversary and stroking his long patriarchal beard. When the torrent of invectives subsided, the ecclesiastic Magistrate thought that it was time to make reply.

"And you are a s-s-t-t-ut-er-er," the saintly personage finally managed to declare.

"What, I a stutterer!" exclaimed the furious man. "The idea of such a good-for-nothing!"

"W-well," explained the divine, "s-since you c-called m-me b-b-by your names, it is not m-more t-than right t-that I c-call you b-by m-my name."

THE VALUE OF MONEY

Many of the great rabbis of Russia, up to the end of the nineteenth century, were noted for their lack of interest in worldly matters and their utter contempt and ignorance of material things.

Nahum Sokolow, the celebrated Hebrew journalist and leader of Zionism, tells a story of a rabbi who settled a case involving a great sum. The litigants handed him 10 rubles as compensation for his trouble, as was customary in those days. The venerable man looked at

the bills rather curiously and asked what they were.

"This," explained the erstwhile opponents, "this is money."

"What does one do with money?" inquired the godly man.

"With money," explained the two laymen, "one does business, builds houses, etc."

"What do I want with business or the building of houses?" demanded the holy man. "Take it back; I don't need it."

"Well, you can give it to the 'rebitzin'" suggested the two practical men.

"And what will the 'rebitzin' do with it?" queried the saintly personage.

"She can buy fish, meat, potatoes, shoes, clothes, or anything she may choose," explained the two men of the world.

"If so," exclaimed the sage, brightening up, "if so, let me have some more of it."

SIMPLY A MATTER OF FORM

It was customary in former years in writing to rabbis to precede their names by a long string of flattering epithets. "Harabh, Hagaon, Hamaor Hagadol" (Rabbi, Genius, Great Luminary), was one of the shortest

forms of salutation with which the Jews of yore used to address their spiritual leaders, or any one reputed to be a Hebrew scholar.

That, however, did not turn the heads of the recipients of the reverential missives. In fact, the lights of Israel were noted not alone for their profound erudition, but for their humility and utter oblivion of themselves.

The following anecdote is illustrative of the sublime modesty that characterized the great rabbis of old.

Rabbi Joseph Ber Soloveitchick, of Brest-Litovsk, once sent a letter to a farmer who could scarcely read Hebrew, addressing him as "Harabh, Hagaon," etc.

The countryman felt deeply insulted. To address an ordinary farmer as "Rabbi, Genius, Great Luminary," was nothing but sarcasm.

When the rustic visited the city, he repaired to the rabbi, epistle in hand, and in a peeved tone reproached the minister for deriding him in such manner.

"True, I am ignorant," said the simple agriculturist, bitterly, "but that does not entitle any one to ridicule me. Perhaps if I had the opportunity I, too, would have been a 'lamdan.' "

The holy man gasped in terror. "Why, who

has insulted you?" he demanded. "Why should I insult a man created in the image of God?"

The villager displayed the letter, and pointed out the unmerited epithets bestowed upon him, evidently intended as a jest.

"Believe me," pleaded the ecclesiastic, "I meant no offense. That is the way they address me, too."

FINDING SAFETY IN THE BIBLE

A certain author submitted his new creation to the famous rabbi of Dvinsk, who was known as the "Ragochover Illooy" (the Prodigy of Ragochova). He asked the great man to read his work and then give him a "haskomah," which he might print as a preface to his book. Perusing a few paragraphs from the new commentary, he seemed to have gone into ecstasies. "What an excellent idea! What a clever thought!" the sage exclaimed again and again.

The poor author felt highly pleased. Obviously the great Talmudist approved of his work.

"I see you like it," said the wandering

author, beamingly. "Which is the idea that appeals to you so much?"

"The idea of writing your commentary on the margin of the Bible," replied the sage. "If it had not been for that, I would have hurled it right at you. I think it was an excellent idea on your part to protect yourself this way."

TAKING PRIDE IN HIS RABBI

After much persuasion, the wayfarer was induced to stay at the tavern over the Sabbath, so that the proprietor might have a "minyan," or quorum, to celebrate the "brith" of his newly-born son, according to tradition.

Sunday morning when the stranger rose to go, the owner of the hostelry politely, but firmly, informed him that his bill was fifty rubles.

"Fifty rubles!" exclaimed the guest, in amazement. "Haven't you begged me to stay with you, so that you might have a 'minyan'? Besides, your demand is entirely unreasonable. Whoever heard of paying fifty rubles for staying a day and a half in a little shanty like yours? Four or five rubles, I think, would be more than enough."

"Well, then," suggested the inn-keeper, "let's have a 'din-Torah.' Let's go to the rabbi of the nearby town, and put the case before him."

The stranger consented.

After a brief hearing, the rabbi decided to arbitrate, and he awarded the owner of the tavern twenty-five rubles.

Having received the adjudged sum, the innkeeper added to it another twenty-five rubles and handed the fifty rubles to his litigant.

"What was the great idea?" marveled the bewildered traveler.

"My friend," explained the victor, "I simply wanted to show you what a fair man our rabbi was."

THE MARVELS OF GEOGRAPHY

Rabbi Meyer Malbim, the famous commentator of the Bible, was a man of wide erudition. His knowledge did not consist of Talmudic lore alone, as was the case with most orthodox rabbis of his time, but included, among other things, science and geography.

One time the sage came to Berlin on a visit,

and he engaged a suite in a hotel patronized chiefly by his coreligionists.

As he stood in the lobby of the hostelry one evening, studying a huge map that decorated one of the walls, two Jewish "moderns" sat nearby and chuckled heartily. It looked utterly ludicrous to the two "emancipated" souls to see an orthodox rabbi engrossed in a map. He was either pretending, they thought, or else looking at it out of sheer curiosity. So the pair decided to have a little fun with the patriarchal gentleman. Whereupon they approached him and engaged him in conversation.

"Do you know what this is?" queried the two, with an elfish leer.

"Yes, what is it, really?" asked the venerable man, naïvely.

"Why, this is a map of the whole world."

"Is Palestine here, too?"

"Yes, sir."

"And Jerusalem?"

"Sure. Here it is."

"And can you see the Temple here?"

"The Temple is right here, where the dot is."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the patriarch. "Will you please go inside and tell the 'shamash' that I want to see him?"

DECLINED WITH THANKS

Two leading citizens of a small Jewish community were contending about the ownership of a burial-place in the local cemetery.

The contested parcel of ground was of unique value, as it was adjacent to the tombs of the most illustrious men buried in the necropolis, and the two mortals naturally coveted that choice spot for their eternal resting place.

The matter came before the rabbi of the community, who took the time-honored axiom of "first come first served" as the basis for his decision.

"He who dies first shall occupy the sepulcher," was the verdict of the ecclesiastic Judge.

No particular anxiety to gain possession of the precious parcel of real estate was evinced by the contending parties thereafter. Nor did either one entertain any fear that the other might employ unfair means in order to become the proud occupant of the valuable sepulcher.

GOD WAS NO FAVORITE WITH THAT RABBI

The door of the rabbi's house opened and in came a middle-aged Israelite.

"Good morning, rabbi," said the newcomer. "I am from Radin and I have a 'din-Torah' with God."

"A 'din-Torah' with God!" reiterated the minister. "How is that?"

"You see," said the plaintiff, "I had a wife and 10,000 rubles, and God deprived me of both. Well, He is the boss. But He did it in a most outrageous manner. By right He should first have taken away my wife. Then as a widower with 10,000 rubles I would have got another wife with 10,000 rubles. Afterward He could have taken away my own 10,000 rubles, leaving me the 10,000 rubles I got as a dowry. So God would have a wife and 10,000 rubles and I would have a wife and 10,000 rubles. But having lost the money first, I remained a poor widower and I can't even get another wife."

"You are perfectly right," admitted the rabbinic Judge, impartially. "But what I don't understand is why you came to me. Haven't you a rabbi in your own town, before whom you could bring your case against God?"

"You see," explained the plaintiff, "our rabbi is a God-fearing man and he would surely decide the case in favor of God. But you,

knowing that you have no fear of God, I thought you would be impartial."

BIDDING AN ETERNAL FAREWELL

Rabbi Isaac Elchanan Spektor, Chief Rabbi of Kovno, was noted for his saintliness not less than for his wide erudition. Yet he had an affection for a young chemist in his city, who was an outspoken atheist. Despite his blasphemous views, there was something in the mental and moral make-up of the young scientist which attracted the great rabbi.

One time the sage of Kovno was seriously ill, and upon the advice of his doctors refused to see even his closest friends. Nevertheless, when his ungodly friend was announced, the venerable patient ordered his attendant to admit him outright.

"I feel greatly honored," said the free-thinker, "that you have singled me out of all the visitors to admit me to the sick room. And why did you really do it?"

"Well," said the great Talmudist, emotionally, "you see, in heaven I am sure to meet all my friends again. But this may be the last chance I have of seeing you."

SUCH SHOCKING IGNORANCE

Dr. Theodor Herzl, founder of political Zionism, was one of the most magnetic personalities that ever lived. In eight brief years he transformed a pious wish into a powerful, international movement, overcoming distrust and ridicule, indifference and active antagonism, negotiating with Kings and Emperors, and stirring up interest in the cause in every country on earth.

Men followed him loyally, blindly, not daring to question the wisdom of his policies.

In 1903, at the sixth Zionist Congress, when the prospects of obtaining Palestine from the Turkish Government were discouraging, Dr. Herzl, supported by Israel Zangwill, proposed the establishment of a Jewish homeland in Uganda, East Africa, which the British Government was willing to offer to the Jews for that purpose.

Most of the delegates to the congress were opposed to the plan; many had never heard of Uganda before. Yet when the delegates were called by name and asked to vote on the proposition, their antagonism melted. Dr. Herzl's prophetic figure and his penetrating gaze actu-

ally hypnotized them, and the vote was invariably "yes."

There is a story of a certain delegate who, prior to the session, at which the question of Uganda was to be discussed, came up to Dr. Max Nordau, famous scientist and philosopher, and asked him where Uganda was.

"Why, haven't you studied any geography?" exclaimed the famous author, with apparent amazement.

"I did, a little," stammered the delegate, in embarrassment, "but I don't know where Uganda is."

"Well, I don't know, either," said the sage.

DR. HERZL'S INSANITY

The historic trial, in 1894, of Alfred Dreyfus, a Jew, who was a Captain in the French Army, aroused universal interest.

It was clear to every fair-minded man, in France and elsewhere, that Dreyfus was the victim of a group of anti-Semites, who conspired to have him convicted on the charge that he had sold secret army-plans to the German Government, a crime of which he was innocent. Thereby they wanted to discourage the admission of Jews as officers in the French Army.

Dr. Theodor Herzl, founder of political Zionism, was correspondent for the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna at the Dreyfus trial. Herzl at that time had not been affiliated with any Jewish activities. But this persecution of an innocent man just because he is a Jew made Herzl think of the sad plight of his people and he conceived the idea of establishing a Jewish homeland in Palestine. It became an obsession with him, thinking about it day and night. Then all of a sudden he locked himself up in his hotel and wrote feverishly and incessantly for a few days. During those few days he produced his epoch-making book, "The Jewish State."

Forthwith he went to a friend, a practising Jewish physician in Paris, and showed him his work.

Dr. Herzl looked nervous and excited when he arrived in the house of his medical friend, and without making any introductory remarks began reading his work.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked Dr. Herzl, when he had finished reading his manuscript.

The medical man gazed at Herzl intently for a few moments and gravely remarked:

"My friend, I would advise you to see a specialist. No sane man could possibly entertain such chimerical and unattainable dreams."

There was a note of solicitude and sympathy in the doctor's remarks, and Herzl decided to visit a specialist. Dr. Max Nordau, famous philosopher and scientist, was then practising medicine in Paris and was known as a great neurologist. Herzl took his manuscript and went to Nordau.

"Doctor," he said, "I have written a dissertation in which I advocate a certain project, and my friends tell me it is the result of insanity. I would like to read it to you, and if you think I am insane I am ready to go to an asylum."

The author of "Degeneration" ushered Herzl into his sanctum sanctorum and left word that he was not to be disturbed. For hours Herzl read to him from the manuscript, his face flushed with excitement. The sage was listening with breathless interest, not saying a word during the whole time.

"Well," said Herzl at the conclusion, "do you think I am insane?"

The great philosopher was silent for a moment and gazed abstractedly in the distance.

"Yes, my friend," finally said the savant, "I believe you are insane, but you have infected me with the same insanity."

SUICIDE WOULD MAKE HIM PERFECT

An atheist came to a rabbi with an urgent request. "Rabbi," he said, "I have made up my mind to violate every precept of the Torah. I have already broken every precept I can think of. But I'm afraid I missed some. So I'm going to enumerate all the commandments I have transgressed, and if you find that I left some out please tell them to me, and I shall proceed to transgress them immediately." Whereupon the libertine recited a long list of the most shocking misdeeds he had perpetrated.

"There is just one more sin you will have to commit to make your record complete," said the minister.

"Fine!" ejaculated the profligate. "I shall be glad to commit it. Tell me what it is."

"It is suicide," responded the divine. "Go and hang yourself."

THE MEN WHO SPOILED A TOWN

Rabbi Solomon, author of "L'vushe Srad," was the spiritual leader of Soroko, a small Polish community.

Owing to the constant wrangling of his constituents, and their frequent clashes with him, he accepted another position in a neighboring town.

The rabbi's departure was an event of public interest and concern. And so the whole community foregathered to bid him farewell and to accompany him to the outskirts of the town.

As the procession reached outside the city limits, the rabbi ordered his equipage to be halted, and, standing upon the driver's seat, delivered an eloquent farewell address, in which he eulogized Soroko as one of the best towns he had ever known.

"How is it, rabbi," queried a native of Soroko, "that when you were with us, you used to say that Soroko was the worst town on the face of the earth, and now you made a public declaration that it was one of the best towns you have ever known?"

"Don't you see?" responded the famous author, "Soroko was a rotten town because you were there. But now that you are all outside, it is a very nice town—in fact, one of the finest I have ever seen."

II

ISRAEL AMONG NATIONS

HOW COULD THE BISHOP KNOW?

LONG, long ago, in a far, far land, there lived a king who loved the Jews. He had numerous friends among that race, whom he would consult on all important matters. Now the archbishop of that kingdom hated the Jews even more intensely than the king loved them.

"Why are you so fond of the Jews?" once the prelate rebuked the monarch.

"Because they are so wise and learned," replied His Majesty.

"You find much wiser and much more learned men among your own people," said the divine, bitterly, "and I am going to prove it to you. I challenge the Jews of your kingdom to select one of their number, with whom I shall have a contest of knowledge and ingenuity, a knowledge of the Hebrew language included. He who is asked a question and

cannot answer it, shall be buried alive outright."

By a royal order a day was appointed for the great contest.

The Jews of the Empire were in great despair. The good name of the Jewish people was at stake. Nobody was willing to accept the bishop's challenge and thereby risk his life.

A conference of rabbis was therefore called to discuss the grave situation.

While the conclave was in session, a poor man, a cobbler by trade, breezed into the synagog and informed the assembly that he was willing to be the champion of his people.

Worried and haggard as the clerical assemblage was, they grinned broadly. But perhaps a miracle would happen, thought the wise men of Israel; perhaps that ragged and apparently ignorant fellow was the prophet Elijah in disguise—who knows? So they decided to entrust him with the mission.

The day of the contest was a national holiday. The capital city was draped in flags. Soldiers with drawn swords were parading the streets. The public square was crowded with myriads of men who came from all parts of the empire to witness the spectacle. In the

middle of the square was a platform, and near it was dug a pit, wherein to throw the first who would be unable to answer a question.

When the royal party arrived, the band struck up a few patriotic hymns. Then His Majesty ordered to have the contest started. The cobbler, being the inferior of the two, was given the privilege of putting the first question.

"What is the meaning of 'aini yodeia'?" queried the Jewish champion with all the confidence of a scholar. ("Aini yodeia" in Hebrew means "I don't know.")

"I don't know," replied the Bishop, in a vigorous voice.

"Aha, you don't know," exclaimed the monarch, "then to the pit with you! Soldiers, go ahead!"

After this great victory for the Jews, the hero and savior of his people was carried triumphantly to the rabbi's house, where a great banquet was given in his honor.

"How did you happen to think of such a scheme?" marveled his coreligionists with tears of joy in their eyes.

"That was no scheme at all," explained the defender of Jewish scholarship. "You see, every Saturday I read the 'Teitch Chumash'

(Bible translated into the Yiddish vernacular). Every word of the Bible is translated in plain Yiddish. But when it comes to the words 'aini yodeia' even the 'Teitch Chumash' is stuck, and it simply says, 'I don't know.' Now, if the holy 'Teitch Chumash' does not know what 'aini yodeia' is, do you suppose that the 'orel tomay' could know what it was?"

THE SILENT DEBATE

An Emperor having heard of the superior intelligence of the Jewish race issued an order directing his Jewish subjects to select one of their number to debate with His Majesty through the medium of gestures. Should the disputant fail to comprehend the import of the imperial gestures he would get a hundred lashes. If no one appeared to debate with the wise monarch all Jews would be banished from the kingdom.

The members of the unhappy race were in deep despair. Not one of them was desirous of undertaking such a hazardous task. When exile seemed imminent, a Jewish blacksmith volunteered to save his people by meeting the King in silent controversy.

The debate attracted wide attention; wealth and royalty, master and serf, men, women and children from all corners of the realm flocked to the appointed place.

As the Emperor ascended to the platform in the public square, where his humble opponent was tremblingly waiting, a prolonged and thunderous cheer broke forth, with loud cries of "Long live the King!" and "Down with the Jews!" When silence was restored, the mighty ruler gazed with scorn upon his lowly opponent. His shabby clothes, unseemly boots and coarse black hands formed a striking contrast to the glittering and gaudy personality of his royal antagonist. Then:

The sovereign raised his forefinger. The brave Israelite, in reply, pointed his forefinger toward the ground. The Emperor then held out two fingers, and his humble subject held out one finger. Then the monarch dramatically stretched out his hand, with fingers spread, and the sturdy smith clenched a fist in the face of his regal opponent. The Emperor, apparently satisfied, extracted a bottle of red wine from his pocket; whereupon the robust laborer brought forth a large cheese.

After this debate the ruler announced that

his opponent had stood the test admirably. When asked by his Ministers for an interpretation of the mystic signs interchanged, His Majesty vouchsafed the following:

"My first statement was: 'You Jews are like the stars of heaven,' which I implied by raising my finger toward the sky; and the contention of my worthy opponent was, 'No, they are like the sand of the earth, everybody treading on them,' which he signified by pointing a finger toward the ground.

"By showing two fingers I meant to assert that there were two gods, one of good, and one of evil, which my antagonist contested by exhibiting one finger, symbolizing one God.

" 'You are not a nation,' I further argued, by stretching forth my hand with fingers spread, illustrating how the Jews were scattered all over the world. 'But they are united,' countered my invincible foe by making a fist.

" 'Your sins are as red as wine,' I reproached by producing a bottle of that beverage. 'They are as white as cheese,' refuted the Jewish champion by flaunting his cheese at me."

The blacksmith's interpretation of the mighty contest was as follows:

"The King hinted with an upward move-

ment of the finger that he was going to string me up, and in return I sent him to hell.

"He then threatened to gouge both my eyes, which he expressed by showing me two fingers, and I graciously told him that it would be 'an eye for an eye,' which I made very clear to him by showing one finger.

"Then His Benign Majesty expressed a desire to slap my face, which intention he signified by stretching forth his hand with fingers spread, ready for action, to which I humbly replied that I'd break his neck with my powerful fist. When His Highness saw that I stood my ground he graciously offered me a drink of wine, and I reciprocated his kind invitation by offering my cheese to him."

WINNING AN ACQUITTAL FROM A PREJUDICED JUDGE

This is a story of the time when Jews used to be accused of murdering Christian children to use their blood for Passover, and it tends to prove the ingenuity of the Jewish mind.

It seems that a Jew was on trial for ritual murder. It was evident to every impartial ob-

server that he was the victim of a conspiracy. Yet his conviction was a certainty. The populace demanded it, and the attitude of the Judge showed plainly that he was prejudiced against the defendant. Wishing, however, to appear impartial, the Magistrate rose to his feet and addressed the audience in the following manner:

"Gentlemen," he said, "from the evidence on hand it seems that the defendant has perpetrated this atrocious crime. But to be fair to him and give him the benefit even of the slightest doubt, I shall take two slips of paper, inscribe the word 'guilty' on one and leave the other blank. Then I shall roll them up, put them in a box and order the accused to draw one out. If he draws the blank paper he is free, but if he draws the one with the inscription of 'guilty' on it he is doomed."

In order to insure the Jew's conviction, the Judge maliciously put the fatal word on both slips of paper. The defendant, however, suspected it, and as soon as he drew the lot he tore it to shreds and scattered it over the room.

"What is this?" exclaimed the court attendant, in amazement. "How can we now tell whether it was blank or inscribed?"

"Examine the one left in the box," replied the Israelite.

As the roll in the box had the word "guilty" inscribed on it, the one that was torn must have been blank, was the logical conclusion. And the Jew was acquitted.

TIME IS THE BEST EXECUTIONER

For many, many years the Jewish jester had loyally served the Sultan, cheering up many of his gloomiest hours. Now he had committed an act of perfidy and the sovereign, in his wrath, condemned him to death.

In view of the buffoon's long and faithful service, however, the monarch felt impelled to mitigate, in some degree, the sting of his penalty.

"Clown," said the mighty ruler, "thou art doomed to die, but thou mayest select the manner of thy death."

"I choose death by old age," quoth the condemned man.

"Thy petition is granted," proclaimed the potentate.

JUSTICE IN PALESTINE

One night, a thief entered the establishment of a Jewish tailor, with the aid of a duplicate

key. Groping in the dark, he stumbled upon an unfinished garment, in which stuck a needle. As he picked up the garment, the needle pierced his right eye and blinded it. So the nocturnal visitor put the garment back in its place, walked out of the shop, locked the door, and went home.

The following day, the injured man came before Karakash, the Honest Judge, and complained that through the negligence of the tailor he had lost an eye, demanding that the fitting penalty of "an eye for an eye" be administered to the derelict tailor.

The Cadi immediately sent a messenger, and ordered the sartorial shopkeeper to appear before him.

When the defendant arrived, the Cadi informed him that through his negligence a man lost an eye, and that to avenge the wrong, he would have to lose an eye, too, in accordance with good Arabian practise.

"But, my lord," pleaded the Israelite, "this man came into my store with the intention of robbing me."

"We are not concerned with what he intended to do, but with what he actually did,"

declared the equitable Magistrate. "Did he steal anything from you?"

"No," admitted the defendant.

"Did he destroy or harm anything?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Then," said the champion of fair play, "a perfectly honest man lost the sight of an eye on account of your negligence, and justice demands that you be penalized in a similar manner. For am I not called Karakash, the Honest Judge?"

"But, my lord," pleaded the poor tailor, "this man is a celibate, and the loss of his eye did not hurt anybody else, while I am a married man, and if you bore out my eye, my wife and children will suffer, too. I suggest, therefore, that you take as a substitute a neighbor of mine, a tailor, who is a single man."

"You are speaking wisely," declared the sagacious Judge, impressed with the cogitabundity of the defendant's argument. "Let the bachelor tailor be brought here forthwith."

And the unmarried man had one of his eyes bored out, according to the decision of Karakash, the fair and honest Judge.

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER

The only daughter of the mighty sovereign was in a critical condition. The incantations of sorcerers, the invocations of priests, and the skill of physicians proved to be futile. The tumor in her throat was growing larger and larger. So an appeal was promulgated to the men of the kingdom to suggest any remedy they might deem effective, and a reward of one million offered to the one who would succeed in healing the Princess.

An Israelite who knew an effective prayer for health came to the royal palace and offered his services. Naturally he was welcomed.

Forthwith the ancient-looking Israelite wrapped himself in his "tallith," put the phylacteries on his head and left arm, and proceeded to say the magic prayer. He was a queer-looking individual with a beard of extraordinary length and a gabardine that reached his ankles. He wore knee breeches, low shoes, and white stockings, which were held by red garters. The young Princess surveyed this odd-looking personage with great merriment and curiosity. But when he began to chant his prayers in his peculiar singsong and

make his perfectly ludicrous gestures the ailing Princess could restrain herself no longer and broke forth in such loud and boisterous laughter that the tumor opened.

In a few days the Princess recovered and the Jew received his reward.

IT WAS TREACHERY TO SHAVE HIS BEARD

An Emperor had a Minister who was noted for his long beard. The Minister was very proud of it and boasted on every occasion that his was the longest beard in the kingdom.

Returning from a long journey, one day, the Emperor said to his conceited courtier: "If you think that yours is the longest beard in the land you are laboring under an entirely wrong impression. In a small town I saw a Jew whose whiskers beat yours to a frazzle!"

"And I'll bet you any amount that mine is longer!" exclaimed the dignitary, enraged at the ruler, who, he thought, was begrudging his distinction.

"I accept your challenge," snapped the monarch.

"And how much will it be?" asked the zealous holder of the longest beard title.

"A million," said the opulent sovereign.

"Good," assented the regal adviser.

The Emperor forthwith despatched a high army officer with a detachment of valiant soldiers to the town where the bewhiskered Israelite dwelt, with instructions to bring him before His Majesty, dead or alive.

There were no railroads in those days and His Majesty's commission had to make the trip on horseback. In a few weeks they arrived there and made inquiries concerning the long-bearded Jew. "We know him," said the townfolk, "he lives right there and his name is Avrohom-der-Melamed."

The bewhiskered fellow was arrested, put in iron chains and, to the wailings and protests of his family, was carried off to a destination unknown to him.

When the prisoner was brought to the capital city, the King's messengers took him to a bath, and not knowing what the monarch's purpose was, they cut his hair, shaved his beard and washed his body, so that he should make a nice appearance.

When the pale and haggard captive was presented before the ruler, the latter became furious.

"Who shaved his beard?" roared the monarch menacingly.

"We did," admitted the King's servants, tremblingly.

"You are traitors!" fulminated the sovereign, delirious with rage. "You are condemned to death!"

IN PURSUIT OF HEALTH

Residing in, or traveling through, certain parts of Russia was a privilege enjoyed by very few Jews under the régime of the Czars.

Russian Jewish citizens walking through the streets of Leningrad very often were stopped and asked to show their "pravozhitelstvo," or passports, entitling them to residential rights. Jews trespassing in "Holy Russia" without special authorization were compelled to make long and weary pilgrimages to their native towns, under the guard of police.

Once two Israelites were promenading on Nevsky Prospect, the chief thoroughfare of the former Russian capital. One had residential rights and the other had not, his visit being clandestine. From a distance they espied a gendarme. The officer was looking straight in their direction. Evidently he was

awaiting their approach with keen anticipation. Two "zhids" at one time would indeed be a fine catch.

"Look here," said the passport holder to his pale and frightened coreligionist, "run as fast as your feet will carry you, and I will follow you. In case the gendarme apprehends me I'll fix matters up very smoothly."

The fugitive ran for dear life, the passport holder close at his heels, and the gendarme, thoroughly convinced that the two were desperate criminals, pursued them at full speed.

After a long and spirited race the zealous officer succeeded in catching the passport holder, who was in the rear.

"Where is your 'pravozhitelstvo'?" thundered the ardent officer, with rage, panting and frothing.

The Jew produced his document.

"What then were you running for?" stormed the disappointed gendarme.

"Because the doctor ordered me to drink mineral water and then run," explained the member of "the chosen race."

"And what was the other 'zhid' running for?" demanded the maddened and foaming officer, his sword rattling.

"The other Jew also was ordered by a physician to drink mineral water and then run," informed the resourceful fellow.

"Now when you saw me run after you why didn't you stop?" fulminated the nonplussed officer, delirious with rage.

"I thought," responded the ingenious man, "that you, too, were prescribed the same treatment."

FAITH IN THE CZAR'S FIGURES

The Russo-Japanese War proved disastrous to the Russians from the very beginning, and the Czar's government, to uphold the morale of the people, ordered a strict censorship on all news concerning the war. The reports from the battlefield were so garbled that the people had no conception of what was really happening. When the Russian generals captured ten Japanese, the number was ingeniously augmented by two ciphers. And when they lost 1,000 the number was discreetly reduced in the same proportion.

The loyal troops of "Holy Russia," however, fought bravely and heroically. For weren't they promised by their "fathers," or

chaplains, a snug little corner in heaven if they died for their fatherland?

In one battle, around Port Arthur, the Russians lost 20,000 men.

Arriving in the other world, the slain heroes marched up to the gates of paradise and commanded the angelic gate-keeper to open the doors.

"Who are you?" interrogated the celestial guard, amazed at the impertinence of the mob.

"We are the 20,000 Russian patriots who died for our fatherland in the battle of Port Arthur a few days ago," shouted the ghostly army, intolerant of the unnecessary delay.

"Twenty thousand!" reiterated the ethereal sentinel, sarcastically. "My records show that only twenty died. Here is the 'Novoe Vremya' " (foremost anti-Semitic newspaper of Russia). He opened the door rather cautiously and admitted twenty souls.

"But surely it was 20,000, not twenty," indignantly protested the debarred souls of the heroes, who were held back by a blazing sword.

"Away from here," thundered the heavenly guard of paradise menacingly, "or I'll send you to purgatory!"

And the army of noble, self-sacrificing he-

roes dispersed, uttering imprecations against the Czar and his censors.

IT WAS THE CZAR

Two Israelites were discussing the deplorable situation of their people in Russia under the régime of Czar Nicholas "the Last."

"The Emperor," remarked one, "is nothing but an idiot."

"And a drunkard," added the other.

The last two remarks were overheard by a gendarme, who proceeded immediately to arrest the detractors of the "Little Father."

"You have no right to arrest us," protested the two Israelites, "we meant the German Emperor."

The Russian officer relaxed his grasp of the traitors and began to retreat, when suddenly he changed his mind.

"An idiot, a drunkard," reiterated the loyal officer, "I know whom you meant. Come on 'zhids' to the police station."

OUTWITTING THE CZAR

During the régime of the Czars, a certain Jewish merchant wanted to go to Leningrad,

and he asked the local authorities to give him, for some monetary consideration, an artisan's passport, which would entitle him to visit the capital.

The proposition of the Jewish trader was exceedingly attractive to the greedy officials. But the records stated plainly that the applicant was a "trader," and Jewish traders, of course, were not permitted to trespass on the holy city.

For a while the "preservers of law and order" were in a dilemma. Then they hit upon an excellent scheme. They struck the word "trader" out, and put the very same word on the top. Then they gave the Jew a passport, in which he was described as a "tradesman" or skilled laborer, which fact entitled him to residential rights in the Russian metropolis.

Now should any one question the veracity of the document and come to examine the records, the local officials could claim that the original designation of the passport-holder was "tradesman," but some hostile and anti-Semitic clerk maliciously canceled the word "tradesman," and inscribed the word "trader" on top. For was it not plainly visible that somebody had meddled with the records?

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF HIS HAT

The Russian people under the régime of the Czars were not only required to obey the law but to do homage to the officers of the law.

Talking to a government official with one's hat on was an effrontery, which merited a severe reprimand.

A "gorodovoy," or policeman, in Leningrad once espied a Jew walking in the street. From his furtive glances and timid attitude the officer surmised that he had no residential rights in the metropolis.

Like a bird of prey, the gallant officer swooped down on the wandering Jew.

"Hey, hey!" he bellowed, grabbing the Jew by the shoulder, "where do you come from?"

"I come from Smargon," meekly replied the intruder, forgetting, in his confusion, to remove his hat.

"And what about your hat?" growled the surly policeman.

"My hat, too, comes from Smargon," tremblingly replied the "criminal."

APHASIA

The City of Leningrad was closed to the Jews. Yet thousands of them found their

way into it by borrowing a passport for a few rubles.

A certain Jew by the name of Rabinowitz once came to the Russian metropolis with a passport which he had hired from a coreligionist with residential rights.

While walking on the street he was apprehended by a gendarme.

"What's your name?" demanded the Russian official.

The Israelite looked dazed. At the moment he forgot his newly acquired nomen.

"Well," he stammered in perplexity, "let me see—Rabinowitz surely not."

IT WAS NO MACHINE BUT AN ANTI-SEMITE

The train stopped at the station, where it was to tarry half an hour, and the passengers came out to get refreshments. A slot-machine selling chocolates attracted a passenger of Jewish origin. The inscription on the machine instructed to insert a 10 copeck coin.

"Where does the Bible state that you must put into the machine just 10 copecks?" soliloquized the casuistic Israelite. "Why cannot 5 copecks do?" He inserted the smaller coin,

pressed down the lever, but the machine did not respond.

"Aha!" he said to the machine, "I see you are stubborn. You want nothing less than 10 copecks. Well, I'm not going to quarrel with you. Here is another 5 copecks." The machine, however, remained unresponsive.

"What do you want now?" the disappointed traveler addressed the machine. "I have already given you 10 copecks. Aha, I see. You want another 5 copecks as a penalty. All right, here it is!" and he inserted another coin. But, to his chagrin, the machine remained stubborn.

While he stood eyeing the machine and raging over its frightful treachery, a Gentile came along, inserted a 10 copeck piece in the machine, and out came a long bar of chocolate.

Approaching a station attendant the incensed man asked him to explain the phenomenon.

The railroad employee explained that a machine could not be bargained with, that when it says 10 copecks no other coin will do, because it is an automaton.

"Nonsense," exclaimed the infuriated Israelite. "What are you trying to tell me, 'au-

tomaton,' 'autoschmaton.' It isn't an automaton; it is an anti-Semite, a highwayman, that's what it is."

THE PHILOSOPHER'S DESTINATION

The German-Jewish philosopher Moses Mendelssohn was an intimate friend of Frederick the Great.

Once, while promenading on "Unter den Linden," the chief thoroughfare of Berlin, the King met his learned friend.

After saluting each other the monarch asked his Jewish subject where he was going.

"I don't know," Mendelssohn replied.

"You don't know!" reiterated the conqueror. "Aren't you bound for some destination?"

"Yes," said the philosopher, reflectively, "but whither I go I know not."

The eyes of the mighty ruler flashed with anger. This man was trifling with His Majesty, and he ordered Mendelssohn's arrest.

After the offender had spent a day in prison the King began to feel the sting of conscience for having imprisoned the great man. There must have been some hidden meaning in the great philosopher's words, the monarch thought, and he went to visit his prisoner.

"Look here, Mendelssohn," chid the royal visitor, "what did you mean by trifling with me in such a frivolous manner?"

"No, Your Majesty," said the ruler's confidant, "I did not mean to trifle with you. I really did not know where I was going. Don't you see? I was going to visit a friend, and I landed in jail instead."

WHERE JEWS NEVER GATHER

Two Russian generals were traveling on a train. Opposite to them was seated a Jewish merchant. It was plainly visible that the two dignitaries were irritated at the sight of the Hebrew passenger.

"Wherever you go, you see Jews, Jews, Jews," growled one of the martial gentlemen. "I would give a thousand rubles to any one who shows me a place where there are no Jews."

The face of the Israelite brightened up. Evidently he had an idea.

"Your Excellency," said the Jewish traveler, most affably, "if you deposit a thousand rubles with a reliable person, I'll show you a place where you can't find a single Jew."

"Good," shouted the army dignitary, ecstatically, "I am perfectly satisfied."

Having deposited the stake with the station master of the next station, the general eagerly queried where that place was.

"That place is the Christian cemetery," replied the Israelite, solemnly. "You will never find a Jew there."

PUTTING A PREMIUM ON JUDAISM

Years ago, prior to the great migration of Russian Jews to America, a Jewish merchant settled in a small Southern town, where he opened a dry-goods store.

He was the first Jew ever seen in that community, and the Christian children, who had heard such horrible tales about Jews, dedicated themselves to the task of making the life of the solitary Israelite a burden to him. Wherever he went, they shouted after him: "Jew! Jew!"

One day the persecuted man inserted in the local paper the following advertisement: "Boys and girls, attention! To-morrow, at 4 P. M., I shall be standing in front of the post-office with a large bag of nickels. Any one who will come up to me and call me Jew will get a nickel. Line forms on the right side.—Max Rosenberg."

The following day, at exactly 4 o'clock, there was in front of the post-office building a long line of boys and girls. Each in turn came up to the despised man, called him Jew, received the promised nickel, and was told to come tomorrow again.

The next day, when the happy youngsters approached the Hebrew Santa Claus, and uttered the magic word, they received three cents only.

This reduction was rather disappointing to the young gold-diggers. Yet three cents was not an amount to be sniffed at, and therefore, when the benefactor invited them to reassemble the following day, they accepted his invitation. To their utter discomfiture, however, all they got for their services was the contemptible sum of one penny.

"We ain't going to call you Jew for one penny," protested the little Philistines.

"All right, you don't have to," replied the exploiter, nonchalantly.

And from that day on nobody called him Jew.

III

PREACHERS

VICTORY OUT OF DEFEAT

THE two itinerant preachers arrived in the small Lithuanian community Friday afternoon. Each had come to preach in the synagog the following day. But neither was aware of the presence of the other.

By a peculiar coincidence the two preachers lodged in the same hotel and were assigned to adjoining rooms.

Three o'clock in the morning the senior orator was awakened from his slumbers by a gruff, rasping voice, which penetrated the flimsy partition. In the dark of the night his neighbor was striding across his room and in fiery language delivering a mighty oration. "Morai v'rabosai," the peripatetic preacher would often exclaim. It was the equivalent of "Ladies and Gentlemen."

Why any man should rise in the middle of

the night and preach a sermon in a dark, empty room, was inconceivable to the harassed and puzzled Demosthenes. Was he a somniloquist? But a sermon it surely was—and a mighty good one at that. In fact, a much better one than his own. Soon it dawned upon him that the "somnambulist" must be a fellow "maggid" who had come with the intention of preaching at the synagog on the Sabbath, and that he was now rehearsing his "drashah."

The bewildered man was now wide awake, pondering over the complex and perplexing situation. Two preachers in one "shull" are like "two cats in one bag." Who would get the preference to speak?

Meanwhile the nocturnal preacher was striding vigorously in the dusky chamber, repeating his masterpiece one time after another. The senior brother of the profession was all attention. He lay silently on his bed, listening eagerly to every word, and soon he succeeded in mastering his neighbor's entire "drashah" by heart.

When the two Ciceros arrived in the synagog the following afternoon, a heated discussion arose among the trustees as to who

should get the preference to speak. Finally it was decided to let them both speak. The eavesdropper, by virtue of his seniority, was granted the privilege of delivering his sermon first.

He had spoken a few minutes when his competitor was dumfounded. How did that man get his sermon? Could he read his mind? And what was he to preach? To deliver an extemporaneous speech after such an eloquent and well-prepared oration was out of the question.

At the conclusion of the "drashah" the congregants congratulated the orator upon his masterpiece. It was the greatest oration ever delivered within the walls of that synagog, was the consensus of opinion, to the chagrin and vexation of the bewildered preacher.

The outwitted man, however, was equal to his wily opponent, and ascending the pulpit, commenced: "My friends: The sermon of my worthy colleague was so sublime and inspiring that it left upon me an indelible impression. I truly believe that you ought to hear it again. So instead of preaching my own sermon, I'll just repeat what our esteemed orator has just spoken." Whereupon he commenced the erstwhile preached homily, and

delivered it even more fluently and inspiringly than his predecessor. The public gasped with amazement. "That man is a genius!" "That man is a marvel!" "The most phenomenal memory in the world." "Just imagine, to hear such a long 'drashah' only once and then repeat it word for word!"

He was elected as permanent preacher of the congregation at a large salary.

REWARDING HIS VILIFIERS

The itinerant preacher arrived in the small Lithuanian town Friday afternoon, and, as was customary, paid a short visit to the President of the congregation.

He was informed by the synagog leader that there was a black sheep in town: a man who openly and flagrantly kept his dry-goods store open on the Sabbath. Public opinion, the local leader advised the orator, was strong against the offender and a public denunciation of him would score a big hit.

The following afternoon the house of worship was crowded to capacity. Practically every Jewish adult in town, including the sacrilegious shopkeeper, was present. A sermon

by a "maggid" was an event of absorbing interest.

The "maggid" delivered a violent attack upon those who profaned the Sabbath. He called them traitors and renegades, and warned them that they were endangering the very existence of the Jewish people. The speech was listened to with evident satisfaction by the orthodox congregants. Involuntarily everybody's eyes were turned in the direction of the solitary offender.

The next day a committee of prominent citizens went around town to make a collection for the visiting orator.

After much discussion they entered the store of the Sabbath-breaker who had been denounced by the orator the day before. To their utter astonishment the reviled man gave them a most cordial welcome and handed them a five-ruble bill, the largest donation of all.

A fellow preacher, who had heard of this interesting episode, visited the same community shortly after. He was certain that by using a little diplomacy he would receive from the generous donor even a larger contribution than his predecessor. Consequently his utterances were rather mild. He found extenuating cir-

cumstances for the occasional violation of the sanctity of the Sabbath.

The following day the public-spirited committee visited the philanthropic disbeliever quite confidently, anticipating a large donation. But to their astonishment, he handed them only a few coppers.

When asked for an explanation of this strange conduct the merchant said:

"You see, the first 'maggid,' by his diatribe, scared every Jew of the community into a strict observance of the Sabbath, leaving my store practically the only one open on the 'day of rest,' which gave me a tremendous advantage over my competitors; while the other fellow, who attempted to extenuate matters, was unknowingly weakening my position. Now why should I be generous to people who are undermining my business?"

THE BLASPHEMY OF THE ANIMALS

The "Preacher of Dubno," known in the Jewish vernacular as "Der Dubner Maggid," was for two generations one of the most picturesque characters in Russian Jewry. His fiery eloquence, his inexhaustible fund of parables, his courage, his sincerity, his ready wit,

made him—excepting, perhaps, the Hebrew prophets—the most outstanding figure in the history of Jewish oratory.

In his time, a hundred years ago or so, the relations between the two sects of Israel, known as "Chasidim" and "Misnagdim," were especially strained. The "Chasidim," among other things, did not believe in the practise of preaching. Their theory was that no man was good enough to preach to anybody else.

Once the "Preacher of Dubno" passed through a "Chasidic" community, where he remained a few days. Saturday afternoon, in the synagog, right after the "minchah" service, through the sheer force of habit, the great orator mounted the pulpit and was ready to fire away one of his passionate homilies.

There was great commotion in the "klous" and loud exclamations of "get off the 'bima'!"

"I will speak just a few minutes," announced the guest.

"No, you can't!" shouted the zealots.

"Let me just quote a verse from the Bible," pleaded the Jewish Demosthenes.

"No!" thundered the zealous congregants, "get off!"

"May I tell you at least a little story?" implored the distressed orator.

After a long and bitter discussion the "maggid" was permitted to proceed with his story:

"A certain merchant was making a journey," commenced the preacher. "On the road he saw a poor Jewish pedler trudging along, carrying a heavy pack on his shoulders. Some distance ahead there was the castle of a Russian nobleman, where there were big, ferocious dogs. He warned the huckster of the danger and invited him to ride in his carriage.

"The wanderer declined. 'I'm not afraid,' he said. 'When I am attacked by dogs I recite a certain Biblical verse, which acts like a charm.'

"Curious to see the efficacy of his Biblical verse as a safeguard against dogs, the rich merchant drove slowly behind the hawker. But no sooner did the pedestrian pass the gates of the nobleman's grounds than the dogs set upon him with demoniacal fury, and if not for the interference of the kind traveler, who was following close behind, he would have been torn to shreds.

" 'What about your charm?' asked the merchant, with irony.

" 'Well,' said the bleeding and tattered fellow, 'it is the first time in my experience that dogs did not want to listen to a Biblical verse.' "

MARKSMANSHIP

The inexhaustible stock of parables and similes with which the "Preacher of Dubno" so copiously illustrated every thought in his homilies, was a marvel even to his contemporary, "The Sage of Vilna," who was a personal friend of the great orator.

Once the sage, who was known as "Der Vilner Gaon," asked his Ciceronean friend: "Tell me, pray, how do you manage to get a fitting simile for everything you say?"

"I shall explain it to you with a simile," said the Jewish Demosthenes. "Once a number of noblemen went hunting. On their way they passed a peasant's house. Behind the humble abode of the countryman was a target with numerous white circles, every one of which had a bullet mark in the center. Such marksmanship was a marvel even to the best shots of the group. They decided, therefore, to seek out the great marksman and learn the secret of his almost supernatural perfection.

"While they were thus standing, the peasant came out. They asked him whether he had made those shots.

"The bucolic gentleman admitted that he had.

" 'That's absolutely marvelous!' they shouted in ecstasy. 'How do you do it?'

" 'That's easy,' explained the rustic. 'First I shoot and then I make a circle around the bullet mark.'

"That is exactly what I am doing," said the orator frankly. "First I find a parable, an incident, and then I draw a circle of thought around it."

THE BEST THE ORATOR COULD DO

The "maggid" was preaching one of the longest and most tedious sermons in his repertoire. There was a big crowd, and he wanted to make a hit. With eyes closed and "tallith" drawn over head, he had stood for more than two hours on the "bima," expounding one passage of the Talmud after another. He seemed to have lost all sense of proportion. The end of the "drashah" was not yet in sight. People became restless and fidgety.

The rabbi found that he could stand it no

longer, and he quietly and unostentatiously walked out. The "gabbai" soon followed suit. Then a general exodus ensued. The long-suffering crowd sought relief in the cool, refreshing air outside; only the "shamash" remained. The preacher, however, was too much engrossed in his sermon to take any notice of the depleted condition of the house of worship. Finally the synagog warden went up to the thundering orator and whispered in his ear.

"Here is the key," he said, "when you finish the 'drashah' you will please lock the 'shull.' "

THE SERMON MADE HIM SLEEPLESS

A "maggid" preached a sermon in the synagog of a small Jewish community one Saturday afternoon. Among the congregants was a sophisticated man, who had come to hear the preacher more for curiosity than for religious instruction. The "maggid" felt highly flattered by the presence of that man, who was looked upon, even by the most zealous, as a thinker and philosopher. It was looked upon as a glowing tribute to the visiting orator.

The next day, when the visiting Cicero met

the heretic, he asked him how he had liked his homily.

"I can tell you that much," said the modern man, "that owing to your 'drashah' I did not sleep a wink last night."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the "maggid" with pride and delight. "Did it make such an impression upon you?"

"Well, not exactly," admitted the other. "But whenever I sleep during the day I cannot sleep at night."

WHY THE PREACHER MADE HIM CRY

The synagog was packed to capacity. The good Sabbath-observing folk of the small community were gathered to hear the itinerant preacher, whose arrival had been heralded for weeks in advance.

The orator, who was a short, stocky, bearded man, was at his best. In passionate language he spoke of religion and morality, of life hereafter and of reward and retribution. In glowing and vivid style he described the suffering and agonies of the sinners in the world beyond.

An old tailor in tattered garb, who was occupying a pew on the last bench, made his

presence conspicuous by weeping and sobbing in a heart-breaking manner, which flattered the vanity of the speaker. For to make people cry by the mere power of words is not a mean achievement.

At the conclusion of his sermon, the preacher came over to the lachrymose fellow, shook hands with him, and asked him what were the striking remarks in the "drashah" which made him cry.

"It was not the 'drashah' that made me cry," confessed the maudlin individual, "but your face. It aroused sad memories in me. I once had a goat that supplied milk to my family. She had a nice, long beard exactly like yours. Then, one bright morning, when I came into the barn, I found her dead. And when I looked at you, I couldn't help thinking of my poor goat. Your beards were so much alike!"

HE SIMPLY ILLUSTRATED A PARABLE

The itinerant preachers, who traveled through the Jewish communities of Russia and Poland, depended for their subsistence on the generosity of the members of the various congregations where they preached.

A certain preacher, who had delivered a long and fiery oration, which had lasted more than two hours, found himself face to face with the possibility of going to bed hungry. It seems that the audience was so carried away by his eloquence that the trivial needs of the "maggid" just slipped out of their minds.

After a few moments of hard thinking, the orator decided to visit the rabbi's house, where, he thought, he would surely get something to eat.

Upon entering the ecclesiastic's home, he found a huge roasted turkey on the table, which had been just brought in by the hostess. The minister, however, uttered not a word which might have been construed as an invitation to the guest. Eventually the visitor decided to take matters into his own hands.

"I should like to tell you a nice parable," said the starving orator. "Once a 'maggid' and a rabbi took a walk. On the road they met a turkey; so the three walked together. As the trio walked on, they met the devil; so the four walked together. Walking for some time, they reached a river. Now only the devil and the 'maggid' could swim; the rabbi and the

turkey could not. How would they cross the river?

"After a brief conference, it was decided that the devil should take the rabbi, and the 'maggid' should take the turkey."

Whereupon the hungry orator grabbed the turkey and dashed out of the house.

A SERMON

Ladies and Gentlemen: To-day we are going to deliver a sermon—a sermon without a moral, perhaps, but a sermon nevertheless.

In true homiletic fashion, like the good "maggidim" of yore, we shall take for our text a passage from the Midrash. We shall proceed to prove how mystic and obscure that passage appears. Then we shall tell you a nice parable and "b'ezer ha-Shem Yisborach," with the help of God, the Midrash will become just as clear as daylight.

But I'll ask you, assembled worthies, to keep yourselves in order, because I am a weak man, a "cholush, lo aleichem," and I cannot exert myself too much. I hope that you will be perfectly satisfied with my "drashah."

The passage we refer to, "morai v'rabosai," is denoted by Talmudists as a "Midrash

Pliah," or "Enigmatic Midrash," and we shall quote it presently.

Speaking of Korah and his villainous associates, who were swallowed up by the earth for their rebellion against Moses, a certain sage informs us that they are continuously proclaiming, "Moses is true, his Torah is true, and we are liars."

The Midrash deduces therefrom that "the wicked do not repent even at the threshold of Gehenna."

On the surface such a deduction seems utterly puzzling. If Korah and his band confess that Moses and his Torah are true and that they themselves are liars, is it not clear proof that they do repent?

But the following story will elucidate the paradoxical Midrash admirably:

The son of a wealthy miser was betrothed to the young and charming daughter of a famous and respected merchant from another town.

As the miser was hated by his townsmen, they never failed to take a whack at him when talking to the young lady's townsmen.

Fearing that they might spoil the match, the magnate went to the local rabbi and induced him to put a "cherem," or anathema, on

any one that would speak evil of him or his son. That had the desired effect, and the malicious slandering ceased.

The magnate's townfolk, however, could not tolerate the idea that such a stone-hearted curmudgeon should marry off his son in such glorious fashion, and discussing the matter one day, a resourceful gentleman said that if his expenses were paid, he would go to the other town and fix the matter perfectly.

"But what about the 'cherem'?" interrogated his cronies. "You can't break it."

"Just leave it to me," assured the public-spirited man. "I won't break the 'cherem,' either."

A collection was made, and the ingenious man was despatched on his laudable mission.

Arriving in the other community he straightway repaired to the synagog, where, he was sure, the tightwad's "machuten" would come to participate in the evening prayer.

Sure enough the philanthropist came to the synagog. After the prayer the representative of the small community approached the magnate, shook his hand with a hearty "shalom aleichem," and presented himself as a resident of his prospective son-in-law's town.

"Oh, you come from Shnipishok!" ejaculated the leading citizen. "Do you know Reb Kalman?"

"A question!" replied the emissary. "I sure do."

"Is he considered an honorable man in the community?"

"Oh, yes, very much so."

"Is he a 'baal tsedakah'?"

"A very big 'baal tsedakah.'"

"Is he a 'lamdan'?"

"A very big 'lamdan'," he responded.

"But," added the diplomatic envoy, "I am a darned liar."

This, "morai v'rabosai," is just what Korah and his band are trying to convey, even within the regions of the netherworld: "Moses is true, his Torah is true, but we are liars."

Well, does it not prove that the wicked do not repent even at the threshold of Gehenna?

A LITTLE CROWING MIGHT HELP

A "maggid" came to a small Russian town to deliver a sermon in the synagog, and make a collection afterward. In pursuance of custom, he called upon the rabbi for permission.

The minister, however, seemed to be reluctant.

"May I know on what grounds you object to my preaching in the synagog?" queried the visiting orator.

"I will tell you the truth," replied the custodian of Judaism. "The population here is very poor, and extremely indifferent. They owe me 300 rubles for salary, and I greatly doubt if I will ever get it. Now, if you are going to make a collection, my situation will become worse."

"You are greatly mistaken," said the traveling orator. "Once a young housewife forgot to feed her chickens. For two days the fowls got nothing to eat, excepting for a few grains, which they found now and then by scratching up the ground. Suddenly a rooster appeared in the chicken house. His visit threw the winged creatures into consternation. 'Get out of here,' they shouted. 'We are starving as it is, and now that you are coming, our plight will become even worse.'

" 'My dear ladies,' said the chanticleer, 'you will see that through me, you will get something to eat, too. I'll begin to crow, flap my wings, and make such a racket that your mas-

ter will realize that you must be hungry, and that you have to be fed.'

"And so, my dear rabbi, my preaching will arouse the members of your congregation to their duty toward you."

IV

MENDICANTS AND PHILANTHROPISTS

HIS METHOD OF APPRAISING DIAMONDS

THE itinerant beggar arrived in the small Lithuanian community late Friday afternoon, and was told by the "parnes" or supervisor of the local charity organization, that his chances of being billeted for the Sabbath were very poor, as everybody had already taken a poor man for Saturday. Of course there was Reb Yudel Noggid, the magnate of the town, to whom nobody had been assigned yet. But Reb Yudel, explained the charity head, was an inveterate miser who never did, and never would, entertain a destitute person at his table.

"Just tell me where he lives," said the pauper, "and I assure you that he will welcome me with outstretched arms."

"Well, if you insist," remarked the "parnes," smilingly, "here it is. But I tell you in advance that your trouble will be in vain."

Directly, the tatterdemalion went to the rich man's house and knocked boldly at the door.

A servant came out and offered him a copper.

"I want no charity," firmly declared the ragamuffin. "I came to see Reb Yudel."

"What can I do for you?" queried the lord of the mansion, as the mendicant came into his presence.

"I can't talk to you with all these people around," said the uncouth visitor. "Have you a private room somewhere around?" Whereupon they withdrew to a secluded corner of the house.

"Say, Reb Yudel," said the ragged fellow, looking apprehensively around, "what could you offer me for a diamond as large as an egg?"

"I can't say offhand," replied the wealthy man, his eyes bulging with expectation. "Stay with us over Saturday, rest up a little, and then we'll talk business."

"I hate to impose upon you," remonstrated the visitor, considerately. "You have expected no guests and it wouldn't be fair either

to you or to your wife. Besides, I left my Sabbath clothes in the hotel."

"Never mind," assured the host. "There is plenty to eat in the house and plenty of rooms. And as to clothes, you may put on one of my suits."

All Saturday the stranger was entertained in the most generous manner. The host saw to it that he did not leave the house all day, for fear that he might be approached by somebody else.

When the Sabbath had finally passed, the host broached the matter to the guest. "Now," he said, "let me see the diamond."

"Did I ever say I had a diamond?" replied the pauper, as he rose to go. "I just wanted to know what you could offer me for a diamond of such a size in case I happen to find one."

HIS SON-IN-LAW BOARDED WITH HIM

When the Friday eve services were over, Reb Nachman, a wealthy member of the synagog, looked over the host of itinerant beggars, who were lined up at the door, and selected an old, shabby man as his guest for the Sabbath.

Walking home with the poor man, he noticed that a young fellow was trailing them, to which

he paid no particular attention. Arriving home, he found to his surprise that the young man was there, too. It looked rather odd, but Reb Nachman's house was always open to people.

The ragged young man evidently felt very much at home. Uninvited he seated himself comfortably at the table and heartily participated in the meal, whispering once in a while a word or two to his senior colleague. Ordinarily the host would have inquired as to his business at the table, but what good Jew is going to embarrass a poor fellow Jew on the Sabbath?

After the meal, however, he asked the elderly man who his young crony was.

"He is my son-in-law," replied the patriarchal man, in a matter-of-fact tone. "You see, when he married my daughter, I promised him two years' 'kest' (board), and I take him along wherever I go."

THEY COULD SCRATCH EACH OTHER

In the city of Vilna there lived a man who was noted for his kindliness and generosity.

Sitting at the window one afternoon, he beheld a ragged individual scratching his back

against a fence. Moved with pity, the prominent citizen sent out his servant and called the poor man into the house.

The pauper explained that this extreme itching was due to the fact that he was too poor to go to a bath, and that he changed his underwear only once in two months.

The philanthropist was deeply touched, and gave the itching person three suits of underwear, also a few coins to enable him to go to a bath.

The news of this episode spread among the paupers in town with lightning-like rapidity, and a few minutes later two mendicants were rubbing their backs viciously against the same fence, peering at the same time to see whether they were being noticed.

The bountiful man grabbed a heavy stick and ran out to the two impostors. "Away from here!" he shouted, swaying his stick. "You are nothing but fakers. You can't fool me!"

The two men were dumfounded.

"How is it," they gasped at last, "that you befriended the first fellow, while us you take for impostors?"

"That fellow," said the magnanimous man,

"was alone; he couldn't very well scratch his own back with his hands, and naturally he had to use the fence. But you are two. You can scratch each other's back without rubbing against the fence."

IT WAS TOO HORRIBLE TO BELIEVE

After much persuasion, the poor man succeeded in getting the loan of a silver cup from his niggardly neighbor. The following day, he returned the borrowed cup and gave the owner a little cup, besides.

"What's this?" queried the miser.

"You see," explained the indigent neighbor, "the large cup gave birth to this little one, and I thought it wasn't more than right that I bring it to you."

"Very fine!" observed the magnate, gleefully. "I see you are an honest fellow."

"Now, Reb Bunim," said the penurious man, "I'd like to borrow for a few days a silver candlestick. You see, I expect a guest for this coming Sabbath."

"Oh, with the greatest pleasure!" exclaimed the skinflint. "Here it is."

In a few days the poor, but honest, man

again returned the candlestick, with a little candlestick attached to it.

"Your candlestick gave birth to this little candlestick," explained the borrower.

Cheerfully, the rich man accepted it, without raising the question whether it was possible for an inanimate object to give birth to children.

"Now," said the needy person, with more confidence than ever, "will you lend me your watch and chain for a day?"

"Why, certainly," ejaculated the curmudgeon, with an outburst of generosity. "Whom else shall I trust if not you?"

A day passed and the borrower did not show up. Another day passed and no word came from him. When four days had elapsed and the watch was not returned, the magnate decided to visit his humble neighbor personally and find out the reason.

"What happened to my watch and chain?" he inquired, nervously.

"I regret to tell you," replied the impecunious individual, mournfully, "that your watch and chain died."

"What, 'died'!" sneered the magnate. "You are crazy! How can a watch and chain die?"

"Well," calmly explained the poor man, "if a wine cup and a candlestick can bear children, why can't a watch and chain die?"

ROTHSCHILD WAS NOT RIGHTFUL HEIR

To the oppressed Jews of Russia and Poland, the Rothschilds were legendary figures. Their fabulous wealth, their political power, their close association with kings and rulers, their piety, their humility, their generosity toward the poor, were favorite subjects of discussion in all synagogs. Hundreds of paupers, inspired by the glowing accounts of the Rothschilds, used to make long and weary pilgrimages to London or Paris to beg the great philanthropists for assistance.

A certain "schnorrer," who used to receive from Edmund Rothschild a yearly stipend, once informed his patron that this time he would have to get a larger donation, as he had a daughter to marry off. The philanthropist gave the pauper 500 rubles as a dowry for his daughter. Shortly afterward, the Jewish banker happened to meet a man who came from his beneficiary's community, and he naturally made inquiries as to the latter's welfare

and as to how his recently married daughter was getting along.

"'His recently married daughter'!" exclaimed the stranger. "Why, he had only one daughter and she is dead over a year now."

The next time the mendicant turned up for his annual contribution, Rothschild reproached him for practising such a deception upon him.

The veteran beggar became furious. "True, my daughter had been dead when I collected her dowry," argued the poor man. "But did you want to be her heir? Don't you think that I, as her father, am entitled to her dowry?"

HE KNEW BETTER THAN ROTHSCHILD

A certain "schnorrer" once went to get a donation from Rothschild. At the door of the magnate's house he was met by a uniformed attendant, who asked him what he wished. The poor man said that he wanted to see Rothschild, and the doorman directed him to the banker's secretary. When questioned as to the nature of business he had with the great financier, the beggar said that he could not discuss the matter with anybody but Rothschild.

The mendicant at last succeeded in having Rothschild personally come out to him.

"What is it that you want to see me about?" queried the philanthropist.

"I want a donation from you so that I can marry off my daughter," said the ragged individual.

"'A donation'!" reiterated the magnate. "Why did you insist on seeing me personally? Couldn't my secretary attend to that?"

"Are you teaching me the business of begging?" exclaimed the tatterdemalion, with righteous indignation. "I think I know that a damn sight better than you!"

WHO SAID BRODSKY WAS RICH?

Lazar Brodsky, the Jewish millionaire and sugar king of Kief, like the Rothschilds of London and Paris, was an outstanding figure among the Jews of Europe. His immense wealth and great influence with the Russian authorities made him an almost legendary character to his oppressed and downtrodden brethren. It was the ambition of every Jew, visiting that Russian metropolis, to see and, if possible, visit the Jewish magnate.

A certain Jew of a small Lithuanian community, through the influence of a prominent friend, was fortunate enough to enter the por-

tals of Brodsky's mansion and have a peep into the living-room. There he beheld two ladies, who, he was told, were the philanthropist's daughters, playing a duet on the piano.

When he returned home and his townfolk began to bombard him with questions regarding the millionaire's splendor and magnificence, the new arrival, with a disparaging shrug of his shoulders, remarked:

"To tell the truth, I was not at all impressed. I don't know why people rave so much about Brodsky's wealth. I failed to see it. Just imagine two girls playing on one piano! Do you call that riches?"

WHY HE CRIED AT BRODSKY'S FUNERAL

The death of Lazar Brodsky, the Jewish millionaire and benefactor of Kief, brought a wave of gloom and sorrow to the Jews of Russia. His funeral was one of the most impressive Kief had ever seen. Thousands of Jews from all over Russia flocked to the Russian metropolis to pay the beloved philanthropist his last tribute. In the long and mournful procession participated thousands of orphans and widows and paupers, whom the deceased had generously assisted during his life.

One ragged fellow was especially grief-stricken. His loud wailing and sobbing attracted attention.

"Are you a relative of Brodsky?" asked a neighbor, respectfully.

"No," sighed the maudlin fellow, pitifully.

"Then why do you cry so much?" asked the other.

"That's just the reason," wept the poor man, dismally. "If I had been a relative of his, I would have nothing to worry about now."

A MISLEADING DREAM

The two hoboes met on the road and instantly became friends. They were hot and weary and hungry; the food problem, naturally, was the topic of their conversation. While descanting on the theory of what constituted a good dinner, they espied a doughnut on the roadside. Instantly one of the vagabonds pounced upon it and took possession of it.

"That's not fair," protested the other. "I saw it first and I'm entitled to an equal share."

But half a doughnut would satisfy neither, and the finder had an inspiration.

"I have a plan," said the holder of the precious morsel. "Let's lie down to sleep for a

while, and he who has the nicest dream gets the doughnut."

The other consented.

An hour later the pair arose, and the contestant for the rare bit commenced to narrate his dream.

"I was fast asleep," began the starved pauper, "and lo and behold, a huge, snow-white fowl alighted near me. I sat upon its back and with lightning-like rapidity was carried right into paradise."

"That's strange!" exclaimed the defender of the coveted edible. "I also saw in my dream that you were carried into paradise, and I thought you wouldn't return any more, so I ate up the doughnut."

WHY HE MAIMED HIS CHILDREN

There was a man in a small Lithuanian community, who found it rather hard to support his wife and his four-year-old son. Suddenly he became blind, and was compelled to take to begging. This occupation he found very lucrative. In a short time he accumulated enough money to buy a house and a well-paying grocery store.

Shortly another son was born to him, and,

like a good father, he was solicitous about the future of his offspring.

"Malke," he said to his wife, "I want you to blind the child. You know how hard it is for a seeing person to make a living."

A third son followed, and the paternal instinct of the sightless man again asserted itself.

"Malke," he suggested, tenderly, "please break an arm for the child. You know what a hard struggle he will have in order to make a living. But with a broken arm he'll become a successful panhandler."

A fourth son made his appearance not long after, and the blind, yet far-seeing, progenitor spoke up: "Malke," he pleaded, "please break a leg for the baby. Let the poor child be provided with a source of livelihood."

Before his death the mendicant made a will in which he bequeathed all his property to his eldest son.

When asked for an explanation, the expiring man vouchsafed: "You see, the younger three boys, having each a deformity, are sure to make a living; they have a good trade. But my eldest boy—poor fellow—he hasn't a single blemish to fall back on. He will have to strug-

gle mighty hard for his bread and butter, and it isn't more than right that I leave all I have to him."

HIS SILENCE WAS SUSPICIOUS

The blind mendicant and his seeing partner bought a basket of cherries, and agreed, as gentlemen, to eat them one cherry at a time. Then, all of a sudden, the blind man arose in fury, and with all his might slapped his crony on the face. "You are a cheat and a scoundrel," shouted the blind beggar, "that's what you are!"

"What's that for?" demanded the other. "Are you crazy, or what?"

"If I am taking two cherries at a time and you don't protest," explained the blind fellow, "then I am sure you must be taking three or four at a time, and you are nothing but a darned scoundrel."

HIS FATHER DIED SPEECHLESS

The two hoboes were admitted into the kitchen by the generous hostess and given a large bowl of soup. One was of a garrulous disposition and the sight of the hot, steaming soup and the huge loaf of bread provoked old

memories in him. He began to speak of his happy childhood, his adventurous adolescence, and then of the death of his revered father. He recited in detail the circumstances which attended his demise, and the long sermon his sire preached to him before he expired.

The other said not a word, and with phenomenal rapidity was consuming one plate of the delicious edible after another.

Realizing the gravity of the situation, the prolix fellow made an attempt to divert his colleague's attention from the food. "Now, tell me, please," said the talkative man to his silent partner, "tell me what message did your father leave before his death."

"My father died speechless," replied the other laconically, and continued the onslaught.

COURTING INOCULATION

An agent of a Talmudic academy came to a small Russian town to collect funds for his institution.

In company of one of the leading citizens, the emissary of the Talmudic college called upon the magnate of the community and introduced himself as the representative of the famous house of learning.

"It is my rule not to give any charity to outside institutions," declared the magnate, scowling ominously at the pair. "We have plenty of 'schnorrers' right here in town."

"The rich are a very peculiar race," observed the deputy of the "yeshivah." "As soon as they see a strange nose, they imagine that they are going to be held up for a donation. The fact of the matter is I did not come to ask you for a contribution; I simply came to pay you a visit on account of your sickness. You see, 'bikkur cholim' is a piety of which I am very fond."

"What, I am sick!" flared up the lord of the mansion. "You must be crazy."

"Yes, you are," persisted the visitor. "Don't you know what Solomon said—that riches over which one has no control is an evil disease?"

"Maybe I am sick," admitted the wealthy man. "But why, of all sick men, did you select me? You better go to the hospital, where you will find plenty of people who are really sick."

"You see," explained the "meshulach," "the Talmud says that one who visits a sick person assumes a sixtieth of his disease. Now if I should visit a victim of typhoid fever, for instance, I should get a sixtieth part of typhoid

fever. Of what good would that be to me? But if I should get a sixtieth part of your disease, I'll have a nice few thousand rubles."

A FATAL SYMPTOM

A beggar came to a city where there lived an old friend of his, now one of the richest men in town. He visited the wealthy man, revealed his identity to him, and reminded him of the good old days. There was no doubt in the pauper's mind that this would induce the magnate to give him an especially large bounty. The successful man, however, sensing the intruder's design, assumed an air of aloofness, and declared that he did not remember who he was.

"Then I'm sure that to-morrow you'll die," stated the mendicant, gravely, and turned to go.

"What do you mean?" demanded the master of the house. "How do you make that out?"

"No time now," stated the ragged visitor, laconically.

"Here's a five-ruble bill for your time, and explain what you mean," pleaded the puzzled man.

"Well," quoth the mystic stranger, depositing the money in his pocket, "you see, last year I was confined to the hospital. One day I heard the head physician observe to a fellow doctor: 'That man, yonder, will pass away by to-morrow; he failed to recognize me.' Now, since you couldn't recognize me, it's a positive sign that by to-morrow you'll pass away."

"But I did recognize you in the end, and I gave you a fine donation, too," pleaded the miser.

"Now, since you recognized me at last," yielded the beggar, generously, "there is hope that you are going to survive."

A REFUGE CITY FOR THE RICH

The poor man who hailed from an impoverished Lithuanian community, was refused admittance to the sick philanthropist.

"I have an excellent remedy for him," declared the indigent fellow, "that will positively save him from death; but I must talk to him personally."

As the magnate was in a critical condition, his immediate friends thought that nothing could be lost by granting the pauper's wish.

Whereupon he was ushered into the presence of the agonizing man.

"What will you give me if I tell you how to save your life?" queried the mendicant.

The sick man brightened up. His eyes flashed hope and gratitude.

"I will give you any amount you will name. Will a thousand rubles do?"

"Yes," said the penurious visitor. "Here is my scheme: You move to Grinkishok, the place where I live, and you will be safe. For never in the history of that town did a rich man die there."

AND WHAT FOR THE POOR?

The lofty idealism and sublime spirit of self-sacrifice, which characterized the Russian Jews of a generation or so ago, were typified by Reb Nahum Grodner, a patriarch, who devoted his entire time to the study of the Talmud and the practise of charity.

It was the custom of that great man to go around town every afternoon and collect food and clothes for the needy families of Grodno, his native city.

Once he approached a wealthy man for a contribution, and was flatly refused. In vain

he tried to persuade the rich miser. His heart was adamant. Then he began to lecture to him on the vanity of man and the uncertainty of his wealth and life. The stone-hearted individual became incensed and slapped Reb Nahum on the face. For a moment the noble man was dazed. Then, without the slightest display of ill feeling, the saintly man said:

"Well, Reb Malkiel, this was for me. Now what are you going to give for the poor?"

HIS CHANGE OF HEART

There was a miser in a small Lithuanian town who zealously guarded his money against the constant importunities of beggars and charitable organizations.

He became seriously ill, and a specialist was called in. The doctor declared that the patient was in a very critical condition. However, he prescribed him a medicine, and, said the physician, "if it causes perspiration there is good hope for his recovery. Otherwise, may the Lord have mercy upon him."

The rumor that the magnate was on his death-bed brought joy to the local charity organizations. At last there came a moment

when he could no longer turn his back on poverty and suffering.

The dying man began to dictate his testament and bequeathed huge sums to all local institutions.

All of a sudden he halted, felt his forehead and excitedly exclaimed: "Stop! Tear up that paper! I believe I'm perspiring."

LOOKING FAR INTO THE FUTURE

The dying niggard sent an urgent call to the rabbi. He felt that his end was near, and he desired to leave all his earthly possessions in the rabbi's custody.

"I see now that the poor fellow was misjudged," commented the minister. "His reason for not giving any charity during his life was that he wanted to save his money and then make one big contribution that would achieve some perceptible benefit. It is a lesson that we must always think the best of our fellowmen."

The spiritual leader of the community entered the sick-room with a guilty and remorseful conscience. "Too bad," remarked the saintly man, sympathetically, "that you have to depart so soon. But I have no doubt that

you can face the Creator confidently. Now what can I do for you?"

"Rabbi," quoth the expiring curmudgeon, "I have amassed a great fortune and now that I am passing away you are the only man to whom I can entrust it. I want you to lend out my money at good interest and on first mortgages only. And when your time comes, hand everything over to your successor as rabbi, giving him the same instructions, and let the other rabbi do the same, and so forth, indefinitely."

"And what do you want it for?" demanded the rabbi, in amazement.

"Why, don't you believe in 'tehias hamesim,' in resurrection? Some day, when I rise, I will be sure to find a nice little fortune, and I'll be secured with a comfortable living."

WHEN CHARITY BOXES SCARED HIM NOT

The death of Nachman Kamtzan, the most detested miser in town, seemed to produce no effect on his only son. With philosophic calm the heir viewed the rites and obsequies performed by the leaders of the local burial society. But when the coffin was carried out-

side and he beheld the old bewhiskered gentlemen jingle the tin boxes and solicit contributions, the niggard's successor suddenly burst into tears. "Weh is mir, my father is dead," he moaned.

"What made you cry all of a sudden?" queried his neighbors.

"Don't you see," explained the heir, between dismal sobs, "if papa hears the jingle of charity boxes and doesn't run away, I am now convinced that he's dead."

IT WAS A HOLOCAUST

Fire insurance policies were unknown in the small Jewish communities of Russia. But when a poor man lost his home through a fire, the rabbi of the community gave him a letter of introduction, in which he stated that the bearer thereof was a worthy man and deserving of financial support in order to rehabilitate himself.

With this document in hand, the homeless man traveled from town to town and collected money, often accumulating enough funds not only to get back on his feet, but also to lay by large dowries for his daughters. Impostors, who collected money under the pretense of

being "nisrafim," or fire victims, were frequently encountered within the pale of Jewish settlement.

There is a story of a certain Israelite, who came to a small town, and besought the spiritual leader of the community to assist him in the collection of funds, as he was, he claimed, the victim of a conflagration, which razed his home and place of business, leaving him completely destitute.

"Have you a 'ksav' (document), from your rabbi that you are a 'nisraf' (fire victim)?" inquired the minister.

"No sir," responded the wandering Jew, lugubriously. "My 'ksav' was burned together with the house."

A FITTING COMPENSATION

There was a fire in a small Jewish community, in which nearly half of the town was destroyed, and hundreds of men, women and children became homeless.

The sympathy which this calamity engendered was deep and wide-spread. Scores of neighboring towns formed relief committees to feed and shelter the unfortunates. Under the supervision of local men, a bureau was es-

tablished, where each victim received a sum corresponding to his loss.

Among the applicants for help was a middle-aged man, who had a thriving dry-goods store, and whose property had not been touched by the conflagration.

"What are you doing here?" interrogated the chairman of the relief committee. "You were not affected by the fire, were you?"

"But the fright I had!" returned the applicant. "You have no idea what terrors I experienced!"

V

TRADERS AND TRADESMEN

ENJOYING THE BAIT

THE season was over, and the inventory disclosed the fact that ten summer suits remained unsold. The suits were priced at $10 each, and the proprietor would have been glad to sell them at $9, but who was going to buy summer goods in the fall?

After a considerable amount of hard thinking the clothier had an idea. He shipped the ten suits to an out-of-town customer, who was not noted for his integrity, and wrote him that he was sending him nine suits at $10 each. The trader, he presumed, would not be able to resist the temptation of obtaining ten suits and having to pay for only nine. Naturally he would retain the merchandise and send him a check for $90, a sum which he considered satisfactory for the entire shipment.

The wholesaler, however, got the surprize

of his life when he received the following communication:

"Dear Sir—I have examined the nine suits you have sent me and found them well worth the price. However, due to the fact that the season is over, I am compelled to return them to you."

In the package that came back, there were only nine suits.

BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF SPEECH

A well-known merchant of frugal habits, who ran a department store in the City of Dvinsk, Russia, was the creditor of a big debt in a distant town. Frequent communications reminding the debtor that he was in arrears in the payment of the debt proved of no avail.

At last the great merchant decided to take more drastic steps, and he ordered his bookkeeper to draw up an effective telegram. This, the big man of affairs thought, would positively scare the delinquent debtor into a quick compliance with his neglected duty.

The draft of the telegram, which the employee submitted to the head of the firm for approval, read:

"Debt past due. Please remit at once."

The head of the establishment looked at the draft of the proposed telegram and scowled ominously.

"Are you crazy?" he thundered. "Who ever heard of sending such long, drawn-out telegrams? I would have to spend a fortune to remit it. You don't seem to care much for other people's money. Do you?"

The parsimonious man reduced the telegram to one word. It read: "Noo?" (Well?)

The reply which came the same day read: "Sha, sha!" (Tut, tut!)

WHY ALL THIS TROUBLE?

In the City of Vitebsk, a great commercial center in Russia, there lived a prominent merchant, who belonged to the "eternal race." He was conceded to be the leading lumberman in town, and his yearly income was said to amount to thousands of rubles. The gentleman in question was one of those prodigal souls who believe in living beyond their means. In his house there were servants, and nurses, and governesses, and a door man. The furniture of his home, the apparel of his family, the jewelry

worn by his wife rivaled those of vastly richer persons than himself.

His expenditure being larger than his income, he had to have recourse to borrowing. His credit with the local banks was good, and when he needed money to cover the deficit caused by his high living, he borrowed money from the Commercial Bank. To repay the debt, he borrowed money from the National Bank and paid it to the Commercial. Then to repay the National, he again borrowed from the Commercial and paid the National, etc.

For three years he paid one bank with a loan from the other.

Then he decided to put a stop to it.

When the term of the last loan expired, and the merchant made no payment, the bank sent a representative to investigate.

"I got sick and tired of borrowing money from one bank and paying the other," said the great lumberman, indignantly. "Who do you think I am, anyhow? Am I your servant? Do you suppose I am continually going to run around from one bank to the other to make payments? Can't you pay each other yourselves without bothering me?"

UNKNOWN ASSETS

Reb Yankel, a prominent dry-goods merchant, was walking in the street and talking to himself:

"Business is slow. Bills have to be met. Rent has to be paid. Salaries to employees must be given. What am I to do? I need at least 1,000 rubles to keep out of bankruptcy. Oh, if I only found 1,000 rubles! How I would thank God for that. But nothing less than 1,000 would do. If I should find 999 rubles I don't take it. It is absolutely of no use to me."

Two "pritzim," or Polish noblemen, were walking behind the distressed merchant, listening to his soliloquy. It greatly amused them and they decided to have a little fun at his expense, and incidentally see whether he was going to abide by his determination not to take less than 1,000 rubles.

Whereupon they outwalked the soliloquist, dropped artfully the contemptible sum of 999 rubles and paused to watch what he would do.

The needy man picked up the money, counted it, tucked it safely in his pocket and walked briskly away.

"Hey, hey!" shouted the two astonished "pritzim," intercepting the departing fellow. "What do you mean by that? Didn't you just say that 999 rubles was of no use to you and that you were not going to take it?"

"I recalled that I had one ruble at home," rejoined the lucky individual, walking briskly away.

ASSETS ALREADY ASSIGNED

In the City of Minsk there lived a merchant who was honored by his townsmen not alone for his commercial genius and intelligence, but for his record and integrity. Hundreds of men and women considered it prudent to keep their savings with him at little, or at no interest at all. Nor was he reluctant to accommodate his townfolk in this respect.

One day the trustworthy depositary declared himself bankrupt. This unexpected failure threw the whole community into confusion. It came like a thunderbolt from a clear sky.

A certain "karabelnick" or country pedler, was especially dumfounded. He had kept with the magnate 500 rubles, the savings of a lifetime, and now he had lost it all. In confusion

he ran to the insolvent merchant and begged him to return to him his hard-earned money, and save him and his family from total ruin.

The leading citizen heard the poor man's cry of distress with perfect equanimity, and uttered not a word.

"Why don't you say something?" wailed the victim, in anguish. "I am bursting with grief and he is as dumb as the wall. At least tell me 'yishokeini' or 'go to blazes!' "

"No siree," responded the stonehearted individual, with a sarcastic smile. "These I reserve for bigger creditors than you are."

IT WAS NOTHING NEW

A Jew who returned from Vilna was greeted by a friend.

"Hello, Reb Yankel," said the crony, "just coming from Vilna? What's new there?"

"Nothing new," stated the newly arrived one, laconically.

"Nothing new!" reiterated the other incredulously. "In a big city like Vilna? How is it possible?"

"Nothing," said Reb Yankel, "except that a little dog barked."

"A little dog barked? Why?"

"You see, a crowd gathered in front of a house wherein was a little dog, and naturally the canine barked."

"A crowd gathered, a little dog barked!" repeated the other. "What do you mean? Why did the crowd gather?"

"They were talking about your brother's arrest."

"My brother's arrest! What was he arrested for?"

"For forging a check."

"It's nothing new for my brother to forge a check; he does it every day."

"That's just what I said, there was nothing new in Vilna."

IT WAS FIFTY-FIFTY

An East Side sausage-manufacturer advertised that his sausages were guaranteed to be fifty-fifty spring chicken.

This announcement created a big sensation in the meat-product industry. It was the most daring and novel experiment ever undertaken by a sausage manufacturer.

The members of that trade shrugged their shoulders and chuckled derisively. This dar-

ing venture, they predicted, would soon drive the enterprising man into bankruptcy.

In a few weeks, however, it became evident that if anybody was to go into bankruptcy, it was not the chicken-sausage man, but his smart competitors. Chicken-sausages had become the rage.

To be sure, the new delicacy did not differ perceptibly from the old conventional brand; but the public had the fullest confidence in the maker's statements. As a result the business of the rival firms dropped to less than 5 per cent. So a general meeting was called by the Meat Product Manufacturers' Association to discuss ways and means to obviate disaster. It was argued that this sausage advertisement was nothing but a bluff, and that it was perfectly ethical to bring the matter to the attention of the Board of Health.

The motion was carried unanimously, and forthwith a letter was despatched to the health authorities, urging an immediate investigation.

Equipped with a large staff of inspectors and chemists, an august dignitary of the Health Department swooped down one morning on the sausage manufacturer for an investigation. A long and laborious analysis, how-

ever, failed to reveal the presence of more than one-half per cent. of that delectable ingredient.

"What do you mean by advertising that your sausages are fifty-fifty spring chicken?" thundered the stern health officer. "There isn't more than one-half per cent. of that!"

"I advertise noting but the troot," insisted the reputable merchant.

" 'Nothing but the truth'!" sneered the high official. "How d'you get that way?"

"Vell, I use one spring chicken vit every horse," said the honest man. "Ain't dot fifty-fifty?"

MAIMONIDES'S WATCH

In search of relics, the antiquarian paused in front of the little store and surveyed with keen interest the mass of curios that were piled promiscuously in the window.

"Hello!" greeted the dealer. "Something very good for you to-day; a little watch which the sage, Maimonides, used when he was feeling the pulse of his patients—you know, I suppose, that Maimonides was not only a philosopher and a Talmudist, but also a physician. Now, Maimonides brought this watch when he came back from America."

"What are you talking about?" sneered the antique-hunter, who was somewhat of a historian, "how could Maimonides have been in America when he lived 400 years before America was discovered?"

"That's just what makes the watch such a curio," said the dealer in antiquities. "You cannot get it at any other place. I'll let you have it for $100."

HE KNEW HOW TO SELL DOGS, ANYHOW

A Russian nobleman sent for a Jewish trader and asked him to get a dachshund for him.

"How much are you willing to spend for it?" asked the middleman.

"Thirty rubles," was the reply.

"Thirty rubles won't do," declared the dealer. "I'm sure you want a nice, classy dachshund. Now, how do you expect to get a dachshund of that quality for 30 rubles? I'll have to pay more than that myself. It will cost you 40 rubles."

"All right, Moshke," yielded the wealthy sportsman. "But make sure it is a good one."

"Just leave it to me," assured the connois-

seur of canines. "I'll select the very best dachshund there is in the market."

He said good-by and turned to go. At the door he paused and hesitated.

"Well, Moshke," inquired the nobleman, "what is it?"

"Your excellency," quoth the dealer, humbly, "before I go, will you kindly tell me what a 'dachshund' is?"

FULFILLING HIS VOW

Reb Yudel was anything but wealthy. A single cow, which supplied milk to his multitudinous family, was his chief earthly possession.

Once his wife took ill, and like a good pious man, he made a vow that if she recovered he would sell the animal and contribute the proceeds thereof to a charitable institution.

The vow seemed to have a miraculous effect, and a speedy recovery followed.

Now he was in duty bound to fulfil his vow. But the prospect of cutting off the milk supply of his numerous progeny alarmed him. After long and profound meditation he arrived at a satisfactory solution of the problem.

He led the consecrated animal to the market and took a large rooster along. There he stationed himself at an advantageous point and waited for customers.

"How much is it?" inquired a local cattle dealer, passing his hand over the back of the good cow.

"One ruble," gloomily replied the owner.

"He must be crazy," murmured the prospective buyer to himself, "or perhaps I misheard him."

On repeating his inquiry the cattle merchant was assured that the price of the cow was one ruble, and he dug his hand into his hip pocket to find a ruble-bill.

"But you can't get the cow unless you also buy the rooster," added the faithful Israelite.

"And how much is the fowl," asked the puzzled Russian.

"One hundred rubles," responded the salesman.

The price of the rooster was indeed enormous, but in conjunction with the cow it was a good bargain, and the transaction was concluded.

The ruble Yudel received for the cow he cheerfully contributed to a charitable institu-

tion, as per his vow, while the 100 rubles received for the rooster he invested in a new cow.

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE

In the evening light, two farmers sat comfortably on the porch and chatted chummily of their respective farms. The oats, the barley, the alfalfa had all come under their expert comment. Now their attention was directed to their cattle.

"How is your dark bull?" asked the host.

"Ah, he's doing more harm than good," declared the visitor, detractively. "I'm going to sell him to a butcher. And how is your white fellow?"

"Mine is worse than yours, and I'm going to do the same."

"I'll tell you what," suggested the practical neighbor, "let one of us go to the city and sell them. Why should we both waste a day?"

"Suppose you go," said the host.

"All right," consented the kind neighbor. "And I further suggest that in case one animal dies on the road each should stand half the loss."

The terms were perfectly agreeable to the other.

The next day the owner of the dark bull was on his way driving the two animals toward the city, and the white bull died on the road.

"You know, Moishe," said the farmer-messenger sadly, as he returned home to break the bad news to his neighbor, "you know that my dark bull died on the road, and according to stipulation you are to stand half the loss? As it was worth 500 rubles, we are to divide the 500 rubles I received for your white bull."

"We never agreed on anything of the kind," Moishe denied categorically.

The owner of the dark bull went to the rabbi, who summoned Moishe before him and made him swear that he had never entered into such an agreement.

"Now, I might as well tell you the truth," remarked Moishe's neighbor, with an elfish twinkle in his eye, as the two left the minister's house. "It was not my dark bull that died, but your white one, and I thought I owed you 250 rubles, but since you swore that we entered into no such agreement, I owe you nothing, then."

HE BELIEVED IN PAYING DEBTS

Two merchants were on their way to the big city, traveling in one carriage and chatting

chummily about the social and economic problems of their little community. Suddenly a band of armed bandits appeared and ordered them to halt.

"Your cash or your life," boomed forth the leader of the desperadoes, pointing a big shotgun at the wayfarers.

"Just a moment, please," pleaded one of the victims. "I owe my friend 500 rubles and I want to pay him first. Reb Yosel," said the debtor, "here is your debt. Remember, we are square now."

THE SHERIFFS DIFFERED ON A TALMUDIC QUESTION

A Talmudist was in arrears in the payment of taxes. Repeated notices from the tax collector's office failed to receive proper attention. The sage was too engrossed in his studies to pay heed to such trifles. Finally the authorities sent two sheriffs, who confiscated, among other things, his pillows and his candlesticks.

The great man said not a word during the process of confiscation. He looked abstractedly into space long after the officers of the law had departed.

"What are you musing about?" inquired his spouse.

"The act of the two officers is a puzzle to me," declared the venerable sage. "If they agree with the Talmudic authority that 'Night was created for sleep,' why did they take away my pillows? And if they hold the opinion of the other authority that 'Night was created for study,' why did they confiscate the candlesticks?"

"That's why they sent two officers," explained the wise woman. "Don't you see? The one who confiscated the pillows seems to be of the opinion that 'night is made for study,' while the other fellow, who confiscated the candlesticks, is most likely of the opinion that 'night is made for sleep.' "

WHY MENTION PLATITUDES?

In Lithuania there was a class of Jews who did not know a "tsuras matbeia"—that is to say, they could not tell one coin from another. The phrase was not used in any derogatory sense. On the contrary, it was the most glowing tribute the devout Israelites of that Russian province could pay one. It meant that the

person in question took no interest in worldly affairs—a man who had an utter contempt for the material things in life. Such a one consecrated his life to the study of the Torah and the practise of its sublime principles. The wife, in addition to raising her children and caring for the house, conducted the business and supported the family, while the scholarly husband spent his days in "beth hamidrash," poring over the tomes of the Talmud.

In a small Lithuanian town there lived and toiled an "eishes chayil," a virtuous and capable woman, who supported a saintly husband and a large family by conducting a miniature department store.

Once a regiment of Cossacks was to pass the town and a big rush was expected by the local merchants. It would be a hard task for the industrious lady to handle alone the expected volume of business, and she asked her husband to come for a few hours into the store. It was a great sacrifice for the holy man to give up eternal benefit for mere earthly gain. Yet he felt it his duty to oblige his wife, and he reluctantly consented to come to her emporium during the stay of the Cossack regiment.

On his first visit to the store, the holy man seated himself in a corner and gazed abstractedly into space.

The store at that time was crowded, and the Cossacks were helping themselves generously to various and sundry articles that were lying around on the counters. The proprietor's husband looked on and said not a word.

"Kalman!" pleaded the distracted woman. "Don't you see that the Cossacks are robbing the store?"

The saintly man looked at his helpmate rather curiously and smiled benignly.

"Silly woman that you are!" chuckled the sage. "You have discovered America! If you would tell me that the Chief Rabbi of Kovno is a thief, 'noo,' that would be a revelation. But 'The Cossacks are robbing the store!' what's new about it? We know very well that a Cossack is a thief."

SARTOR RESARTUS

A certain tailor in a small Lithuanian town lived up to the time-honored adage that "all tailors go bare." While patching and pressing the garments of a whole community he, himself, was the shabbiest of mortals. His clothes

were rusty and tattered and gave him a pathetic and ludicrous aspect.

One of his patrons, a Polish nobleman, once said to him:

"Notke, why don't you, sometimes, repair your own clothes?"

"Your Excellency," said the penurious toiler, "I simply can't afford it. I have to make a living and I must do work for which I'm paid."

"Here is a ruble for your work, and please repair your own suit," said the nobleman. "Is that satisfactory?"

"Yes," replied the tailor.

A few days later the "poritz" visited his sartorial friend and found him, to his amazement, in the same ragged condition.

"Well," demanded the benefactor, "why didn't you fix your clothes? Didn't I pay you for that?"

"I thought the matter over," responded the tatterdemalion, gravely, "and decided that for one ruble I can't bother."

CHOOSING THE RIGHT VOCATION

"When I was a child," said a Jewish shoemaker, "my parents disagreed as to what would

be the proper vocation for me. Father wanted me to be a shoemaker; mother wished me to follow the pursuit of a tailor. And let me tell you, I am mighty glad father had his way. Had I been a tailor, I should have starved to death long ago. Here is proof:

"I've been on this very block for the last twenty years, making and repairing shoes, and not once during that long period did a single person request me to make a garment. That goes to show that the tailoring business is on the blink."

THE SALOON-KEEPER'S REVELATION

The proprietor of a wine-cellar was seriously ill. His end seemed near, and he called his offspring to his bed to say a few words to them before he departed from this life.

"My children," said the dying man, mournfully, "I have kept a wine-cellar all my life. Now I am passing away, and you will be successors to the business. Therefore, I wish to tell you a thing or two about it. During my lifetime you always saw me pouring water into the wine-barrels. Surely you imagine that wine is made solely of water. Now I want to

tell you a secret—that to make wine you must use grapes, too."

THE VALUE OF EDUCATION

Thirty years ago two Russian Jews landed in America. One was a scholar, the other a total ignoramus. For months the two immigrants wandered in the streets of New York without finding any occupation. At length they decided to try their hands at some religious work.

A certain synagog was looking for a "shamash," or beadle, and the two repaired thither and applied for the job.

As the office of beadle in American-Jewish congregations entails a considerable amount of secretarial work, the illiterate man naturally was rejected and his learned rival elected to that post.

The untutored person was disheartened. The value of education now dawned upon him in full force, and he bemoaned the fact that he had missed it. Upon the advice of friends, he procured a pushcart and began to hawk hosiery and trinkets. Saving up a little money, he opened a store in Grand Street. He made a big success and in a short time became the

proprietor of a big establishment on Broadway.

One day he was offered a big bargain in real estate and he went to his bank for a loan of $50,000.

"What do you need a loan for?" asked the bank President, as he looked at his patron's bank book. "Why, you have a balance with us of $100,000. Can't you read?"

"No," stated the Broadway merchant, not at all embarrassed.

"Too bad," sighed the financier, compassionately. "If you have made such a success without a knowledge of reading and writing, just imagine where you'd now be if you knew how to read and write."

"If I knew how to read and write," replied the successful man, "I would now be a beadle in a synagog."

A DISAPPOINTING ANIMAL

A "melamed" went to buy a goat in order to have his own milk-supply for his numerous progeny. It was too important a matter to entrust his wife with, and he repaired to the fair himself.

When he brought the animal home, it was discovered to be a male.

Shortly afterward an epidemic on nanny-goats broke out and the pedagog rejoiced over the fact that his was a billy-goat. The angel of death, however, to the discomfiture of the patriarchal instructor, slaughtered also the billy-goat.

"Billy, billy," lamented the aged instructor over the dead body of the animal, "when I wanted to milk you, you were a billy-goat all right. But when it came to the epidemic all of a sudden you turned into a nanny-goat!"

THE IRONY OF FATE

Gershon, the expressman, was of a philosophic turn of mind. Eating, he said, was only a habit, which one could break away from.

His horse was consuming too much oats, and he decided to train him to get along without food. The first day he gave the horse a little less grain. The second day still less. Then he made him fast one day in a week and later two and three days a week.

Suddenly the animal died. The philosophic expressman was deeply grieved.

"Poor horse," he sobbed, "he had nearly

learned how to get along without food and all of a sudden he dies! No luck!"

HE WAS A CONGENIAL NEIGHBOR

Boro Park, or as it is facetiously called, "Boruch Park," on account of its distinctly Jewish aspect, "Boruch" being a good Jewish prenomen, has its peculiar real estate problems and real estate anecdotes.

Here is one which is characteristic of the rest.

A Jewish merchant, who had made a fortune in the clothing business, bought a beautiful home in Boro Park. For a year or so it was one of the landmarks of that section. The Jews of Boro Park pointed to it as a monument to the genius of the Jew for beauty and harmony.

Then two huge apartment houses sprang up, one on each side of the private house.

These two pyramids completely dwarfed the little house and deprived it of its former unlimited supply of air and sunshine.

Moreover, the tenement-dwellers found it most expedient to throw their refuse upon the roof of the pigmy structure. As a result its roof was always under a heavy load of disem-

boweled mattresses, broken bottles, punctured aluminum, and tons of garbage. All appeals to the janitors and to the neighbors proved of no avail. At last the owner decided to sell his house regardless of price.

In response to an ad, he received a telephone call from a prospective buyer. The unsightly condition of the roof, however, caused him considerable apprehension.

So he ascended to the roof and, with the help of his own and neighboring janitors, succeeded in removing the debris, and restoring the roof to its pristine beauty.

When the prospect had inspected the house he expressed his thorough satisfaction.

On the sidewalk, in front of the mansion, the two men were standing, admiring the architecture and discussing terms, when a violent thud was heard from the roof. Looking up, they beheld a huge decayed mattress, which had been flopped on the roof through a window of an adjacent house. A milk bottle soon after landed with a crash.

The proprietor's face turned crimson with rage. There was no doubt in his mind that the transaction was off.

"Some of these new neighbors here are sim-

ply a nuisance," commented the owner of the mansion. "They think it's Hester Street, and chuck everything through their windows. But let this not trouble you. I am going directly to the Board of Health to lodge a complaint. Don't worry, they will stop it all right."

"Well," calmly counseled the prospective buyer, "I wouldn't advise you to make any complaints. It isn't nice and it isn't neighborly. Who cares? Let them throw to their heart's content. I'll even see to encourage them in this practise. The more they throw the better for me. You see, I'm a junk dealer, and I hope to clean up quite a bit from this junk."

VI

GUESTS, HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS

IT WAS HIS BIRTHDAY

THE leading citizen of a small Jewish community invited an itinerant preacher for dinner.

The orator was a small, thin individual, but he proved to possess such a ravenous appetite that it made the miserly host stare with horror.

After the meal, when tea was served, the guest displayed equal capacity. Five large glasses of that beverage did not seem to quench his thirst in the least.

"Mr. Maggid," finally observed the host. "I am completely puzzled. You know the Talmudic axiom that under forty a person should eat abundantly, over forty a person should drink abundantly. Now, if you are over forty why did you gorge so much, and if

you are under forty why do you imbibe so much?"

"I turned forty just as I finished the meal," replied the insatiable orator, and asked for another glass of tea.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE

In a Jewish community of Russian Poland there lived a wealthy lumberman. He was tender-hearted and open-handed, helping the poor and befriending the lowly.

By virtue of his wealth and nobility of character he was recognized by his townfolk as the leading citizen in town. No celebration was held without him, and no entertainment was complete without his presence.

Then the cruel wheels of fortune began to turn in a different direction, and in a short time he lost his wealth. The once most opulent and most popular man in town was now reduced to poverty and obscurity. His position among his once-admiring and revering coreligionists was now less than of secondary importance.

Once the President of the synagog gave a banquet, to which all prominent Jews of the community were invited. The ex-lumber-mag-

nate was ignored. He sat in his impoverished house brooding over his pitiful condition. Then he decided to go to the banquet uninvited, just to see who the present men of affairs were. Unnoticed, he came in and seated himself at one of the back tables. But with the arrival of new guests he was shifted by the host from one seat to another until he was deprived of his last seat. Deeply humiliated, he rushed out and went home.

In the course of time conditions changed. His business began to prosper even more than in the past. Again he became the local magnate and the leading citizen, and again people felt honored by his presence.

Once he was invited to a party by the same man who had mistreated him in the days of his poverty, and from whose house he had departed with shame and ignominy. Now, of course, he was seated at the head of the table, everybody's eyes fixed on him. Whatever he said was thought to be wise and funny, and whatever he did was considered a stroke of diplomacy.

It was a very festive and jovial occasion, celebrating the graduation of the host's son from the Leningrad University. There were

all varieties of wine and whisky, and the best of food.

When the leading citizen was handed a glass of champagne he instantly poured it on his garments. Then the fragrant, saffron-colored "gefüllte fish" was placed on the table. The idol of the community crushed his portion in his hands and daubed it on his frock and trousers. The assembled guests stared at the magnate in dismay. It looked as if he had lost his mind. But nobody ventured to say a word.

"Don't be astounded!" dramatically exclaimed the guest of honor, noticing the bewildered look of the guests. "I am perfectly sane. When I was poor and broken, you ignored me; and when I once came to this very house, when you were all laughing, and drinking, and rejoicing, you did not even allow me to retain my seat at the table—more important guests had to occupy it. Now I am the guest of honor. The finest portions are mine. Why? Because I am rich; because I wear expensive garments. In other words, you don't respect my person, but my clothes. Then let my clothes eat the fish and drink the wine. I

won't taste anything. I detest you and your company. Good-by."

LIFE A PASSING SHADOW

The rich man had moved into his new country home. The furniture, the utensils—everything in the house was new. Now he was entertaining a host of friends, who came to celebrate with him the "housewarming." Everybody was rejoicing. But the happiest man in the company was "der melamed," whom the wealthy man employed to teach his children the Hebrew language.

The ancient-looking instructor was the very picture of bliss. With phenomenal rapidity he was imbibing one glass of whisky after another, congratulating the host and urging the guests to partake of the dainties. In a strident voice he was exhausting his repertoire of gay ditties. Every other while he would dash out of his seat at the table and, to the joy and jollification of the guests, perform a few dexterous dances with acrobatic skill.

"Why so happy?" finally queried the host, astonished at the extraordinary jubilation of his instructor, in comparison with whom he looked like a mourner.

"Why shouldn't I be happy?" rejoined the rural pedagog. "I have such a magnificent home to live in, so luxuriously furnished and so well situated."

"You have!" sneered the lord of the mansion. "You are here only for a short while. Your term will soon end."

"And won't your term soon end?" responded the humble philosopher, reflectively.

NOT EXPENSIVE FOR THE GUEST

After much persuasion, the wealthy member of the congregation finally agreed to invite the itinerant preacher to his house over Saturday.

The comfortable, richly-furnished rooms, and the well-fed, care-free faces of the host's family bore unmistakable evidence of opulence and prosperity, and the stranger came in for a good, hearty meal.

After saying grace over a loaf of white bread and distributing thin slices thereof to his guest and to his household, the parsimonious paterfamilias continued his meal on pumpernickel. The guest, however, seemed to have taken a strong liking to the white bread, which he attacked with great gusto. With mar-

velous speed he was consuming one slice after another, to the horror and discomfiture of his host. It looked as tho he would consume the entire supply of the precious pabulum. Host and hostess were staring at the stranger and at each other in wonder, winking their eyes and shrugging their shoulders at the prodigious gastronomic capacity of the preacher. Realizing that mere passive silence would not stem the visitor's onslaught, the master finally observed: "You know, Mr. Maggid, that white bread here is very expensive?"

The ravenous orator stuffed a large chunk of the costly edible into his mouth.

"Is that so?" he remarked, thickly. "Is that so? But let me tell you it's worth it."

IT WAS A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE WITH HIM

A "meshulach," or agent, for a Talmudic school, came into the house of a prominent Jewish family while they were having tea. Naturally he was invited to join.

When the tea was placed on the table, the guest drew out of his pocket a lump of sugar.

"You will pardon me," he said apologetically, "but I always drink tea with my own sugar."

"What do you mean?" protested the host. "Do you think I am such a miser that I begrudge you a piece of sugar?"

"Oh, not all that," assured the guest, suavely, "but you see, I like to use much sugar with my tea and, therefore, I make it a point to use my own sugar."

When the considerate guest rose to go, he took hold of the sugar bowl, which was brimful of sugar, and emptied the contents thereof into his pockets.

The host and hostess were bewildered.

"What does that mean?" stammered the hospitable man at last. "When I begged you to use my sugar with the tea, you pleaded that you preferred your own; now all of a sudden you change your mind and put the whole bowl of sugar in your pocket. That is queer!"

"Don't you understand?" explained the practical man. "From here I am going to the next house, where I'll surely be invited to tea, and I shall have to drink it with my own sugar. Now where am I to get it? Therefore I take the sugar along so that I can drink tea in the next house without using the host's sugar. You see, it's a habit with me to drink tea with my own sugar."

HE WANTED HIM TO CALL AGAIN

Abraham Levine lived in a small New Jersey town within commuting distance of New York. He was a successful merchant and owned a beautiful and spacious home, with a few spare rooms for guests. This was a fine inducement for his cousins and second cousins, most of whom lived in Essex Street, New York, to come out every so often to spend a few days with him in the country.

One young man, a cousin who had recently arrived from Europe, was good enough to pay him a visit. The "greenhorn" seemed to have taken a strong liking for his relatives, their home and everything, for two weeks had already passed and he evinced no disposition to say good-by.

"I'm really afraid, Mendel, that you are not going to visit me again," remarked the host one day.

"Why?" ejaculated the "green" guest, somewhat puzzled. "You have treated me wonderfully and you have made my stay with you as pleasant as possible. Why shouldn't I visit you again?"

"Well," explained the host, "if you never leave how can you visit me again?"

SUIT YOURSELF

The shabby, patriarchal gentleman retained for three days the very best room in the small hotel of the Lithuanian town. During that time he ordered the best of food, and drinks, and smokes, and showed his lavishness in many other ways.

The fourth day in the morning, he said good-by to the hotel man and began to walk out.

"Pardon me," stammered the proprietor of the hostelry, in embarrassment, "but you have not paid yet."

"Sorry," responded the departing guest, "I haven't got a copeck. But I am going around town now to make a collection. You see, I'm a beggar by trade, and as soon as I make enough I'll pay you."

"No, sir," protested the proprietor, "I can't trust you."

"If you can't trust me," retorted the beggar, "come along with me."

"What!" flared up the hotelkeeper. "I, going with you to beg? The idea!"

"Well," suggested the mendicant, not at all

nonplussed, "if it is beneath your dignity to go with me, you may go alone."

THAT FUNERAL MADE HIM SLEEPLESS

The traveler arrived in the small Lithuanian community late in the evening, and was happy to find shelter in one of the small, dilapidated hostelries in town.

In the morning, the hotel man solicitously inquired of the guest how he had slept.

"Didn't sleep a wink," frankly declared the stranger.

"What was the trouble?" interrogated the proprietor.

"Soon after I went to bed I awoke and found a dead bed-bug under the quilt," explained the patron.

"Well, that should not have kept you awake all night," observed the inn-keeper.

"You see," added the guest, "the dead bed-bug had a mighty large funeral."

A CHASER FOR MICE

A traveling salesman stayed one day in a small, ramshackle hotel and was handed a bill for $10. For the old shanty the hotel was, and the cheap food served there, the sum of $10

was too exorbitant a price. But realizing that his protests would be of no avail, he paid in sullen silence. When the proprietor of the hostelry, however, asked him to call again whenever he was in town, the salesman found a chance to speak his mind.

"I'll tell you the truth," said the departing guest, gravely. "I'd gladly patronize you, but the mice didn't let me sleep a wink all night."

"Yes, I know," said the innkeeper with a sigh. "I don't know how to get rid of them."

"I can give you an effective remedy," said the stranger.

"I'll be very grateful to you if you do," said the afflicted hotelkeeper, "what is it?"

"Just hand them a bill, and they will run away from you, never to return."

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK

"Anything to eat?" asked the weary traveler of the village innkeeper, arriving late at night.

"Sorry, sir," replied the owner of the tavern, "but my wife is already asleep, and I know nothing about the kitchen. I have a room for you, tho, right near mine."

An hour later the proprietor of the hostelry

was aroused from his slumber by his terrified wife. "Listen, Sam," she whispered in terror and excitement.

The guest, who had been assigned to a room adjoining theirs, was heard through the thin wall pacing up and down the room, muttering menacingly: "If I don't get something to eat I'll do the same as my father used to do."

The hotelkeeper jumped out of bed and started cautiously for the stranger's room. Timidly he opened the door and peeped in. The hungry guest, with hair disheveled, looked wild. He kept on striding across the room repeating the threat.

"Tell me, please, what is it that your father used to do?" finally ventured the host, eyeing the strange patron.

"Before I tell you, I must have something to eat," declared the desperate guest.

Quickly the woman ran down to the kitchen and prepared supper for the guest.

"Well," resumed the host, as the ravenous man had finished the meal, "tell me now what your father used to do."

"My father," declared the violent man, "when he got no supper, went to bed hungry."

WHY PAY TWICE?

A Jewish farmer came to see the sights of New York. Having had no vacation in years, he decided to square matters up by giving himself a thoroughly good time.

First he betook himself to a continuous moving picture show, where he got his money's worth by seeing the program twice. Then, to make the day perfect, he hied himself to a fashionable café, where he treated himself to coffee and pastry. He sat there for an hour, gazing with open-eyed admiration at the gay, richly attired men and women, who were eating, and drinking, and laughing.

Eventually he decided to leave. So he called the waiter of his table, handed him half a dollar and waited for change. The waiter, however, deposited the coin in his pocket, and walked away.

For fifteen minutes the countryman sat and waited, without attracting anybody's attention. At last the waiter took cognizance of him.

"Anything else you would like to have, sir?" he inquired.

"Nothing," replied the rustic. "I am just waiting for change."

"You are not supposed to get any change," vouchsafed the uniformed employee, with a condescending smile. "We charge here fifty cents for coffee and cake."

"Fifty cents!" exclaimed the rural patron, in horror. "Whoever heard of paying fifty cents for coffee and cake? It's simply highway robbery!"

"My dear man," explained the faithful employee, suavely, "our expense here is enormous. You see that portrait, in front of you? Well, that costs $5,000. That painting to your right costs as much as $20,000. That statue of Abraham Lincoln costs not a cent less than $50,000. The carpets, the tapestries, everything here is very expensive. We must charge high prices. Otherwise we might as well close the place."

The agriculturist nodded his acquiescence. Then he rose from his seat, walked over to another table, ordered coffee and pastry again, and handed the other waiter fifteen cents.

"I beg your pardon, sir," stammered the employee, "but it's fifty cents."

"Oh, you mean for the pictures?" said the bucolic patron. "Well, for the pictures I paid the other waiter already."

IN THE WRONG PEW, AFTER ALL

On a hot summer's day, an uncouth man sauntered into a kosher restaurant, and started to make preparations for a big meal. First he removed his jacket, then he tore off his collar, and finally he began to roll up the sleeves of his shirt.

The patrons of that eating place viewed his operations with loud merriment, and the attention of the proprietor was soon aroused.

"Say, Mister," shouted the restaurant man, as he ran up to the crude person, "what do you think this is, a Turkish bath?"

"When I have my meal, I like to feel comfortable," declared the unconventional patron.

"What do you mean?" demanded the owner of the restaurant. "Would you do the same thing at the Victoria?"

"I do the same thing wherever I come," declared the mannerless man. "In fact, I am just coming from the Victoria, and there, too, I removed my things."

"And what did the proprietor say?"

"He said, 'If you want comfort, you better go to Solomon's restaurant.' And here I am."

VII

ON THE ROAD

THE GENTLE HIGHWAYMAN

SHOLEM YANKEL was a professional messenger. All the cash, and documents, and important messages which were to be delivered from the little Warsaw suburb to the big city were carried by him.

The profession of being a "meshulach" required not only unimpeachable integrity, but great physical strength, for hold-up men infested the roads leading to the Polish metropolis. And Sholem Yankel, "der meshulach," possessed both.

He was on one of his errands and, as usual, stopped at a tree and closed his eyes to say the "minchah" prayer.

"Your money or your life!" roared a gruff voice in his ears.

Opening his eyes, Sholem Yankel beheld a huge peasant pointing a shotgun at him.

Resistance was out of the question, and the trustworthy messenger, with moral anguish, delivered the public treasure to the bandit.

As the plunderer was departing, Sholem Yankel turned to him and, with tears in his eyes, said:

"My friend, I am ruined. Nobody will believe me. They'll think I've taken the money for myself. Now the least you can do for me is to shoot through my cap so that I have proof of my encounter with a robber."

The thief was moved by this plea, and hanging the victim's cap on a branch, fired a shot through it.

"Please do me a favor," entreated the distressed messenger, "and fire another shot at my overcoat."

The freebooter granted his request.

"I don't know how to thank you for your kindness," said the patriarch, with deep emotion, "but will it be too much if I ask you to fire one more shot at my gabardine?"

"I'd gladly do it for you," responded the kindhearted highwayman, "but I have no more shot."

"Aha!" exclaimed the stalwart Israelite, brightening up. "You have no more shot?

Then"—— He finished with his fists. The robber was sent sprawling to the ground and, recovering the booty, the messenger continued his way, taking the rifle as a souvenir.

MAGIC PHOTOGRAPHS

Franz Joseph, Emperor of Austria, was known as a liberal man and an admirer of the Jewish race, who enjoyed under his rule complete freedom and equality.

Not all of his subjects, however, were imbued with the same spirit of justice.

A certain conductor on the Lemberg-Krakow Railroad made a practise of harassing Jewish passengers by scrutinizing their tickets and asking them innumerable questions.

Four Jewish traveling salesmen, holders of annual, photographed tickets, exchanged tickets with each other and sat each in a different car.

When the conductor approached the first to punch his ticket he noticed that the photograph bore no resemblance to its holder.

"I got you, 'verfluchter Jude,'" he exclaimed with diabolic glee. And confiscating the ticket, he sauntered gleefully away.

In the other cars he made similar discoveries, and at the next station he placed the four Jewish "swindlers" under arrest, and arraigned them before the dignitaries of the railroad station.

The train tarried long enough for a brief investigation.

The railroad employee made a formal charge, and the station master, holding the tickets, called the defendants one by one.

"Herr Moskowitz," thundered the angry official, "you are accused of defrauding the Government. From whom did you get this ticket?"

"The ticket is mine, sir," replied the defendant, meekly.

The august Magistrate compared the photograph with the defendant, and, oddly enough, found them strikingly alike. He emitted an angry growl and continued:

"Herr Abramowitz, you are charged with defrauding His Majesty."

But, to the consternation of the conductor and the chagrin of the station master, the picture was the exact portrait of the arraigned.

The officer gave the conductor an angry look and proceeded.

"Herr Jacobson and Herr Itzkowitz, you are both accused of defrauding your country."

"Not guilty, sir," answered the two in chorus.

Upon examination, it was established that their passage, too, had been legal.

The high railroad dignitary rose in fury.

"Why don't you use your eyes?" he roared. "How dare you molest honest citizens of the Empire in such a cruel manner? You are discharged!"

"And you, gentlemen," he said, turning to the defendants, "you may continue on your journey, and, in the name of the Emperor, accept my apologies."

The conductor had to pay for his passage back home, wondering all the way how he could have made such a mistake.

HE WAS NOT HIMSELF BUT THE GENERAL

The proprietor of the small hotel told the new arrival, a middle-aged Jewish merchant, that he could not accommodate him, as the house was filled to capacity. There was only one vacant bed, but it was in a room which a General occupied and, of course, he would not dare put another person with him.

"I think you could let me use that bed," suggested the stranger. "It is very late now, and the General must be fast asleep. To-morrow, I must rise at six o'clock to catch a train, at which time the General will still be sleeping, and he will never know the difference. Only be sure to wake me up in time."

The owner of the hostelry agreed. Quietly the two tip-toed into the room of the army dignitary, and quietly, almost afraid to breathe, the intruder undressed and went to sleep. His close proximity with the Russian General rather disturbed him; yet the thought of sharing one room with such a high personage tickled his vanity.

The hotelkeeper woke up the General's clandestine roommate at the appointed time. But in the dusk the civilian guest donned the General's uniform and hurried off to the railroad station.

On the street, Jew and Gentile alike greeted him in the most respectful manner.

"How do they know that I slept with a General?" wondered the merchant.

While he was thus speculating on how the secret could have leaked out so instantly, an

army officer came into view and made a very courteous and snappy salute.

The Israelite was entirely nonplussed. How did that officer know that he had slept with a General?

When the revered man approached the ticket office to purchase a ticket, the agent instantly saluted him and humbly handed him a ticket for "first class" passage.

"What has happened?" marveled the highly revered individual. "How do they all know that I have slept with a General?"

The puzzled man walked into the train amidst an admiring, saluting and awe-stricken crowd.

In the train he seated himself comfortably, but the gazing of his fellow travelers annoyed him immensely. He was trying very hard to detect the cause of this strange and sudden manifestation of reverence for a Jew, who was ordinarily treated with contempt by his Russian countrymen.

At last he decided to go out to the smoking room and have a look at himself. Perhaps he would be able to discern the halo which surrounded him, and which made him the cynosure of all who beheld him.

Glancing into the looking glass, he was startled to see the image of a General.

"What an idiot the hotelkeeper is!" muttered the uniformed person. "I asked him to wake me up, and he woke up the General, instead. Now I'll miss the train yet."

CHOOSING HIS COMPANY

Third-class passengers on Russian railways seldom bought tickets; the conductors, who were an underpaid lot, gladly let them travel for a few copecks any distance. Occasionally, however, there appeared in the train a "controller," who went through the cars to see whether the passengers had tickets.

At a certain station a Jewish trader, who contemplated making an extended trip, stepped up to the conductor and inquired whether it would be possible to travel on his train without a ticket.

"The controller is right there, on the platform," said the conductor, "you better go up and ask him whether he is going on this train."

Directly the Israelite walked up to the railroad official and made inquiry.

"Zhid!" thundered the portly magnifico.

"Is it your business whether I go on this train or not? Get out of here!"

"Excuse me," said the would-be traveler, humbly, "but why did you get so angry? I didn't offend you. Please do tell me whether you intend to go on this train."

"All right," bellowed the official, looking contemptuously at the interrogator. "I'm going on this train. But why the dickens does it interest you?"

"Well, if you go on this train, then I don't," declared the member of "the chosen race."

WITH THE CURRENT

The passengers in one car of a train running from Vilna to Warsaw, on being informed that the "malach-hamoves," or controller, was coming, all rushed under the benches, the customary and well recognized hiding place for passengers without tickets. When the railroad official entered the car and found it vacant, he became suspicious. Automatically, he looked down to the customary hiding place. Noticing a pair of coarse, heavy boots, he ordered the conductor to pull them, and lo and behold, a huge, husky muzhik came into sight, who sat on the floor trembling with fear.

The inspector gave him an angry look. "Where is your ticket?" he demanded.

The frightened countryman produced his ticket.

"Why were you hiding, then?" queried the puzzled official.

"I saw everybody rushing under the bench, so I did, too," explained the naïve rustic.

KEEPING FAITH WITH HIS WIFE

A patriarchal looking Israelite was standing in front of the ticket office of a railroad station in a small Russian village. His elbows were closely drawn to his sides, and the fingers of his hands, which were fully stretched, pointed forward. Evidently his hands were paralyzed. From his helpless, appealing look, it was obvious that he was in need of somebody's services.

Finally a fellow Jew approached the window of the ticket office, and the helpless person turned to him for assistance. "Mister," he pleaded, "please put your hand in my pocket, take out the money, and get me a ticket to Vilna."

His coreligionist obliged him. Moreover,

he helped him into the train, and assisted him into a seat.

"I suppose you are going to a professor," remarked the sympathetic stranger.

"To a professor," repeated the bewhiskered fellow. "What should I go to a professor for?"

"Don't you have some trouble with your hands?" inquired the new acquaintance.

"No," declared the other.

"Then why do you keep your hands like this?"

"You see, my wife asked me to get a pair of shoes for her, and this is her measure."

HE COULD NOT TAKE A CHANCE

A "melamed" was employed by a farmer to instruct his children and do some chores on the farm. He was there half a year, during which time he saved up 100 rubles.

A few days before the Passover the pedagog went home to celebrate the great festival with his family.

He was comfortably seated in the train when he discovered that his treasure was gone. Nervously, he was fumbling and searching his pockets, looking the picture of distress.

"I am lost," sobbed the patriarchal country-teacher, mournfully. "I can't go home. Passover is at hand. We must have 'matzoth' and wine, and I must buy suits for my tattered children. I have saved and scrimped all the time to accumulate a little money, and now I have lost it all."

His fellow passengers were deeply moved by his tale of wo.

"Suppose you look again in your breast pocket," suggested a practical fellow passenger. "It happened once to me. I was positive I had lost my money and yet when I looked in my pocket again I found it."

"What are you talking!" exclaimed the distraught pedagog, dismally. "Man alive, if I should discover, God forbid, that the money is not in my breast pocket either, then I am totally ruined."

THREE IN ONE

Rabbi E. Ch. Meisel of Lodz, Poland, was once traveling on a train going to Kiev. Six o'clock in the morning, when dawn was beginning to break, the saintly man took out his "tallith," threw it around his shoulders, and began to say the morning prayers.

Opposite him were a group of young Jews,

members of the new generation, who viewed the whole operation of the devout man with undisguised scorn.

One "liberal," in particular, was very impudent toward the patriarch. As soon as the latter rose from his seat, and closed his eyes to offer the "silent prayer," he took hold of the "zizith" which were hanging from the worshiper's "tallith," and tied them to the legs of the seat, so that it took the great man a long time to disentangle himself.

After the prayer, the ecclesiast walked over to the "free thinker," shook hands with him and told him that he was mighty glad to meet him.

"Why are you so glad to meet me?" queried the scoffer.

"Well, I'll tell you why," replied the sage. "You see, in my younger days I hated hogs; I just detested the sight of them. One time I got an abscess on my neck, which caused me great pain. I tried all kinds of remedies, but to no avail. Finally a doctor told me to apply lard to it, and I was cured. Since then I love hogs.

"As a young man I also abhorred 'goyim.' One Friday evening, when we were eating sup-

per, a burning candle fell upon the table and set the tablecloth on fire. It looked as if our house was doomed. For none of our family would extinguish fire on Saturday. Fortunately there lived a heathen next door to us. So we called him in and he put out the fire. Since then I love 'goyim.'

"There was also a time when I loathed scabs. They were simply repulsive to me. Then I reached my military age, and as I was a tall, strapping fellow, it seemed certain that I would be drafted. The prospect of being a soldier in the Czar's army filled me with horror. My parents nearly went insane. But with the assistance of a doctor, I managed to get a scab on my head, which disqualified me as a soldier. Since then I love scabs.

"Now since you are a hog, and a 'goy,' and a big scab at that, you can imagine how delighted I am to know you."

NO CAUSE FOR FEAR

A Jewish coachman was conveying a coreligionist of well-established probity and piety. They had been traveling the greater part of the day and the supply of fodder was beginning to be depleted.

The coachman suggested to return home for fodder. But the fare objected. "If you do that," he protested, "we'll never reach our destination today."

It was late in August and huge stacks of soft, luscious hay dotted the meadows. So he got off the wagon, walked over to a large haystack and reached down to grab some of it for his horse.

"Somebody is looking," admonished the passenger.

The would-be thief became frightened, dropped the hay, jumped onto his wagon, cracked his whip and let his horse gallop at top speed.

At length he relaxed his reins, looked apprehensively backward to see whether he was being pursued, and perceiving nobody, heaved a deep sigh of relief.

"Now, who was looking there?" interrogated the terror-stricken man, pantingly.

"God was looking," replied the passenger, piously.

"Confound it!" roared the sturdy coachman. "And I thought the farmer was looking. Got scared for nothing."

THE GREATER REWARD

Once upon a time there lived a man whose name was Saul, the Dreamer. Saul was a man of a roving and adventurous disposition, always ready to travel and explore.

One day he heard that there was a certain country where onions were unknown.

"No onions!" mused "the dreamer." "What pleasure can they derive from their food? I'll go there and introduce this delicious edible."

At once the adventurer took a wagonful of onions, and started out for that country.

It was a far, far land, and the journey took many months.

Arriving there, he went directly to the royal court, and asked for an audience with the Emperor. The stranger told the Monarch that he had brought a new vegetable to his kingdom, which had the singular quality of sweetening and improving all food. He urged the King to try it, and in case it proved injurious he was willing to lose his head.

The dinner at which the onions were to be tried was a formal one. All the ministers and nobles and bishops of the mighty kingdom were invited. The dishes, which contained the in-

gredient of onions, were tasted first by the stranger, then by the slaves and princes and prelates, and finally by the King himself. There was great enthusiasm over it. Serf and sovereign alike pronounced it most excellent in flavor and taste. The court appropriated the bulk of the onions for itself, and gave the benefactor their weight in gold.

When the adventurer returned home, a large committee of prominent citizens came to congratulate him upon his good fortune. For hours he told his curious townfolk of the splendor and magnificence he had witnessed in that far and mysterious country, where gold was cheaper than onions.

Fired by these tales, one enterprising individual conceived a plan by which he expected to make even a bigger fortune than his neighbor. Garlic, he figured, is a more expensive and more fragrant vegetable than onions, and if he should take a few sacks of that edible to that land he surely would get its weight in diamonds. Whereupon he set out for that mystic land with a cargo of five bags of garlic.

Like his countryman, he succeeded in inducing the Monarch to give his innovation a trial. And, lo and behold, this plant was relished

even more than the first. The King held a consultation with his ministers as to the form of remuneration to be given to this noble stranger. Gold, they unanimously declared, would not be an adequate compensation for such a delectable food, in which God and angels could take delight. Therefore they decided to requite him with onions.

The fortune-hunter returned home with five bags of onions.

HE WANTED A SHRINE NEAR HOME

The rabbis of the small communities of Russia used to make semi-annual trips to the neighboring farms and villages, in order to bring religious instruction into the homes of their rustic constituents, and to help them solve the little perplexities in their private affairs.

These visits were well appreciated by the Jewish villagers, who generously rewarded their spiritual leaders with the produce of their land; and they constituted to many a minister the chief source of revenue.

There is a story of a rabbi who visited a rural patron in the month of "Elul" (September), just a few days before "Rosh Hashana" (New

Year). The countryman gave the ecclesiastic visitor a royal reception and assigned him to the largest and airiest room in his homestead.

Three o'clock in the morning, the guest was aroused from his slumber by the heavy footsteps of the host. Opening his eyes, he beheld, to his horror, that the countryman, with a lighted candle in one hand and a long, flashing knife in the other, was advancing straight toward him. It was quite plain that he was going to kill him.

"What are you going to do?" cried the divine, in terror.

"I am going to slay you," stated the tiller of the soil in a calm and indifferent manner.

"What for?" demanded the terrified man. "What evil have I ever done to you?"

"Well," explained the countryman, "it's this way. You see, city folks this month go to the cemeteries and entreat the holy men buried there to intercede in their behalf before the Almighty to grant them a happy and prosperous New Year. But I, living in this deserted place, lack this advantage. So I wanted to slay you and bury you in my backyard in order that I, too, might have the grave of a 'zadik' within easy reach."

WORTHY OF HIS NAME

Nahum-Ish-Gamsu, that great miracle man of the Talmud, derived his cognomen by virtue of his supreme optimism and implicit faith in Providence that whatever happens to a person is intended for his good.

One day the Judeans sent through Nahum-Ish-Gamsu a gift of precious stones to the Roman Emperor. On his way to Rome, the saint stopped at an inn frequented by thieves and highwaymen. From an innocent remark passed by the holy man, the bandits learned that he was carrying a very valuable parcel.

That night, the robbers broke into the chamber of the sage, stole the precious gems, and, to add insult to injury, filled the box with sand and rubbish.

When Nahum discovered, in the morning, that the box had been plundered, he was not at all disconcerted. "Gam-su-l'tovah," he said piously, lifting his eyes to heaven. "It is for the good," and he proceeded on his errand.

When the Emperor opened the box and perceived the rubbish, he became delirious with rage. "Take this cursed Jew out and hang him," he raged.

As the emissary of the Jews was being led to the gallows, the prophet-angel Elijah appeared in disguise of one of the monarch's counselors.

"Your Majesty," said the good Elijah, "perhaps it is the same kind of sand that Abraham used in his war against the four kings, which, when hurled, was turned into swords and spears, and annihilated the enemy."

"Give it a fair trial, then," ordered the potentate. "Stop the execution."

Forthwith the box of rubbish was despatched to a seditious province, and by the employment of this magic sand, the rebellious army was totally wiped out.

Whereupon Nahum-Ish-Gamsu was hailed by Rome as a great benefactor, and the box which contained the mystic sand was refilled with diamonds and priceless pearls, and presented to Nahum as a token of the King's gratitude.

On his way home, the miracle man stopped at the same inn again, and the freebooters, naturally, surrounded him with questions.

"Well," they queried, sneeringly, "how did the King like your gift?"

"Immensely," responded the wonder man.

"Look what I received as a present. The sand accomplished more than a dozen armies could hope to accomplish."

The outcasts immediately filled a huge trunk of the same kind of sand, transported it to Rome, and presented it to the Emperor.

When the autocrat glanced at the contents of the trunk, he was much pleased. But a test revealed that it was nothing but common soil.

"String them up!" shouted the Emperor, in fury. And in a few minutes the robbers were dangling from a gallows.

HIS COMRADE'S PORTION WAS NOT TOUCHED

Two Talmudic scholars of a small Lithuanian town were trudging wearily on the road. They had left their homes and their native town to seek knowledge in the famous Talmudic Academy of Slobodka. But in their haste they had not taken any provisions with them, and before long they began to feel the pangs of hunger. It looked as if their expedition would have to be abandoned, when suddenly they espied a loaf of bread on the road.

The two starved pilgrims pounced upon the precious edible like birds of prey and, picking it up, hugged it alternately to their bosoms.

After this emotional demonstration of joy, one of the famished Talmudists grabbed the prized find and wanted to break it in two, so that he could commence to eat his part without any further delay. The other, however, being of a philosophic and esthetic turn of mind, protested vigorously against the unseemly haste of his colleague.

"How can an intelligent man be so greedy?" he chid. "Before we fill up our beastly stomachs with this God-sent loaf of bread, let us look at it for a while and gratify our esthetic tastes. Let us observe its beauty, and smell its fragrant odor. Moreover, I should like to enlighten you upon the very significant fact, that every object in this great universe is not single, but double—the material element and the spiritual element; the tangible and the abstract; the percept and the concept. Now remember, Hershele, we have found not one, but two, loaves of bread. Oh, joy!"

"Well, are you through with your speech?" observed the other, impatiently. "Let's now start to eat. I'm hungry like a wolf."

"You may eat your share, if you wish," suggested the esthete, "but I can't hurry like a caveman. I'll first go to that brook, yonder,

wash my hands, say grace, and then I'll eat, like a civilized man."

When the theorist returned, after a rather lengthy preparation, he found not a crumb; his avaricious comrade had consumed it all.

"Where is my portion?" demanded the fine soul, with apparent misgivings.

"Well," replied the materialist, "you said that we found two loaves of bread, so I ate up one and left the other one for you."

GOLIATH OF THE BRONX

The Bronx Park Express was running at top speed, carrying the weary toilers home. Above the deafening clatter of the wheels, rose the stentorian voice of a stalwart, red-haired, ferocious-looking individual, who appeared at the rear entrance of the car.

"Any Jews in this car?" bellowed the strapping man.

The question was ridiculous. It would have been more sensible to ask: "Any Gentiles in this car?" Yet it was asked. And what is even stranger, no response came. The gigantic proportions of the inquiring person, his stern face and belligerent manner, made every Israelite in the car think thrice before acknowl-

edging his nationality. It was more than evident that this Brobdingnagian, bellicose personage was just hankering for a chance to kill a couple of Jews.

"Any Jews here?" boomed the voice, louder and more terrifying than before.

A sepulchral silence was the reply.

"Don't be cowards," roared the titan. "If there is any Jew here, let him stand up like a man and admit it."

One young Jewish fellow was particularly stung by this insolent challenge. To be sure, he was no match for the towering monster; but his racial pride got the best of him, and he decided to risk his life for the honor of his people. Besides, his best girl was sitting next to him, and he wanted to show her that he was a brave man and a proud Jew.

"I am a Jew!" blurted out the brave coreligionist of David, as he rose from his seat, pale like a ghost, glaring defiantly at the blaspheming Goliath. "I am a Jew, what of it?"

There was a moment of tense silence. A desperate grapple, which would probably end in the murder of the frail Jewish fellow, seemed inevitable.

"Well, if you are a Jew," finally said the

colossus, "step into the next car. You see, today is the anniversary of my father's death, and I want to say 'kaddish' (memorial prayer). But there are only nine Jews in the other car, and I need one more Jew to make a 'minyan' (quorum). I am afraid before I get to the Bronx all the synagogs will be closed."

BOOSTING THE COMPANY'S BUSINESS

A certain crosstown line in New York, which operates at a loss, and which maintains its service in order not to lose its franchise, recently engaged a Jewish motorman for one of its one-man cars. The first day the new employee returned to headquarters with $10. It was more than any other employee had ever brought in, and about twice the amount his Irish predecessor used to turn in. Yet this increase in the receipts did not arouse much comment.

The following day, however, the new man brought to headquarters forty-odd dollars. This unprecedented prosperity on the deserted line became the subject of much speculation and wonderment among the company's dignitaries. To ask the motorman himself for an explanation was considered impolitic, for fear

that he might see fit to turn a trifle of the gold stream into his own pockets. So the traffic manager assigned an inspector to watch the line and try to ascertain the secret of the new motorman's success.

Half a day the faithful sentinel stood guard at a central point of the line, but there was no trace of either the car or its driver. So the inspector returned to the office completely puzzled.

That evening, an hour later than usual, the Jewish motorman breezed into the office with the air of a man conscious of a task well performed, and placed on the desk a large bag of money, which was found to contain more than fifty dollars.

"Say, Max," demanded the traffic manager of the surface line, "where the heck did you keep yourself all day? And how the dickens did you get all this dough?"

"You see," explained the practical man, "I saw this line was slow, so I switched off to Broadway. There is much more life out there."

VIII

THE ARMY

PLAYING ON THE ENEMY'S SENTIMENTS

THERE is a story of the World War that does credit alike to Jewish patriotism and ingenuity.

It seems that a Jewish boy of the American Expeditionary Forces used to steal out of his trench every night, during the few hours of ominous gloom and silence, when the batteries ceased to scatter death and destruction, and return each time with ten or fifteen captives from the enemy's camp.

This feat, repeated nocturnally by the young hero, was a puzzle to all his comrades; and despite their repeated inquiries he refused to divulge the secret of his military success.

Finally he was summoned to headquarters, and after commending him for his heroism, the army dignitaries questioned him as to his technique of warfare.

"How the heck do you manage to do that?" they marveled. "And what is your method?"

"My method is simplicity itself," replied the Jewish strategist, with a beatific smile. "I sneak up to the enemy's trenches and call out in Yiddish: 'Yidden, ich darf a minyan auf kaddish' (Fellow Jews, I need ten men to say "kaddish," or memorial prayer), and instantly ten or fifteen Jews pop out to accommodate me. Whereupon I make them prisoners."

SHOOTING WAS NOT HIS BUSINESS

Peter the Great once inspected a battalion of soldiers. Anxious to test the loyalty of his troops, he approached a big, overgrown muzhik, in uniform, and said: "Listen, 'zemlyak'; if I should tell you to shoot me, would you obey?"

"Yes, Your Majesty," returned the sturdy trooper, "I must do whatever my superiors tell me."

Putting the question to numerous other soldiers, the sovereign received the same reply.

At last the Czar approached a Jewish soldier, and to his query whether he would shoot

him upon request, the Israelite emphatically declared that he would not.

The great ruler was deeply moved. There was at least one soldier whose love for his King outweighed his sense of duty.

"Tell me, my child," said the monarch, emotionally, to the faithful soldier, "why wouldn't you?"

"I am a 'barabanstchick'" (a drummer), stated the loyal soldier, in a matter-of-fact tone, "and I am not supposed to do any shooting."

THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF GOVERNMENTS

A couple of Talmudic scholars were standing on the platform of a railroad station, when two military trains, coming from different directions, pulled in. The soldiers of one train all wore gray trousers, and the soldiers of the other train wore red trousers.

The gray-trousered soldiers, explained one of the scholars, were being transported from Warsaw to Moscow, and the red-trousered soldiers were being transported from Moscow to Warsaw.

"I don't see why the government should go

to all this trouble and expense," wondered his colleague. "Instead of transporting the soldiers, it would be much cheaper to transport just the trousers, and the soldiers could put them on right where they were. Then Warsaw would have red-trousered soldiers, and Moscow would have gray-trousered soldiers, if they want a change."

"Yes," said the first, "but what would they wear before they got one another's trousers?"

A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH

During the World War, Czar Nicholas, "the Last," visited a hospital in Leningrad.

Moved with pity, he approached a wounded soldier, and said: "Well, Ivan, I see you have done your duty. What is your request and it shall be granted."

"Zemlya," answered the wounded hero, "land for a farm."

"Make a note of it," said the Emperor to his secretary.

"And what is your wish?" queried the monarch, approaching another cot, on which lay a son of Lithuania.

"Swoboda," replied the patriotic boy, "liberty."

"Mark it down," ordered His Majesty.

A Polish soldier in a critical condition was visited next.

"Make a petition, my boy, and it shall be fulfilled," said the Czar, with emotion.

"Independence for Poland," gasped the expiring hero.

"Jot it down," commanded the "little father."

A Jewish soldier was next to be honored, and when asked what request he had to make, his answer was, "A couple of eggs."

"How silly of you," sneered his disabled comrades, when the royal party had left.

"Why silly?" returned the practical Israelite. "Your wishes will never be fulfilled, while mine stands a fair chance."

A HINT TO THE WISE

A Russian officer was instructing a company of recruits, most of whom were peasant boys. For an hour he was teaching them the art of saluting and the abstruse science of the various and sundry forms of greetings to the

different officers. Now he was lecturing to them on the first rudiments of drilling.

"You must all stand straight in line," the officer told the new men, who were staring at him with profound veneration, "and when I say 'one, two, three,' start to march, left foot first. Now, is that clear enough?"

"Tak totchno," roared the green troopers.

"Now, one"——

No sooner did the officer pronounce the word "one" than a Jewish recruit marched off.

"Hey, hey!" bellowed the officer. "Stop there! Didn't I tell you that I must first say 'one, two, three'?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the Israelite. "But you see, all these fellows are a bunch of idiots; they must wait till you say 'three'; but I understood what you meant as soon as you said 'one'."

NAPOLEON AND THE WOODEN SOLDIERS

Napoleon the First, like Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and other benevolent despots, was a popular idol among the Jewish people, and the hero of many of their anecdotes. Here is one that was current among the Jews of Eastern Europe.

The great conqueror, like Harun-al-Raschid of the Arabian Nights, used to walk about incognito. One night when he thus entered a saloon, he found two soldiers engaged in a boisterous carousal. Seating himself at a nearby table he ordered a drink and watched closely the reveling troopers. Their funds, it seems, had been exhausted, and one of the pair volunteered to pledge his sword with the saloon man in order to get a bottle of champagne. As he was a carpenter by trade, he could replace it, he said, by a wooden sword.

The suggestion was met with an exclamation of bravo by his colleague, and the sword was soon pawned, enabling the two merry troopers to continue their debauchery.

The next day, Napoleon ordered the two soldiers to appear before him. Tremblingly they arrived in the palace, and waited a long, weary hour. Eventually there emerged from an inner chamber a uniformed man, who ordered them to follow him. In a few moments they found themselves in the royal chambers. At a large mahogany desk, piled with papers, sat the glittering figure of the monarch, perusing some important documents.

After a long, tense silence, the Emperor

raised his eyes, looked critically at the two shivering troopers, and ordered them to march up to his desk.

"Your comrade is condemned to death," said the Corsican to the possessor of the wooden weapon, "and you are ordered to cut his head off with your sword."

An embarrassing silence followed, then the perplexed soldier spoke up. "Your Majesty," he pleaded, "how can I possibly kill my best friend? Besides, I am positive he cannot be guilty of any offense deserving death."

"But I command you!" declared the Emperor, "and you will have to do it."

"Lord of the Universe," exclaimed the trooper, raising his eyes toward heaven, "if this man is innocent, pray convert my sword into wood, so that I may not shed innocent blood."

Whereupon he drew his sword, and peering at it, exclaimed, "Thank the Lord, the sword did turn to wood."

A PRACTICAL WARRIOR

The Russo-Japanese War, as most of us still remember, was one long series of defeats

and retreats, so far as the Russians were concerned.

One battle, in particular, proved extremely disastrous to the Russians, and the army, to escape annihilation, was ordered to retreat in all possible haste. After fleeing for many hours, the weary troops were told to halt for a rest.

An officer, while inspecting his company, noticed that a Jewish soldier, contrary to all rules and traditions, was wearing his shield on the back.

"What's that?" queried the astonished officer. "Why do you wear your shield on the back?"

"I knew before we started out," said the far-seeing warrior, "that we were going to retreat, and I thought that wearing the shield on the back would give me better service."

STRATEGY

There is a story of the Franco-Russian War that shows how little causes sometimes have great effects.

It happened during the period when Napoleon Bonaparte and his all-conquering armies

swept victoriously through Russian territory and had reached the pale of Jewish settlement.

In a small community, an elderly Jew, carrying home a pail of water, spied a French garrison coming down the street. It looked as if he would have to meet the Frenchmen with a full pail, which would bring them, according to tradition, good luck.

The patriotic Israelite was in a dilemma. Then an inspiration came to him. He promptly spilled out the water, and thus he met the French Army with an empty vessel, which was to bring them ill luck.

When the patriot returned home with an empty pail, and the housewife asked him for the reason, he explained that he emptied the pail as a military measure.

"I would advise you not to butt in," counseled the precautious lady, gravely. "Let the two opposing armies fight it out between themselves."

FOUND AT LAST

The military authorities of Camp Dix, during the World War, noticed that a Jewish recruit was constantly searching for something,

and whenever he found a slip of paper, he picked it up, scrutinized it, and exclaimed, "Dat ain't it!"

Seeing that he was persistent in this queer conduct, the army dignitaries decided that he was mentally unbalanced, and gave him a discharge.

"Dat's it!" jubilantly exclaimed the eccentric trooper, as he beheld the discharge papers. "Dat's it!"

IX

THE STAGE

FAINTING AS AN ART

THE excellence of an actor on the Yiddish stage in former years was measured by the volume of sobs and tears he elicited from the audience. Jewish theatergoers used to remark, "Mr. So and So last night was simply wonderful. His acting was so superb that a woman actually fainted: they had to carry her out. You ought to have heard how the audience sobbed!"

In order to insure success, it was customary for dramatic actors to instruct their valets to hire a woman or two, who should faint at each performance at an appropriate time.

Bessie Thomashefsky, the famous star of the Yiddish stage, tells an interesting episode in connection with that practise.

An aged woman, who was hired to faint during a performance, dozed off in her seat

in the balcony. Suddenly she awoke from her slumber, peered quizzically at the stage, and began to faint. It was just at the beginning of a comic scene, when the audience was expected to burst forth in an uproarious laughter, and the fainting was entirely uncalled for. An elderly lady, however, perceiving that somebody in the audience had fainted, came to the conclusion that the scene on the stage must be extremely tragic, and becomingly fell into a swoon herself.

The noise and confusion that followed this ill-timed display of emotion nearly broke off the performance. The Thespian was so frenzied with rage that he could hardly say his lines.

After the show, the tragedian took his tireman to task for his carelessness in employing help. "Idiot!" he thundered. "Couldn't you get a woman intelligent enough to know when to faint? Instead of boosting me, you have nearly busted me."

"Sir," said the servant, humbly, "I apologize, and from now on I shall dress like a woman, and do the fainting myself."

At the next performance the faithful man was on the job, in woman's apparel, and sure

enough, he fainted at the most tragic scene. The ushers, however, knowing that it was not fainting, but feinting, made no move to proffer any succor to the stricken person. They stood at their respective stations and looked at the prostrate form with a broad grin.

Whereupon a few kind-hearted women carried the limp body into the rest room, sprinkled cold water on "her" face, and proceeded to strip "her" clothes. But, lo and behold, to the horror of the benevolent ladies, it was soon disclosed that "she" was not a woman, but a man.

DEFAMING A GOOD MAN

The managers of the Yiddish theaters in former years were not distinguished for their knowledge of dramatic literature.

Rudolph Schildkraut, the famous German-Jewish actor, who is now appearing on the English stage, was starred some years ago by a Yiddish theater. The play was Shakespeare's "King Lear."

One actor, however, had a deep aversion for the English bard and his plays, and while he came regularly to the rehearsals, he did not make the slightest effort to learn his part.

Schildkraut, who was entrusted with the production of the play, exhorted him to memorize his part, but it was all in vain.

At last he found it necessary to report the situation to the manager, and demand that he either force the remiss actor to study his lines or dismiss him from the cast.

As soon as the Thespian left the sanctum, the impresario sent for the dilatory artist and demanded an explanation.

"Say, why don't you study your part?" roared the surly producer. "What do you think, I'm going to pay you for nothing?"

"Who says I don't?" countered the other, not at all nonplussed.

"Why, Schildkraut."

"Mr. Manager," exclaimed the accused man, with righteous indignation, "that is a contemptible lie, and I'm going to prove it to you. I can recite the whole part by heart."

Whereupon he stretched himself to his full height, and clearing his throat, dramatically recited a scene from Goldfaden's Bar-Cochba.

"Now," said the manager, furiously, "you go back and tell that crazy Dutchman not to bother you any more. You know your part a darned sight better than he does."

WOULD GIVE MILLION TO SEE HIM ACT

The late Jewish tragedian, Jacob P. Adler, was endowed with a keen sense of humor, which was constantly brought into play in his younger days.

A friend of his, who was playing with a Jewish stock company, once bragged before him of the tremendous success he had made when he appeared in a Philadelphia theater a few months before.

"Yes, it does look as if you have made a hit," observed the Thespian, gravely. "The other day a Philadelphia gentleman told me that he would give a million dollars to see you act—and he said it in all sincerity."

"Is that so?" ejaculated the wandering star. "You don't say!"

"Yes, sir," reassured the great Adler. "He is blind."

SEEKING CORROBORATION IN THE PROGRAM

The revival, by Maurice Swarz, of the old Jewish classic, "The Two Kuni-Lemels," the first comedy ever put on a Jewish stage, brings to mind an interesting episode.

The play was presented a few years ago at

a certain Jewish theater. It is the story of an orthodox Jew who plans to give his charming daughter in marriage to Kuni-Lemel, a young man of a distant town, who is partially blind, deaf and lame, and is an all-around repulsive individual, his only assets being his strict piety and fine pedigree. The daughter, however, is in love with a handsome but irreligious young man, who is her tutor. He disguises as Kuni-Lemel and the marriage of the two lovers is about to be solemnized when the real Kuni-Lemel appears. A dispute as to their identity arises between the two suitors.

Sam Kestin and Jacob Frank, the well-known Jewish comedians, played the two Kuni-Lemels. Frank impersonated the impostor, while Kestin acted as the real one. In the scene where Frank declared that he was the true Kuni-Lemel, Kestin deviated from the prescribed lines and exclaimed, "And I say that I am the true Kuni-Lemel. If you don't believe me look at the program and you'll see."

The spontaneous flash of humor on the part of the comedian seemed to please the audience, for it was followed by a tremendous outburst of applause.

BOTH THE LION AND THE BEAR WERE TRUE ISRAELITES

The circus which arrived in the small Lithuanian town was about the most perfect the inhabitants could expect. There were a wolf, a bear, a tiger, an elephant and a monkey. Only a lion was missing, but the skin was there, and the manager offered five rubles to any one who would be a lion.

Five rubles a night and a chance to go on the stage was an attractive offer, and a middle-aged Israelite with histrionic inclinations agreed to act.

The first performance was an event of absorbing interest. Everybody was going to the circus. The house was packed to capacity. The audience was waiting with breathless interest for the "great show." The "lion's" wife and his nine daughters had seats near the stage.

The curtain finally rose, and out came the lion. He was prancing and roaring like the ferocious beast he pretended to be. His game of football with the tamer drew wild applause.

Then, suddenly, a bear appeared on the scene. It was a huge, savage beast, furious and

surly. It proceeded straight toward the lion and the "king of the beasts" and his large family nearly fainted.

It looked as though he was doomed. "Shema Yisroel," murmured the lion in terror. It was the old Hebrew prayer for times of distress.

"Adonoy Elohenu Adonoy Echod," mumbled the bear. It was the end of that same traditional prayer.

X

MEDICINE AND LAW

JEWISH SCIENCE

TWO patients, a Jew and a Christian, occupied adjoining cots in a hospital, each suffering from a swollen leg.

One morning the attending physician came into the ward to look the pair over and see whether they were improving.

Approaching the ailing Christian, he took hold of his aching leg, and began a series of tappings, and poundings, and squeezings.

The doctor's examination seemed to cause the patient infinite pain. Every tap and squeeze was accompanied by a most agonizing shriek.

Then the physician went over to the suffering Jew, and proceeded to examine him along the same line. But oddly enough, tho afflicted with the same malady, the Israelite uttered not a sound.

"I certainly admire your fortitude," observed the Christian to his colleague of the Jewish faith, after the medical man had departed. "To undergo such horrible tortures without a murmur is more than I could imagine. You must be a Christian Scientist."

"No, sir," responded the member of the "chosen race," beamingly. "I am a Jewish Scientist. When the doctor told me to show my leg, I didn't show him the sick leg, but the good one. Do you think I'd be a fool like you?"

HE COULD NOT TAKE SUCH A SERIOUS STEP

"Cleanliness is next to holiness." But whether cleanliness is wholesomeness is a question that requires the opinion of a specialist.

There is a story of an Israelite who had a swollen foot, and who, after a long period of futile treatment by the family doctor, decided to consult a specialist.

At the appointed hour he came to the professor, and at the latter's suggestion, removed the shoe that sheltered the ailing foot.

The medical authority glanced at the bare foot of the patient and flew into a paroxysm of rage.

"Why the dickens didn't you wash your foot?" he bellowed.

"My doctor, also, told me to wash the foot," replied the patient, suavely. "But I thought I'd rather wait and hear what the professor would advise me to do."

AN INSULT TO HIS INTELLIGENCE

In Russia there was a class of medical practitioners known as "feldshers," or quacks. The "feldshers" never went to college, never studied anatomy, and never read any books on medicine; they simply familiarized themselves with a number of nostrums and used them for all sorts of ailments.

There is a story of a quack who took sick, and sent for a fellow practitioner to look him over. His comrade entered the sick room with the dignity of a specialist. Seating himself down at the patient's bedside, he took hold of his wrist, and solemnly began to feel his pulse.

"Please cut out that nonsense!" exclaimed the ailing medico, impatiently. "If you pull off that stuff on a layman—well, I don't blame you; it's business. But why enact this false

show on me? You know as well as I know that there isn't such a thing as a pulse."

SORE LEGS NO TROUBLE

The patient had been confined to his bed for a few months, suffering from double pneumonia, heart failure, and a few minor ailments, including a pair of swollen legs. Now he was on the road to recovery, and the doctor, after a long and thorough examination, made a very optimistic declaration regarding the patient's condition.

"Your heart functions wonderfully," announced the medical man, beamingly, "and your lungs are entirely normal. Only your legs are still swollen. But that does not bother me."

"Doctor," spoke up the convalescent, "believe me, if your legs were swollen, it wouldn't bother me, either."

TELL-TALE MONEY

"Why not sell the horse to me?" suggested the innkeeper in a benevolent tone to the drunken muzhik, who was leading his animal to a nearby city market.

"And how much do you offer?" queried the intoxicated rustic, happy at the prospect of saving himself the trouble of traveling that distance.

"Fifty rubles," was the innkeeper's offer.

As inebriates see things double, it looked like a big price to him, and the transaction was concluded.

After a day of sober meditation, it dawned upon the countryman that he had been cheated, which fact he imparted to his neighbors in the village.

There was great commotion among the peasants, and an indignation meeting was held to consider ways and means of punishing the innkeeper.

"Let Ivan go to court, lodge a complaint that the horse was stolen by that Jew, and we'll all be witnesses," suggested a resourceful villager.

The evidence in court was overwhelming. Conviction seemed to be certain.

"Your Honor and gentlemen of the jury," commenced the defendant's counsel, "I shall make no attempt to defend my client or to deny his guilt. The testimony is too conclusive and too convincing to allow of any denial.

But let us remember that the man to be convicted has a wife and six little children, who are perfectly innocent, and who will remain totally helpless when their breadwinner is incarcerated. May I not ask, therefore, that the court permit me to make a collection for the defendant's family?"

The court granted the jurist's petition and a collection was taken up. The Judge was the first to contribute ten rubles. The lawyer followed him with an equal sum. Then came the gentlemen of the jury and the public.

The plaintiff also handed the defendant's counselor one silver ruble. But no sooner was the ruble in his hand than the jurist furiously exclaimed: "A counterfeit ruble! You are a counterfeiter! And you have the audacity to make charges against others?"

The jurist showed the supposedly counterfeit ruble to the Judge, to whom he had confided his scheme. The court scrutinized the coin and pronounced it spurious. Calling the terrified rustic to the stand he took him to task for passing, and probably also manufacturing, counterfeit money. He informed the bewildered countryman that he might get a jail sentence of ten years.

"It is the Jew's money. He gave it to me," exclaimed the peasant in self-defense.

"What for?" interrogated the court.

"For the horse I sold him," replied the plaintiff.

PROVING HIS THEORY

The tailor's establishment was separated from that of the shoemaker by a thin partition, and whenever the latter scolded or beat his wife the former heard it.

Upon the advice of her sartorial neighbor the down-trodden woman at length started proceedings against her pugilistic spouse.

The tailor, who knew of the woman's misery, and who had encouraged her in her suit, appeared as chief witness. The Judge, however, for same inconceivable reason, entirely disregarded his testimony.

"How do you know that this man beats his wife?" demanded the Magistrate, sternly. "Did you see it with your own eyes?"

"No," admitted the kind neighbor, "but I hear everything through the partition."

"Well," ruled the fair Judge, "since you have never actually seen this man beat his wife you have no proof."

As soon as the Judge turned his head, the witness emitted such a loud, piercing whistle that it nearly frightened His Honor out of his wits.

"What do you mean by whistling in the court?" demanded the august Magistrate, in fury. "I'll jail you for contempt."

"Your Honor," argued the offender, "did you see me whistle?"

"No, but I heard you."

"Well, since you did not actually see me whistle, you have no proof," contended the star witness.

BRIBING AN HONEST JUDGE

Sol Abrams, a poultry dealer, was suing Sam Jacobs, a competitor, for $500. His chances of winning the case were exceedingly poor, and his lawyer urged him to make some sort of settlement.

"What about sending the Judge a couple of good turkeys?" suggested the client.

"God forbid!" exclaimed the counselor. "If you do that, your case is positively lost. He is a very honest Judge."

When the case came up for trial, it took the

Magistrate but a few minutes to give the plaintiff a verdict for the full sum he demanded.

"You know," whispered the victorious litigant to his lawyer, as the two emerged from the Court of Justice, "I didn't take your advice. I sent the Judge two turkeys."

"That's odd," commented the jurist, who had known the Magistrate to have a profound contempt for bribes.

"But, you see," added the poultry man, "I attached to the fowls Jacobs' visiting card."

XI

PARENTS AND CHILDREN

THE WISE SHALL INHERIT

A JERUSALEM merchant took a large sum of money, and went to a distant town to buy some merchandise.

He became seriously ill, and feeling that his end was coming, he called the master of the house to his bedside.

"My friend," he tearfully said, "I see that I am passing away. So please take possession of my belongings. When my son comes and performs three wise acts, give it to him."

Expecting the arrival of the decedent's heir, the host, who was known to, and beloved by, every one in the little community, asked his townfolk not to tell any stranger where he lived.

In time the merchant's son set out to investigate the cause of his sire's long absence. Arriving in that town, he inquired for the house of the man, with whom his father had been ac-

customed to lodge. But in answer to his inquiries, the inhabitants shrugged their shoulders and said that they could not tell him.

Whereupon the pilgrim betook himself to the mart, purchased a bundle of wood, and ordered the peasant to carry it to the house of the elusive man. The youth followed him, and, reaching the house, he walked in and introduced himself.

"How did you find out where I lived?" asked the master of the house.

The visitor told him.

"I must say it was a very wise act on your part," admitted the host. Then he told him of his father's demise, and invited him to stay in his house for a few days.

At dinner, the hostess brought to the table five roast squabs, and called upon the guest to distribute the portions.

The guest accepted the honor. He took one squab and gave it to the host and hostess. Another squab he gave to the two sons. A third one he gave to the two daughters, and for himself he took two.

"Sir," inquired the head of the household, "can you tell me the reason for this odd portioning?"

"Why, certainly," replied the guest, suavely. "You see, I am a great lover of symmetry, and I wanted to have everything at the table in threes. Now you, your wife and one squab make three. Your two sons and one squab make three. Your two daughters and one squab make three, and two squabs and myself make three."

"It was a clever act on your part, anyhow," acknowledged the host, reluctantly.

The following day a roast chicken was brought to the dinner table, and again the guest was honored with distributing the portions.

He cut the chicken's head off and gave it to the host. The inner parts of the fowl he gave to the hostess. The two boys he gave the two legs, the two girls he gave the two wings, and for himself he took the body of the chicken.

His explanation for this unique division was the following: "You, sir," he said, "are the head of the family; therefore I gave you the head. Your wife is always inside, and for this reason she got the inside part. Your two sons are the main prop of your household, and it was not more than fitting that they got the legs, which support the body. Your daughters

will in time marry, and they will probably take wing and go away far, far from home, and I thought it proper to give them the wings, and the rest I took for myself."

"You have performed three wise acts!" declared the master of the house. "The fortune which your sire entrusted to me is yours. You are worthy of it."

A GIFT WITH STRINGS

Away from home, in a far, far land the great merchant lay dangerously sick. His slave that accompanied him was the only man whom he knew.

What was he to do with the rare jewels and precious ornaments he had with him, and which represented the greater part of his fortune?

To send them to his son through the slave would be unwise. For the bondman would surely take the treasure for himself and run away.

So he made a written testament, in which he bequeathed all his possessions to the slave, inserting a clause, however, that his son was to have the privilege of retaining for himself any one article he desired.

Upon the death of his master, the serf re-

turned home and proudly exhibited the document, demanding his liberty and the mastery of the estate.

"But have I not the right to select for myself any object I prefer?" asked the disinherited youth.

"Yes, this you may do," admitted the serf.

"Then," said the youth, "I retain you to be my slave."

Now since, according to the Hebrew law, whatever a slave possesses belongs to his master, all the property and valuables naturally reverted to the heir of the deceased man.

THE PENALTY OF GREED

"Here is a hundred zuzim," said a master to a slave, "go to the market and buy fish for dinner."

The fish which the menial bought proved to be putrefied and unfit for human consumption.

"You will have to do one of the following," declared the stern master, "either pay a hundred zuzim, eat up all the fish, or get a hundred lashes."

"I'll eat the fish," said the bondman.

But before he had consumed half, the servant realized that to eat any more would be

fatal, and he pleaded with the master to have his penalty exchanged for a flagellation.

When fifty lashes had been administered, however, he realized that he could not stand any more, and he begged his tormentors to desist, allowing him to pay the indemnity.

Thus the avaricious slave received three penalties, instead of one.

THE MORAL LESSON

He was sober, industrious and intelligent, and was looked upon as the leading citizen of the community. His father was an idler and a habitual drunkard. It was a common sight to see him in the gutter with a host of children slinging mud and stones at him.

Continually the son pleaded with him to stay home and drink his whisky in privacy. But the sire preferred to imbibe his liquor in the convivial surroundings of the saloon.

One day the prominent citizen saw a drunkard wallowing in the mud. It was a rainy day, and he was all wet, and miry, and tattered. The youngsters of the neighborhood were especially active in abusing him.

The leading citizen saw a good opportunity to bring the evil of inebriety to his father's at-

tention by showing him an example of the drunkard on the street. So he went home, led his father to the scene of the much-abused and disgraced man, and said to him: "Look here, father, is it nice to be that way?"

The aged man seemed much impressed. Bending over the prostrate person, he whispered in his ear: "Say, brother," he inquired, "where did you get such good stuff?"

THE CHICKEN WAS ONE-LEGGED

Rabbi Jonathan of Prague was known not only as a saint and scholar, but also as a wit. His humorous turn of mind displayed itself early in his childhood.

Once his mother was preparing roast chicken for dinner. As she left the kitchen for a minute, he rushed in, tore off a leg and devoured it. His greasy mouth and guilty look clearly indicated that he had mutilated the fowl, and his mother openly accused him of that. The youngster made a vigorous denial, and maintained that the chicken never had more than one leg.

Seeing that she could not extract a confession, the good mother reported the matter to the head of the family, who administered to

the youthful culprit a sound spanking. The following morning, as father and son were going to the synagog, they perceived a chicken standing on one leg, hiding the other under its body.

"Look here, papa!" exclaimed the lad. There is a chicken with one leg. And you hit me for nothing."

"Silly child," rejoined the patriarchal father. "You just chase her and she will show the other leg." Whereupon the elderly man swayed his stick and the fowl, sure enough, displayed a pair of perfectly good legs.

"Maybe if you had chased our chicken," retorted the youngster, "she, too, would have shown the other leg."

PATERNAL INSTINCT

"Do you know, Zalmen," said Beril Slabodker, closing the ponderous tome of the Talmud with a bang, "I am getting tired of this constant cramming of the Talmud. What benefit are we going to derive from this? If we study long enough we may some day become rabbis in small communities, and be doomed to lives of poverty and subserviency."

"You are right," assented Zalmen, gloom-

ily. "I see no future in wasting our young lives here in the 'yeshivah'; spending ten hours a day without air and without sunshine."

"I have a plan," confided Beril Slabodker, looking furtively around.

"Let's escape to Vilna. There we'll enter a gymnasium and in time we'll become doctors. I am fourteen and you are thirteen. We are young enough to accomplish anything."

The following day the two adventurers were on their way in search of light and freedom.

Weary and foot-sore, the two sat down at the foot of a hill for a brief rest. Casting a wistful glance toward their native town, they beheld their respective fathers hotly pursuing them on horseback.

"I say that we should resist," declared Beril Slabodker, vehemently, "and if necessary use force."

"But how can we hit our fathers? It's such a sin," interrogated Zalmen.

"Well, I'll tell you what to do," suggested the ingenious Talmudist. "You hit my father and I'll hit your father."

But when the wrathful parents overtook them, each instinctively grabbed his own offspring and administered to him a good, sound,

old-fashioned spanking, thereby shattering all their schemes and dreams.

WHAT IS PHILOSOPHY?

Himself lacking even an elementary education, Leibush Winterfeld, a prominent dry-goods man of Krakow, Galicia, decided that his only son get a college education.

With ineffable joy he celebrated his boy's graduation from the gymnasium and with tears of tender emotions he sent him off, a couple of months later, to the University of Vienna.

Now the pride of his family had come home for the vacation months. His parents devoured every word he said. His account of his life in the famous academy was listened to with avidity. Then the father eagerly inquired about the educational part of the university.

"Tell me, my child," said the happy man, tenderly, "what did you learn at the university?"

"I learned different things: languages, mathematics, political economy, philosophy, and so forth."

The word "philosophy" made a special appeal to the proud father. It sounded like something abstruse and recondite.

"What is 'philosophy'?" asked the progenitor, curiously.

"Philosophy is—well, it's really hard to explain what philosophy is. But here is an example: You are in Krakow now, aren't you? But by a series of deductions I can easily prove that you are not in Krakow, but in Vienna."

The face of the paterfamilias turned crimson. Was that the knowledge his son studied at the university? Presently he landed a crack on his heir's jaw, which reverberated throughout the house.

"Papa, what are you doing?" exclaimed the dazed fellow.

"Oh, I'm just making an experiment," answered the champion of a higher education, sarcastically. "If you are so wise, go ahead and prove that you are in Vienna now and that consequently I have not slapped you at all."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Two brothers, a rabbi and a truckman, who lived in the same community, received a letter from their home town that their father had died. The missive reached the truckman, and

as he could not read, he took the epistle to his learned brother.

As soon as the ecclesiastic glanced at the dire news, he burst into tears and lamentations. "Poor father, poor father," sobbed the holy man, dismally.

"What's the matter?" demanded the illiterate man, apprehensively.

The minister told him. But instead of using the Yiddish word "geshtorben" (died), he employed the Hebrew term "niftar" (demised). "Unser foter is niftar gevoren," wailed the leader in Israel, nearly collapsing.

"Niftar, pifter," pooh-poohed the untutored but kind-hearted toiler, trying to console his disconsolate brother. "Niftar, pifter, what's the difference, as long as he is well, thank God, and is making a living."

XII

THE SCHOOL

IN THIS CASE IT WAS NO PROOF

PURIM was the only day in the calendar when the Jews of yore indulged in strong drink and in frivolous games. The spirit of abandon and levity on that day penetrated even into the great schools of learning.

In the famous Talmudic academy of Volozhin, Russia, it was customary for the students to elect one of their number as head of the school for the day of Purim. The pseudo-chief of the academy would conduct himself with all the pomp and dignity characteristic of the "rosh yeshivah," to the mirth and jubilation of all the students.

One student thus elevated to this important position, under the influence of liquor, uttered words against the real head of the school, which were highly insulting.

The next day the offender came before the

"rosh yeshivah" and humbly asked for his forgiveness, pleading that having been intoxicated he did not know what he was talking about, and could not, therefore, be held responsible.

"You are pardoned," said the sage. "Of course, they say that 'what a sober man has on his lung a drunkard has on his tongue,' which would show your disrespectful attitude toward me. But that maxim is not applicable in all cases. For example: We, Jews, examine the lungs of killed animals to determine whether they are up to the Biblical standard. Now the question is: why not intoxicate the cow and then look at her tongue, since according to the said maxim 'what is hidden in the lung is apparent on the tongue' in cases of drunkenness?"

"The answer, of course, is that this rule does not apply to animals. And for that reason, it does not apply to you, either."

AN OBJECT LESSON

The country teacher had been working on the farmer's son, a husky fellow of about fifteen, for more than five months, trying in vain to teach him to recite by heart the "kiddush,"

recited Friday evenings in every Jewish home, over a glass of wine. It looked as tho he would never memorize it, and the instructor was about to give up his task in despair, when a great pedagogical idea occurred to him. He would teach his pupil by images.

Whereupon he took his brilliant disciple out to the street of the village in order to give him an object lesson.

"Look here, Getzil," he said. "You see this house? Let's call it 'yom,' the first word of the 'kiddush.' That house, yonder, is 'hashishi,' the second word of the 'kiddush,' and that barn over there is 'va-yechulu,' the third word of the 'kiddush.'" And so he proceeded down to the very end, each stable and barn and chicken-coop symbolizing a different word of the "kiddush."

That method of instruction achieved excellent results, and the bucolic student succeeded in memorizing the whole passage by heart.

The father complimented teacher and pupil on the remarkable progress they had made.

One Friday night the rustic prodigy omitted the word "va-yechulu" from the "kiddush"; and when asked for the reason, he replied: "Didn't 'va-yechulu' burn down this week?"

NATURE-STUDIES

The schoolmaster of the "cheder" happened to be a modern man. He believed in teaching the young Jewish generation not only the Bible, but also science. In the frequent recesses he used to take, he would discuss with his disciples the beauties and mysteries of nature. He would tell them the names of different flowers and birds, and explain to them what purpose God had in creating the various creatures. A cat, for instance, was created for the express purpose of exterminating mice; dogs to watch our houses; horses to draw our burdens, etc.

"Now, tell me, Moishele," once the worldly instructor said to one of his young students, "tell me what was the purpose in creating sheep?"

"For the wool," answered the student of nature.

"And what do we make of wool?" inquired the scientific teacher.

The pupil did not know.

"Blockhead that you are!" reproached the erudite instructor, "what is your jacket made of?"

"Of my father's pants," replied the clever student.

BREAKING THE NEWS GENTLY

Shmulick, aged thirteen, had been away from his native town over five months. He was a student at the "yeshivah" of Slonim, the Lithuanian metropolis, where he was preparing for a rabbinical career.

Sending letters by mail was not customary in those days, and Gershon, "der baal-agolo," formed the only line of communication between the young student and his home.

Gershon was making semi-monthly trips to the big city, in the interest of his little community, bringing each time some gift, or letter, or oral message, to the young Talmudist.

Now, however, two months had passed without having heard anything from home. Therefore, when he espied good old Gershon from a distance, he rushed to inquire about his home.

"No good news this time, my child," said the kind man, compassionately, "the canary bird you had was burned."

"Oh, poor bird," sighed the young lad. "How did it happen?"

"You see," explained the thoughtful countryman, "the fire which destroyed your house spread so quickly that there was no time to save it."

"What! our house was burned!" exclaimed the young fellow, shocked at the bad news. "Oh, what a loss! Tell me, pray, how it happened."

"You see," volunteered the considerate soul, "the candles they lit the night your mother died"——

"What! my mother died!" screamed the miserable boy in a horrified and dismal voice. "Wo unto me, wo unto me. Oh, poor mother."

The heartbroken lad gave vent to his feelings, and wept hysterically over his irreparable loss.

"How did it happen?" he finally managed to ask, between sobs.

"Well," vouchsafed the harbinger of ill tidings, "they say that she died from a broken heart. She grieved too much over your father's death."

"What! My father died, too?" wailed the unfortunate lad, disconsolately. "O God, when did he die, and how?"

"He was killed in the pogrom we had in our

town seven weeks ago," informed the rural diplomat.

SUCH A TEACHER COULD DO ANYTHING

A Jewish merchant, on his way home from a fair, stopped at a tavern.

While there, he overheard the family teacher instructing the innkeeper's boy in the Bible.

The ignorance of the teacher was appalling. His translation and interpretation of the sacred book were simply ridiculous.

But the country teacher could at least read Hebrew, and the merchant, who had a houseful of children, somehow or other had not had any teacher at all. So he decided to inveigle the instructor.

"How much do you get here?" the merchant asked the rural pedagog, when the tavern man was not around.

"Fifty rubles for the term," replied the expounder of the Bible.

"I'll give you a hundred," said the unscrupulous guest, "will you go with me?"

"Yes," quickly consented the educator, looking timidly around.

The teacher packed up his scanty effects,

and half an hour later he was bound for a more lucrative position.

"By the way, sir," started the fugitive, haltingly, when they were at a safe distance from the inn, "what do you expect me to do at your house? We have not spoken about that at all."

"Well"—drawled the merchant. "Well, you'll be a nurse. You see, we have a baby."

"A nurse!" exclaimed the captive. "How can a man be a nurse?"

"If a fellow like you can be a teacher," remarked the abductor, sarcastically, "you can be a nurse, too."

GOOD FOR THEM—SUCH BAD MANNERS!

There was a shopkeeper in the City of Grodno, whose Hebrew education had been wofully neglected, and whose knowledge of the intricate and hair-splitting controversies of the Talmud was practically nil. Yet his majestic figure, his long, well-kept beard, his immaculate gabardine, and his proud bearing gave him a scholarly aspect.

Once when a group of Talmudic students were wrangling over the interpretation of a difficult passage in the Talmud, the scholarly-looking gentleman walked into the synagog.

The boisterous conflict was at once hushed. "Sh-sh," they said to one another, "let us ask that gentleman."

In a moment the patriarchal merchant was surrounded by a score of eager students, who set forth their various opinions as to the exact meaning of the mooted passage, and entreated him to kindly tell them what the right interpretation really was.

The bearded, gabardined gentleman was not at all disconcerted. With a reproachful look in his eyes, he addressed the young students as follows:

"Look here, fellows," he said, "I think you have very bad manners. Fortunately, you happened to approach a 'lamdan,' a Talmudic scholar, who is in a position to answer any question you may ask. But suppose you asked this question of an untutored man, you surely would have embarrassed him. Therefore, I am not going to tell it to you. Just to teach you a lesson in manners."

THEY WERE CONSIDERATE

Rabbi Judah ha-Nasi, the compiler of "Mishnah," who lived some 1800 years ago, was lecturing one day before his students,

when his nostrils were assailed by the odor of garlic, in which a certain student had indulged.

The great teacher was plainly irritated, and pausing in his discourse, gave an order that any student who had eaten the obnoxious plant should leave the lecture room immediately.

Nobody stirred. Evidently the garlic-eater was ashamed to acknowledge publicly that he was the cause of the master's annoyance.

Finally a student, named Rabbi Hiya, rose from his seat and walked out.

Rabbi Hiya was not guilty of eating the odoriferous vegetable, but he left the room in order to make it easier for the offender to do the same.

Presently another student left the room, and a third; and soon a general exodus started.

In a few moments not a single student remained in the lecture room.

BY SIMPLE DEDUCTION

Reb Beril Charif was in the habit of placing his spectacles in the "gemara," or volume of the Talmud, which he would always close before leaving the synagog. It served the double purpose of safeguarding the spectacles and of marking his place in the book.

Once, however, he deviated from this practise and merely moved his glasses up his forehead. Returning to his studies, he naturally looked for them in the customary repository, and to his utter discomfiture they were not there.

The venerable sage was puzzled by the disappearance of his glasses. He could not possibly continue his studies without them.

"Who on earth could have taken my spectacles?" he soliloquized, in the Talmudic singsong, stroking his long, patriarchal beard, and striding nervously across the synagog. "To say that they were taken by a man who needs eyeglasses is most unlikely. For a man who needs eyeglasses undoubtedly has a pair of his own. To say, on the other hand, that they were taken by one who needs no eyeglasses is equally illogical. For what benefit could such a person derive from stealing them?

"We must, therefore, deduce that they were taken by a person who needs and has eyeglasses. Now the question of course arises: Why should such a person take somebody else's eyeglasses? But the response thereto is very simple. Perhaps that individual pushed his

spectacles up his forehead and forgot all about it, and, not finding his own, took mine."

"Now, since we have arrived at this hypothesis, why not go a step further and say that I, myself, have done so?"

He touched his forehead and found them perched right there.

"Why, surely, here they are!" exclaimed the sage, astonished at the force and cogency of his own reasoning.

He removed the spectacles from his forehead and viewed them with genuine interest.

"After all," he remarked, "it's good to have a 'gemara' head. I could never have found the glasses otherwise."

STIMULATING, BUT NOT INTOXICATING

The two Talmudic scholars took a brief recess. They had been studying long and hard, and as a mental relaxation they turned their conversation to secular matters.

"Say, what stuff is whisky made of?" inquired Beril Slabodker, curiously.

"Of potatoes," replied Selig Rakishker.

"And what quantity of potatoes is needed to produce, say, one gallon of whisky?"

"About a bushel," informed the worldly student, authoritatively.

"Then," argued the casuistic theologian, in the Talmudic sing-song, drawing with his thumb a semicircle in the air, "then two quarts of potatoes contain one glass of whisky. Now, if one should consume two quarts of potatoes, one ought to get drunk!"

"Of course," affirmed the other, in a confident tone.

"Go on. It's impossible!"

"Let's bet a ruble," challenged the young scientist.

The two wagered and, by way of experiment, they sought out a starving mendicant who had had no food in days, locked him in a room and placed two quarts of boiled potatoes at his disposal.

When the contestants opened the door to see the result of their experiment, they found the vagabond humming a gay tune.

"Noo, are you drunk?" chorused the two scientific scholars, noticing that the entire supply of potatoes had been consumed.

"Well, not exactly drunk," said the hobo, beamingly, "but I feel a darned sight happier."

A MATTER OF PERSPECTIVE

Does a person's body grow from the bottom upward, or from the top downward?

This vital question was the subject of a heated debate, one cold winter night, among a number of Talmudic students, who were assembled around the large, warm brick-stove, in a "yeshivah."

"I maintain," declared one rabbinic disciple, authoritatively, "that a person grows from the top downward, and I can prove it to you: Last year my father bought me an overcoat, which reached my ankles, and now it hardly reaches my knees. The collar of the coat, however, still reaches my neck, just as it did a year ago. That proves conclusively that a person grows from the top downward."

"And I can prove just the reverse," asseverated another Talmudic scholar vehemently. "The other day a troop of soldiers marched through the street. Observing their feet, I saw that they were all even. But when I looked at their heads I perceived that some were towering above the others. Now doesn't that prove that a person grows from the bottom upward?"

XIII

THE SYNAGOG

NO CAUSE FOR JEALOUSY

THE world, according to a Talmudic tradition, is based on three things: Torah, Worship and Charity. The three pillars of the universe are sadly neglected, however, in our wicked generation.

It is told that this benign triumvirate appeared before the Almighty, blessed be He, and lugubriously complained of their hard task.

Said the Torah: "O Creator of the Universe, Thou hast in Thy wisdom based the world on Thy humble maid-servant. But how can I act as a mainstay for that world, when practically nobody studies me?"

"No, my child," said the Lord, consolingly, "things are not so bad. Are there no rabbis who study the Torah?"

Worship came next with a similar complaint.

"Master of the Universe," wailed Worship, disconsolately, "how can I uphold the world when nobody does any worshiping?"

"The situation is not so hopeless," comforted the Almighty. "There are numerous cantors who go through the entire ordeal of worship from beginning to end."

Charity followed with a similar grievance.

"O Lord of Hosts," sobbed that guardian angel. "How can I uphold the world when the practise of charity is so miserably neglected?"

"Calm thyself, daughter," consoled the Source of Charity. "Just take a trip to an orthodox synagog and thou wilt see what perfect delight the congregants take in passing boxes of snuff to one another, and thou wilt be convinced that the practise of charity is not dead yet."

"But, my Lord," pleaded Charity, rather slighted, "to Torah and Worship Thou hast given rabbis and cantors to look after their interests; men who pray and study, while I have to depend on a pinch of snuff."

"Believe me, child," said the Almighty, tenderly, "the Torah of the rabbis and the worship

of the cantors are not worth even a pinch of snuff."

THE CURSE OF POPULARITY

A downtown synagog in New York employed a cantor, whose residence was in Harlem. The precentor in question never allowed the Rabbinic injunction against riding on Saturdays and holidays to interfere with his comfort. After the services he would walk seven or eight blocks north, turn west to the Bowery, and board a car bound uptown. This spot he considered sufficiently removed from his synagog to make the presence of any of his constituents improbable.

One "Yom Kippur" night, after the services, the "chazan," as usual, walked the well-trodden path to make the clandestine getaway. At the Bowery and Delancey Street, after looking furtively about to see if anybody was watching, he hailed a car, boarded it, and took shelter in an inconspicuous corner.

Due to the late hour and the absence of Jewish patrons, the car had been almost empty, and the conductor could not have failed to notice the entrance of the new passenger. Yet, oddly enough, he took no cognizance of him.

For fifteen minutes the fugitive had been holding out the nickel, and seeing that the conductor paid no attention to him, he decided to ask him the reason.

"Why don't you collect my fare?" finally inquired the solitary Jewish passenger of the uniformed man, as the latter passed through the car.

"From my 'chazan' I am not going to collect any fares," replied the transit employee, affably. "No siree."

HE KNEW A BARGAIN WHEN HE SAW ONE

It is customary in orthodox synagogs, during the holiday services, to sell per auction the honor of reading a portion of the Torah.

On a certain "Yom Kippur," an Irishman went with his Jewish neighbor to witness the services in a nearby synagog. For an hour the native of Erin sat spellbound, watching attentively the solemn and awe-inspiring ordeal. Finally there came a lull, and the selling of the various ritual honors began.

"Twenty dollars for 'maftir'," drawled the sexton.

"Thirty dollars," came a bid from a member of the congregation.

"I give sixty," yelled the Irishman.

Everybody stared in amazement.

"Pat, what are you doing?" inquired his Jewish friend. "What are you going to do with that. Are you crazy?"

"Just leave it to me," responded the practical Irishman. "If a Jew offers thirty dollars for something, I know damned well it's worth sixty."

FOR THE LOVE OF HIS PEOPLE

Israel Zevin, noted Jewish humorist, was a resident of a New York suburb some years ago, and a trustee of the local synagog.

A few weeks before the High Holidays, the synagog, following its annual custom, inserted an ad in the Yiddish press requiring the services of a cantor for the "Yamim Norayim." In response thereto there appeared a large number of candidates, all anxious to demonstrate their qualifications by giving a trial service on some Saturday.

One applicant in particular seemed supremely self-confident. He told the committee that he had an offer to appear with the Chicago Opera Company, but that his love for Jewish music and his sense of duty toward his people

impelled him to dedicate his talents to the synagog. The spokesmen of the community were deeply impressed. Unanimously they decided to give him the first chance. That Saturday morning, the "chazan" informed the leaders of the synagog that he expected two Christian gentlemen to his services, and that he wanted them to be admitted.

An hour later, when the "chazan" was chanting the "musaf" prayer, the expected visitors arrived in the house of worship. They were both short and stocky individuals, with a coat of tan on their hands and faces. They might have been either bootblacks or peanut venders. At any rate, it was apparent that they had recently hailed from "Sunny Italy." In accordance with previous instructions the pair were ushered by the "shamash" to a couple of good seats, which had been reserved for them. For half an hour the two distinguished guests sat and listened critically to the vocal antics of the great virtuoso. Then the pair solemnly arose and sauntered out.

In answer to the curious inquiries of the congregants as to the identity of the two mystic men, the Jewish Caruso vouchsafed that they were representatives of the Chicago Opera

Company and that they had come to witness his performance. That information made a profound impression. Immediately the artist was engaged for $500, the largest sum ever paid by that congregation.

The following June the members of the congregation went on a picnic to Coney Island. Promenading on the Boardwalk, the attention of a member was attracted by a stentorian voice which was broadcast through a huge megaphone.

"Get your bathing suit right here," bellowed the voice. "The cleanest spot on the beach!"

"A familiar voice," commented one of the members, "and there is something Jewish about it, too."

Upon investigation, it was soon revealed that it was the cantor who had officiated in their synagog. A few feet away stood two swarthy pushcart pedlers of Italian extraction, one selling bananas, and the other roasted peanuts. They were the two guests who had come to the cantor's services.

The would-be opera star later confided that the two dusky gentlemen had acted as agents for the proprietor of the bath, to pass upon his

vocal attainments, and on the strength of their favorable report, he was engaged for this highly artistic work.

PLEASING GOD AND MAN

The members of an old, dilapidated church in a small Western town decided to replace their old house of worship by a new edifice, and they made a drive for funds.

In one district the team called upon a Jewish merchant for a contribution.

"Mr. Abrams," said the spokesman, "we are going to tear down our old church and put up a new one in its place. So, we would like to get a donation from you."

"Gentlemen," said the Israelite, "you know very well that I am an orthodox Jew, and I don't see how you can expect me to give money to build a Christian church. But," he added, "let me see. Did you say that you were going to demolish the old church?"

"Yes, sir," admitted the members of the team.

"Any expense attached to that?"

"Of course."

"Well, then," said the orthodox Jewish

merchant, "here is $100 to demolish your old church."

CRAZY? OH, YES, BUT NOT HE

There was a "melamed" in a Lithuanian community, who could hardly speak above a whisper.

One time the instructor secured employment in another town. As it was a small community and it could not afford to hire a regular cantor for the High Holidays, the leaders of the synagog engaged the low-spoken educator to officiate as "chazan," in their house of worship, agreeing to pay him fifty rubles for his services.

The fortunate man forthwith despatched an epistle to his wife, informing her of his good luck, and that, owing to this unexpected job, he would be unable to come home for the holidays.

Upon the perusal of this missive, the good woman was plainly perturbed. For a man without a voice to undertake to be a precentor was beyond her comprehension. Surely he must have gone insane. With a broken heart she repaired to the local rabbi and begged him to communicate at once with the rabbi of the

other town, and request him to ascertain whether or not her husband was mentally sound.

The venerable man addressed a long missive to his ecclesiastic friend, setting forth the suspicious circumstances that gave rise to the poor woman's apprehension, and expressing the hope that, in the name of pity, he would give the matter his instant attention.

One week later there came a response from the spiritual leader of the tiny community, which read as follows:

"Our 'melamed' is sane all right; it is the 'baale batim' (leading citizens), of our town who are crazy."

WHAT THE CONGREGATION PAID HIM FOR

In a small Jewish community was a cantor who had neither voice nor musical training. For a number of years he had been employed by the local synagog to conduct the services during the High Holidays, for the princely sum of fifty rubles. The high cost of living, however, and the continual increase in his family made it imperative upon him to ask for a raise. This the congregation flatly re-

fused, and the precentor secured an engagement in another town.

When the musical genius returned home, his townsmen were curious to learn how he had fared.

"How did you make out?" they inquired, eagerly. "Did you get much money for your 'davnen'?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I got 250 rubles."

"What, 250 rubles!" exclaimed his good neighbors. "Go on, it is impossible."

"It was this way," explained the "chazan," gleefully. "Fifty rubles I received for my services, and 200 rubles for the beating the worshipers gave me upon the conclusion of my services. He was a very fine Judge."

TIME IS MONEY

It was the Day of Atonement, when the ritual honors in the synagog are sold at high prices. The sexton was now auctioning off the honor of reading the "haftorah," and the wealthiest and most prominent members of the congregation were competing for that choice morsel.

The highest bidder, however, was a gentleman who enjoyed the reputation of being

somewhat partial to horses, which frequently did not belong to him. He offered the high price of 100 rubles, and naturally, the privilege was sold to him.

After the holidays, however, when the synagog wardens came to collect for the "aliyah," the horse thief gave them the surprize of their lives.

"Gentlemen," he said, apologetically, "I have no money to give you, but I can do time. You may lock me up for any length of time that you think is worth the money."

PLAYING SAFE

One fine afternoon, in the latter part of August, nine Jews were standing before the old synagog of a small town waiting for a tenth Jew, to make a "minyan," for public prayer.

While the group was discussing certain prospects who might have the time and inclination to join them in prayer, a resident coreligionist, who was not noted for his strict observance of the precepts of the Torah, came into view.

"Mr. Rabinowitz," called the congregants, hopefully, "would you mind stepping in for a

while and praying 'minchah' with us? We need one more to make a 'minyan'."

"Sorry," replied the passerby, apologetically, "but you see, I am now going to close a business deal, and I know from experience that whenever I don't pray 'minchah' I have luck."

"And if you do pray 'minchah,' what happens?" chorused the pious assemblage.

"Well," responded the practical man, "that I never tried."

AN INVITATION FROM THE MOON

Yossel, the blacksmith, had refrained from food all day, in order to work up a huge appetite for the great wedding-feast, which was to be given in the evening by his wealthy cousin, who was marrying off his only daughter.

It was nearly nine o'clock in the evening and no invitation had been extended to him up to that hour. It looked as if he had been ignored. Yet a spark of hope was still glimmering in his mind that the "shamash" would finally bang on his door and inform him that the magnate had invited him to the wedding.

Ten o'clock, however, seeing that no invita-

tion was forthcoming, he ordered his wife to prepare a big meal for him. With ferocious greed he devoured half a loaf of bread, a pile of onions and radishes, and wound up the meal by imbibing a few glasses of tea.

Suddenly he heard a violent pounding at the door. Surely, he thought, it must be the sexton, coming to invite him to the wedding; and in order to enable himself to participate in the great banquet, he stuck a finger into his mouth, and vomited up his humble supper. Then he ran expectantly to the door to welcome the "shamash." But upon opening it, he was confronted by an elderly man, a member of his congregation, who was holding a prayer book under his arm.

"Reb Yossel," said the visitor, "we want to say 'kiddush l'vanah,' and we have only two men. So I came to ask you to be good enough to come outside and join us."

THE DEAD AND THE QUICK

Becoming a member of the "Chevra-Kaddisha," or Burial Society, was about as hard as becoming a Mason.

In the absence of undertakers, in the small Jewish communities of Russia, it was the

noble task of the members of the "sacred society" to administer the final rites to a departed brother or sister, and give him a "Jewish burial."

To do such work it required a high degree of hardihood, and to ascertain whether an applicant was worthy of membership, very exacting and horrifying tests were employed.

There is a story of an applicant who was assigned to the congenial task of watching a corpse all night alone in a house, thereby proving his pluck and intrepidity.

As there was no real corpse on hand, one of the old members nobly volunteered to act as one.

So, stretching on the floor of a temporarily deserted house, and covering himself with a large somber blanket, with huge wax candles burning at his head, the public-spirited gentleman lay motionless for hours, while the applicant for membership stood vigil over him, chanting psalms and refreshing his tired spirits from a huge bottle.

Presently, the "corpse" raised an arm. Undismayed, the watch came over and pressed it down.

A few minutes later, the "ghost" began to

raise the other arm and then his legs. Whereupon the brave sentinel, mumbling a few propitiatory incantations, approached the mobile corpse and pressed his rebellious limbs down.

Suddenly the dead man rose to a sitting posture, and began curiously to survey the room.

This indocility on the part of a defunct personage was too much for the fearless watchman. So, grabbing a chair, he crashed it on the "corpse's" head.

There was a real funeral the next day.

A PERMANENT TENANT

There was a wealthy usurer in a small Russian town, who never gave a copeck to charity.

When he died, the "Chevra-Kaddisha" demanded 50,000 rubles for his interment, which was practically all the wealth he had left.

The demand was staggering. Nobody, in the history of that community, had ever paid such an enormous and entirely unreasonable sum for burying his dead, and the heirs, naturally, called the officers of the burial society to the rabbi for a "din-Torah."

"On what grounds do you demand such an exorbitant price?" queried the divine.

"Rabbi," said the representatives of the "sacred society," "you know yourself what the Talmud says about usurers, that they are not going to be included in the miracle of resurrection, when Messiah will come. That means, that the corpse of this man will have to remain forever in the plot we assign to him. So 50,000 rubles is not at all too much."

THE LAW OF COMPENSATION

Two ancient-looking Israelites were huddled up around the large brick stove in an old synagog, discussing the universe and the unfathomable mercy and wisdom of Providence.

It was "bein minchah l'maariv," that sweet twilight hour so conducive to noble thoughts and tender emotions; and after a lengthy exchange of old reminiscences, the two old-timers engaged in this philosophic chat:

"The mercy of the Lord is incomprehensible," quoth one of the aged thinkers. "For instance, if one is blind in one eye his other eye is especially keen; if one is deaf in one ear his other ear is especially acute, and if one

has a leg that is a little shorter, the other leg is a little longer."

MAN'S FINAL EXIT

Speaking of the vanity of man and the impermanence of his earthly acquisitions, the Rabbis tell the following fable:

A fox peeped into a vineyard and beheld clusters of large, luscious grapes. Longingly he stood and gazed at the lush fruit, but the tall spiked fence made it impossible for him to reach it. At length he perceived a gap in the fence. Cheerfully he ran toward it and wanted to enter. To his vexation, however, he found the passage too small for him. So he fasted three days, and attenuated himself to such a degree that he could pass through the aperture with ease.

Having gained admission into the coveted place, he gorged himself with the succulent fruit, and when he wanted to depart he could not make his exit.

So again he fasted three days until he became thin enough to make his egress through the aperture possible.

Man is in the same tragic predicament, declare the Rabbis. When he makes his final

exit, he must leave all his possessions behind him.

WHY THE WICKED PROSPER

Why do the wicked prosper, and the good suffer? This mooted question has troubled the minds of thinkers and scholars in all ages. As a consolation to the righteous, the Rabbis tell the following fable:

A certain man had a horse, an ass, and a pig. The two beasts of burden were given each day a certain measure of grain, while the swine got as much as he could eat.

"Look here, brother," said the horse to the ass one day, "I don't think we are treated right. We who do all of the master's work, are getting just a certain ration of food, whereas the hog, who does nothing but loaf around the place, gets as much as he can devour."

"When the time comes, you will understand why," replied the ass.

A few weeks later, the master killed the hog, and made a banquet for his friends.

UNITED THEY STAND—PUNISHMENT

"How can God punish man in the world to come?" asked Antoninus of Rabbi Judah ha-

Nasi. "The body can say, 'It is the soul that sinned. For since it has departed from me, I am lying in the grave like a stone, unable to do anything.' The soul, also, can argue, 'It is the body that sinned. For since I was separated from it, I am fluttering in the air like a bird, incapable of committing any sin.' "

"I will tell you a story, which will illustrate God's method," responded the sage:

"A king had a beautiful orchard, containing fine, luscious fruit. One day he went on a long journey, and entrusted the delightful garden to two watchmen, one of whom was blind, and the other lame.

"Said the lame fellow to his sightless comrade, one day, 'What wonderful fruit I see on the trees. If I could only reach it.'

" 'Get on my back,' said the blind man, 'and you'll be able to reach it.'

"The idea pleased the other very well, and ere the emperor returned from his journey, there was no fruit left. When the ruler accused the blind man of misappropriating the fruit, he said: 'Have I eyes to see how to pick the fruit?' And when he demanded an account of the lame fellow, he retorted: 'Could I reach

the fruit even if I wanted?' So the king put the lame man upon the back of his blind colleague, and chastised them together.

"God does the very same thing. He puts the soul into the body, and inflicts punishment upon them while they are together."

XIV

FEASTS AND FASTS

LABOR LOST

REB NISSEN was an old, patriarchal gentleman, who observed the precepts of Judaism to the minutest detail.

In the long, cold winter nights it was his custom to rise long before dawn and for hours study cabala and the Talmud. Those were the most precious moments of his life.

Friday nights, when making fire is prohibited, a lamp would be left burning all night for his customary morning studies.

One Saturday morning, when the venerable Talmudist rose at the usual hour, he found, to his consternation, that the lamp had been extinguished. To waste three or four precious hours in idleness was unthinkable to him.

His Gentile watchman was parading outside, in front of his house, and he would gladly light the lamp. But to request a "goy" to

perform labor on the Sabbath constitutes a violation of a Rabbinic injunction, which Reb Nissen would not break for the world.

The Talmudic scholar was in a quandary. Then a brilliant idea flashed through his mind: He would make the "goy" light the lamp out of his own volition.

Whereupon he went outside and engaged his peripatetic employee in a conversation.

"How is the weather?" asked the kind man, most solicitously.

"Very cold, boss," complained the guard, "I'm frozen to the marrow of my bones."

"How about coming into the house and having a good draft of whisky?" suggested the hospitable employer.

"Why, surely," replied the chilled sentinel, with delight.

"But the light is out," stated the generous employer, "and I wonder whether I'd be able to find the stuff in the dark."

"That's all right, boss," assured the watchman, "I'll light the lamp."

"All right," said the pious Israelite—"that is, I'm not telling you to do that, of course, but if you want, you may light the lamp and I'll give you a drink."

The two groped their way into the house, and after making light, the "goy" had a few drinks. The devout scholar was complimenting himself upon his wisdom, when the unsophisticated "goy" said a cheerful "good night," and putting the light out, walked briskly out of the house, leaving the sage in the dark.

SMOKING THE PIPE OF PEACE

One Saturday afternoon the rabbi of a small Jewish community went to visit a certain member of his congregation, who was reputed for Hebrew scholarship and inflexible piety.

In those days it was not customary for a visitor to rap at the door; one simply opened it and walked in. So when the rabbi entered the house unexpectedly, he perceived, to his utter amazement, that his pious constituent was smoking a cigar.

The respectable citizen became greatly confused. In perplexity he began to stammer out some excuse, but he could not at the moment think of something plausible. The prospect of being exposed and held up to public obloquy was terrifying.

Suddenly the host locked the door, drew a

cigar from his pocket, and ordered the ecclesiastic guest to smoke.

"What do you mean?" demanded the divine, "I smoking on the Sabbath? The idea!"

"Rabbi," said the master of the house, menacingly, "you shall not leave the house until you have smoked. Otherwise you will go out and tell everybody that you caught me smoking on Saturday."

There was an air of resoluteness about the host, and the minister realized that his expostulations would be in vain.

"Well," finally said the custodian of public piety, "since you compel me, I might as well smoke my pipe." Whereupon he extracted a pipe from his breast pocket and had a nice, peaceful smoke with his Sabbatarian constituent.

GETTING TEA BY IMPLICATION

Those familiar with the rigors of a Russian winter know what it means to spend a day in a cold house, without even a hot glass of tea. Yet, the good, pious Jews of Russia and Poland cheerfully endured even greater hardships for the sake of the Torah, and as it is a violation of the Torah to make, or to tell a

Gentile to make, fire on the day of rest, the Sabbath observing Israelites of Russia and Poland spent the holy day in the utmost discomfort.

In the City of Kovno, however, there lived a scholarly and God-fearing Jew, who knew the secret of complying with religion at a minimum of discomfort. He always got fresh, hot tea on the cold Sabbath days without in any way transgressing the law.

The pious man had a Polish servant girl, and when he wanted tea on the Sabbath he would say quietly: "If to-day were not Sabbath I would say (here he raised his voice): 'Mary, make a glass of tea!' "

Mary, of course, only heard the last part of the sentence, which sounded like an order to make tea, and she did.

JOHNNY'S TRANSFORMATION

An orthodox rabbi of a small New Jersey town secured a position in an East Side synagog in New York, and he naturally took up his living-quarters on the East Side.

It was an extremely severe winter when the minister first settled in New York, and the "rebbitzin" found great difficulty in obtaining

a "goy" to make the stove fire on Saturday. "Goyim" seemed to be an unknown species in that section of New York City. Nor could her neighbors make any recommendations. It seems that they could perform that little task on Saturday without invoking the aid of other nationalities.

For many weeks the rabbi's household spent the holy day in a frigid condition. Then, as if by an act of Providence, the minister's wife came across a dark-complexioned, bright-eyed little fellow, whose name was Johnny. He might have been either Italian or Syrian or Spanish—it was nobody's business. The fact that really counted was that he undertook to warm up the ecclesiastic's home every Saturday for the generous sum of one nickel, to be paid in full every Saturday night after "havdolah," at the official conclusion of the Sabbath.

For three consecutive months the youngster performed his task, and collected his remuneration with clock-like regularity. Then, one Saturday, he failed to appear. That caused deep concern and grave speculation in the rabbi's house. Surely some evil must have befallen the poor boy.

The next Saturday, Johnny breezed into his patron's home, all wreathed in smiles. He wore a new suit, a new cap, and new shoes. Ostentatiously, he displayed a watch and chain and a gold stick-pin with the "magen-Dawid" engraved on it.

"Hello, Johnny," exclaimed the members of the ecclesiastic's family, with joy. "Where have you been last week? And say, you look like a regular sport? What happened to you?"

"Why, I was 'bar mitzvah' (confirmed) last week," replied Johnny with pride, "and I had to go to 'shull' to read the 'Haftorah.' "

FINE BUSINESS!

The rabbi of a small community was spending a few days in Warsaw. Saturday afternoon he took a walk on one of the main thoroughfares of the Polish metropolis to see the wonders of the great city, of which he had heard so much. Passing a large store he paused at the window to survey the various articles of interest which were displayed there.

Business was slow at the time and the proprietor was standing in the doorway. Noticing that the stranger was interested in the wares, he entered into a conversation with him.

"Uncle," said the proprietor, "we have a sale now and you can have anything in the store at half price."

The ecclesiastic sightseer looked up with surprize. The man, to be sure, did not look like a Jew. His face was smoothly shaven and his garments were modern. But the plain idiomatic Yiddish he spoke proved unmistakably that he was one. Was it true what he had heard that in Warsaw there were Jews who violated the Sabbath? "Wo to the eyes that thus see!"

Recovering sufficiently from the shock, the divine said to the shopkeeper:

"Aren't you ashamed to do business openly and flagrantly on the Sabbath day?"

"You call this business?" returned the merchant. "Believe me I am selling everything in the store at a loss. Fine business!"

HE KNEW IT HIMSELF

The "yeshuvnickes," or Jewish farmers of Russia, were proverbial for their ignorance and simple-mindedness. Cut off from civilization, without the modern means of communication, they were a rude and primitive lot.

There is a story of a newly married "yishuv-

nick" who was to celebrate for the first time the feast of Passover as master of ceremonies. The numerous rites and ordeals prescribed for the first two nights of that holiday were baffling to him. He had no idea how to proceed about it.

A farmer who lived near them was reputed among the countrymen as a Hebrew scholar, and he would have cheerfully furnished all the necessary information on how to perform the ceremonies. But admitting ignorance is not a pleasant thing. So the perplexed man thought of an idea.

"Malkeh," he said to his bride, "run over to Meilech's farm, watch through the window and see how he performs the 'seder.' When he gets through, come right back and tell me how he did it."

Malkeh went to spy on their neighbor.

The erudite countryman, at the time, had a quarrel with his helpmate, and he was belaboring her mercilessly. Evidently this was the "seder," thought the naïve woman.

The young wife gloomily returned home.

"Well, tell me what you saw," said the husband, eagerly.

The young woman kept quiet.

"I say, what did you see at Meilech's?" repeated the husband, considerably peeved.

Malkeh looked to the ground and said not a word.

"Why don't you answer?" bellowed the rustic, quivering with rage.

Malkeh made no reply.

The infuriated man grabbed hold of the shivering woman and began to beat her in the most cruel manner.

"If you know how to conduct a 'seder,'" wailed the helpless thing, "why do you ask me?"

IT WAS A BENEVOLENT ACT

A Jew who had been eating on the Day of Atonement, was arraigned before the rabbi.

"How can a strong, healthy man like you eat on 'Yom Kippur'?" demanded the divine.

"Rabbi," said the offender, "I know it is a grievous sin, but I did it in order to help a poor Jewish girl."

"Well," conceded the holy man, "helping a poor Jewish girl is indeed a piety of great importance. But tell me, please, in what way did your eating help her?"

"You see," explained the recreant, "when I

went to 'shull' on 'Yom Kippur' morning, I overheard a conversation between two girls. 'Everybody is fasting to-day,' said one, 'even the oldest and feeblest.' 'I wish I had a thousand rubles for every Jew that will eat to-day,' said the other. So I went home and had a bite in order that a poor Jewish girl should have another thousand rubles."

CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS

It was the Day of Atonement, that solemn and sacred fast-day dedicated to praying and repenting. The small synagog was crowded to capacity. In moving accents, the congregants were entreating the Almighty to grant them life, health and prosperity, which, according to tradition, are apportioned by Him on that day.

Above the din of the shouting and praying multitude rose the heart-rending "oy" of a stranger, who was worshiping in the synagog.

The stranger was nervously fumbling in his pocket, the picture of sorrow. Evidently he was missing something.

"My 10,000 rubles are gone!" moaned the distressed man. "I came here yesterday late in the afternoon, and not knowing anybody

with whom I could safely deposit the money, I decided to keep it with me. I know it was wrong to carry money on Yom Kippur, but I could not help it. Now I am totally ruined."

The matter was brought to the attention of the rabbi, who immediately took control of the situation. Ordering the doors of the synagog locked, and ascending the pulpit, the venerable sage said:

"My friends, a guest who is praying with us to-day had 10,000 rubles in his pocket and it has been stolen. Evidently the theft has been committed by one of the worshipers, and we owe it to ourselves to detect the thief and recover the money. I suggest, therefore, to appoint a committee that shall search each and every one present, including myself."

The proposition was indorsed unanimously by the congregation, and a committee was appointed.

The spiritual leader, upon his own request, was searched first. The President, the Vice-President, and the other members of the congregation followed. Everybody submitted cheerfully to the ordeal.

But when the committee approached a newly

married young man, who was reputed for Hebrew scholarship and rigid piety, he declared that under no circumstances would he allow himself to be searched and thereby concede that he was under suspicion. All arguments that it was simply a matter of formality, that the purpose was to catch the real thief, and that even the rabbi himself had been searched, failed to have any effect. It was obvious that, strange as it might sound, the money was in his possession.

Whereupon the committee, five strong, overthrew the young scholar to search him by force.

The suspect was fighting for all he was worth. Like a tiger he kicked, and bit, and scratched. It was necessary to secure a rope and bind him.

When the vanquished fellow was prostrate on the floor, panting and frothing, with the worshipers crowding around to witness the spectacle, the powerful committeemen proceeded with the search. From a pocket they extracted a package of considerable size. It was wrapped in a handkerchief, which was tightly knotted. Presumably it was the stolen treasure. But upon opening it, it was found

to contain a quarter of spring chicken, a pickle, a generous portion of bread, and a few plums. Obviously the young Talmudist had taken it along to have a bite during a convenient interval, which fact he was fighting to hide.

WIPE YOUR LIPS

There is a young lawyer on the East Side of New York, whose conduct in private life is not better than that of his friends, yet he affects an air of strict piety.

Once on "Yom Kippur," the sanctimonious jurist took a stroll on the street, when he was met by a colleague of the same profession.

"Hello, Abe," he was greeted by his comrade. "Are you fasting to-day?"

"Why, of course," returned the model of piety, with wounded pride. "The idea!"

"Then wipe your lips, please," remarked his friend, with an elfish twinkle in his eyes.

The "God-fearing" counsellor was covered with confusion. Hastily he drew out his handkerchief and wiped his mouth. "How indiscreet of me," he muttered, bitterly, "not to have wiped my lips."

"Now I might as well tell you the truth,"

said the Jewish Sherlock Holmes. "Your lips were perfectly clean. I was only jesting."

HIS PIETY VINDICATED

The pious Jewish mother came home for a brief respite. It was the Day of Atonement, when orthodox Jews abstain from food and drink, and spend all day in the synagog in prayer and meditation.

She was going to take a short rest and then return to the house of worship, and spend the rest of the holy day in "shull" among her co-worshipers.

The sacred hymns chanted by the cantor were still ringing in her ears when her eyes rested on some chicken bones on the table.

Her Max, a husky chap of about eighteen, who was known for anything but his piety and devotion to the Torah, was in the house, and he looked too contented to be fasting. The evidence, tho circumstantial, was strong against him.

"Max," pleaded the haggard mother, ruefully, pointing to the chicken bones. "Max, what does that mean? Did you eat on 'Yom Kippur'? Wo unto me! Wo unto me!"

"No," said Max. "No, mother, I did not eat, and I'm going to prove it to you."

He snatched a bottle of milk and in a moment gulped the contents thereof.

"Now, you see?" said Max triumphantly, "if I had eaten the chicken I wouldn't have drunk the milk. You know very well that as a Jew I wouldn't drink milk right after eating meat."

RABBI BEGRUDGING FELLOW JEW HIS HEALTH

The libertine was arraigned before the rabbi of the small Lithuanian community, charged with the very grave offense of eating on the Day of Atonement.

"You are the worst miscreant that was ever brought before me," declared the scandalized minister. "To eat on 'Yom Kippur' openly and defiantly is beyond my comprehension."

As it is improper to behold the face of a wicked person, the divine averted his head from the culprit.

"Look here, rabbi," pleaded the culprit, "suppose I am sick, may I eat on 'Yom Kippur' then?"

"Well," responded the holy man, hoping

that there might have been some extenuating circumstances, "well, it depends on the nature of the sickness; if one is critically ill and the fasting might prove fatal, one is permitted to eat."

"Then," flared up the offender with virtuous indignation, "then, in other words, you do allow eating on 'Yom Kippur.' But you want me, as a condition, to be critically ill. Shame on you! A rabbi should begrudge a fellow Jew his health!"

PARDONABLE UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES

A libertine who admitted that he had failed to say grace after meal was brought before the rabbi of a small Lithuanian town.

"Is it true," questioned the divine, "that you did not 'bensch' after dinner?"

"Yes, sir," admitted the godless man, unblushingly.

"Why?" demanded the minister.

"Because I had not washed my hands before the meal," explained the sinner.

"Ya, ya," observed the holy man, mournfully, "we have lived to see a fine generation! A Jew eating without 'n'tilas yodayim'! Wo

unto the ears that thus hear! And why, indeed, didn't you wash your hands?"

"Because the food was not kosher," replied the transgressor. "I ate it in a Christian restaurant."

"My God!" exclaimed the spiritual leader, in horror. "You mean to say you have eaten 'treifah'?"

"Yes, rabbi," said the miscreant, without blinking an eye. "I couldn't help it. You see, it was 'Yom Kippur,' and the Jewish restaurants were closed."

FAST DAYS DIDN'T SCARE HIM

A Jew was discovered eating on "Zom Gedaliah," the fast day which commemorates the assassination of Gedaliah, the great leader, who was completing plans for the reconstruction of Jerusalem after the Babylonian exile.

"Reb Motel, I am surprized at you," said a coreligionist, reproachfully. "A Jew like you eating on 'Zom Gedaliah'!"

"I never fast on 'Zom Gedaliah'," declared the offender, "and for three reasons: First, if Gedaliah were not killed, wouldn't he be dead now, anyhow? Second, if I were killed,

instead, would Gedaliah fast on account of me? Third, if I don't fast on 'Yom Kippur,' a much holier fast day, I surely am not going to fast on 'Zom Gedaliah'."

MORDECAI WAS RIGHT, AFTER ALL

A Jew was discovered by a fellow Jew eating on "Taanis Esther" (the Fast of Esther, the day preceding Purim).

"I am surprized at you!" exclaimed his neighbor. "A man like you ought to fast to-day."

"I am of the opinion that Haman was right," said the offender. "Mordecai had no business to jeopardize his own life and that of his people by showing disrespect toward Haman, and therefore I don't care to comply with his injunction to fast on this day."

Next day he was found by the same man eating "hamantaschen" and the other dainties prepared by Jews for Purim.

"If you side with Haman," asked his friend, "why do you eat 'hamantaschen,' then? It looks as if you are rejoicing at Haman's defeat."

"You see," explained the consistent man, "I thought the matter over carefully to-day

and came to the conclusion that Mordecai was right after all."

HE DESECRATED THE HOLIDAY

The reading in the synagog of the last portion of the Pentateuch on "Simchas Torah," the last day of the Feast of Tabernacles, is celebrated by hilarious carousals in which the observant and faithful are the chief participants.

An old patriarchal Israelite, in a small Lithuanian town, who had thus observed that great and sacred occasion, emerged from the synagog to go home. Having imbibed an enormous quantity of the sacramental stuff, he found his feet rather unsteady. So he grabbed hold of a fence and began to cantillate a liturgic melody.

While he was standing with his feet astride, and the wind blowing his whiskers and playing havoc with his gabardine, the town bull, which happened to walk through the street, came near.

The bovine paused for a moment, contemplated the queer individual, and came to the conclusion that he had before him a dangerous enemy, to whom he must give battle immedi-

ately. Forthwith he bent his head, put his horns between the legs of the swaying patriarch, and lifting him upon his back, darted off at a terrific speed.

"Yiden ratevet!" shouted the saintly personage in dismay, as he shot through the streets, clinging desperately to the bull's back. "Wo unto me! I am riding an animal on a holiday!"

XV

MATCH-MAKING, MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

WHY HE DID NOT CARE

I HAVE an excellent girl for you," said the matchmaker, "a fine family and everything, only she has no money."

"That doesn't matter," said the young man.

"She has just a slight defect," continued the "shadchan," "she is somewhat deaf in one ear."

"That's all right," assured the prospect.

"And slightly blind in one eye," added the matrimonial broker.

"I don't mind it," declared the candidate for matrimony.

"Well, I might as well tell you the whole truth," vouchsafed Cupid's assistant. "She is also a little lame in one foot."

"What do I care?" replied the young man.

"And has just a wee bit of a hunch," volunteered the honest man.

"Oh, what's the difference?" exclaimed the young fellow, impatiently.

"How is it that you are so indifferent with regard to the young lady's blemishes?" marveled the mediator.

"I won't marry her anyhow, why should I worry about her defects?" replied the prospect.

PHILOSOPHY

A young man, accompanied by his "shadchan," went to see a girl. It was his first venture of the sort and the shy fellow needed the advice and guidance of the experienced man.

"The modern girls," said the matrimonial authority to his client, as they started out for the visit, "are not what our mothers and grandmothers used to be. You must be very careful of what you say to them. As you are green yet, I shall give you a little idea as to the line of talk to give to the 'kalleh.' First of all, talk love. Then discuss family affairs. And at last talk philosophy—but not too much of it."

The novice promised to be careful.

At the lady's house the two were given a most cordial reception. The large table in the

dining room was laden with all sorts of delicacies and drinks, to which the matrimonial agent helped himself considerably. After a short conventional chat on the part of the match-maker and the members of the household, to which the "chossan," or would-be bridegroom, was a silent listener, the family began to edge one by one out of the room so as to give the two young persons a chance to get acquainted with each other.

The bashful fellow was at sea for a while. Then, collecting his thoughts, he began:

"Say, pardon me, do you love noodle soup?"

"Why shouldn't I love noodle soup?" responded the bride-to-be.

That will do for "love," decided the romantic cavalier, and he proceeded with the next topic.

"Have you a brother?" interrogated the adventurer, bravely, emboldened by his successful treatment of the first subject.

"I have no brother," returned the modern girl, laconically, which brought the conversation about "family matters" to an end. Our Don Juan was now ready to take up the subject of "philosophy."

"Now, suppose," blurted out the coreligion-

ist of Spinoza, "suppose you had a brother, would he have liked noodle soup?"

OUTDOING HIS TEACHER

The master match-maker gave his apprentice a talk on the rudiments of his art. "The first requisite in successful match-making," said the veteran, "is exaggeration. For example: When a girl has 1,000 rubles, say 3,000; when she has 3,000, say 10,000. Do you get me?"

To acquire a working knowledge of the profession, the student accompanied his instructor on one of his visits to a prospect.

"Remember," said the "shadchan" to the novice, as they started out, "you must amplify and magnify everything I say."

The two came into the house of the prospect, and the leader, after the conventional exchange of greetings, proceeded to recite the virtues and attainments of the young lady.

"I have a wonderful proposition for your son," quoth the matrimonial broker to the father of the eligible "bachur," who was sitting nearby, blushing and fumbling. "In the first place her family is rich."

" 'Rich'!" repeated the tyro, with a touch

of ridicule in his voice. "Why, they are regular millionaires!"

"And she is very beautiful," added the expert.

"'Beautiful'!" sneered the assistant. "She is a genuine doll!"

"She has just a wee bit of a hunch," went on the Stradivarius of match-making.

"'A wee bit'!" reiterated the apt disciple. "It's big as a mountain!"

WAITING FOR THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT

Simon Bernstein, a bachelor of forty, was the despair of all match-makers. He wanted youth, and beauty, and a big enough dowry to enable him to be in clover the rest of his life. Moreover, he was very fastidious: no girl was up to his requirements.

One day a match-maker told him that he had at last found the ideal match for him. "I have a young widow that is a marvel of beauty and intelligence," informed the matrimonial agent, gleefully. "Besides, she is worth $100,000. She has just one little fault; once in three years she gets crazy for a short while."

"Reb Gimple," ejaculated the celibate, "go ahead and make an appointment for me."

"I can't make the appointment right away," declared Cupid's associate, archly. "I'll have to catch her when she is crazy. If I should come to her with such a proposition when she is in her right senses, she'll snatch a broomstick and chase me out of the house."

HE COULD SATISFY THE MOST FASTIDIOUS

A match-maker came to a marriageable young man and offered his services.

"I have a young girl for you, who is a regular peach," said the matrimonial broker.

"Not interested," informed the client, laconically.

"If you don't care for beauty I have a girl with money."

"I don't care."

"If you don't care for money either, then I have 'yiches' for you—pedigree: one of the finest families in town."

"Leave me alone please," pleaded the irate young man.

"What then do you want?" marveled the baffled match-maker.

"I want to marry a girl out of love," replied the romantic fellow.

"Well, why don't you say so?" beamed the

veteran, not exactly knowing what "out of love" meant. "I have such a girl for you, too. I can please everybody."

THE ALMIGHTY AS A MATCH-MAKER

"You say your God created the world in six days," said a Princess to Rabbi Jose Ben Halafto. "Can you tell me what he has been doing since then?"

"Mating people," replied the sage.

"That is no art," said the princess. "I can do it, too. I have a multitude of man servants and maid servants and I can couple them up in a moment."

"I should like to see you do it," observed the holy man.

That night she assembled 2,000 of her bondmen and bondwomen, separated them into couples, and declared them to be man and wife.

The next morning, the newlyweds looked like so many wounded soldiers. Each had either a broken arm, a broken leg, a fractured skull, or a swollen face. Evidently not one couple had been well mated.

The following day, the princess sent for Rabbi Jose and expressed her apologies.

"I see now," she said, "that your Torah is wise and true. Matching people is indeed a great art."

THEIR FULL-DRESS WEDDING-SUIT

The conscription laws under Czar Nicholas the First, according to which little tots were drafted into the army and held there for thirty-five or forty years, forced Jewish parents to marry off their sons at a very early age, married men being exempted from military service.

An elderly Jew once walked on the street and noticed that a little boy of about eight was amusing himself by making mud pies. It was early in the afternoon, when children of his age were supposed to be in school.

Coming over to the youngster, the curious Israelite entered into a conversation with him.

"Say, young fellow," he asked, "why don't you go to 'cheder'?"

"I don't have to go to 'cheder' any more," replied the urchin, proudly. "I am a married man already."

"Well, well," observed the self-constituted truant-officer with a good-natured smile; "if you are a married man, you are already a

'balabos,' a full-fledged member of the community. Then, the question is, why don't you wear pants?"

"You see," explained the sansculotte, "yesterday I got married and I wore the pants; to-day my younger brother is getting married, so he is wearing the pants. We have only one pair."

A MOTHER'S COOKING

Everybody conceded that Sam Rosenthal and his bride were an ideal couple. Both were young and handsome. Both read the same books. Both were amused by the same plays. And both held the same political and religious views. Moreover, knowing that the path to a husband's heart is the stomach, the prudent woman thoroughly prepared herself for her culinary tasks.

In this, however, she dismally failed. No matter how delicious her dinner was, her spouse invariably remarked: "It's all right, but nobody can beat my mother's cooking."

One day, through a slight inadvertence on her part, the dinner burned and had a decided taste of smoke. The young thing was sorely distraught. Her cooking displeased her help-

mate as it was, and now that it smelled of smoke, it would surely evoke a rebuke. The most logical thing to do was not to serve the dinner at all. Finally, however, she decided to venture his wrath.

So placing the soup on the table, the young woman retired to the kitchen, and watched through the doorway her lord and master, apprehensively awaiting a verbal explosion.

To her complete astonishment, however, as soon as her spouse swallowed the first spoonful of soup, his countenance assumed a most beatific expression.

"Darling," he cooed, tenderly, "to-day the soup is wonderful. It's just the way my mother cooks."

SAUCE FOR GOOSE AND GANDER

It was only ten days after his wedding, when the harsh father-in-law told him to move.

"And what about your promise to give me ten years' board and lodging?" expostulated the disappointed benedict, who had sacrificed beauty and romance for the sake of comfort.

"My promise," replied the heartless father-in-law, nonchalantly, "has already been ful-

filled. For does not the Bible somewhere say 'a day for a year'?"

The newly-wed went directly to the rabbi and applied for a divorce.

That move completely nonplussed the bride and her father. Breathlessly they flew to the rabbi to ascertain the cause of the groom's act.

"On what grounds do you sue for divorce?" demanded the infuriated father-in-law, in a belligerent manner.

"Childlessness," replied the plaintiff, calmly. "I have lived with my wife ten years without having any issue from her, and, according to the Hebrew law, I am in duty bound to divorce her."

"Ten years!" exclaimed the defendant's father, with a diabolic sneer. "Are you crazy? Isn't it only ten days since you are married?"

"Well," responded the ingenious son-in-law, with perfect poise, "if a day is a year to you, it is also a year to me."

THE BEARD INTERFERED WITH HIS FOOD

An orthodox Jew married off his daughter, and promised to support her and her husband until the latter's beard would grow up.

Once the father-in-law noticed that the benedict was cutting his beard.

"If you do that, your beard will never grow up," exclaimed the patriarchal Israelite, "and I will have to support you all my life. Besides, as a good Jew, you must not cut your beard." Whereupon the young man was summoned before the rabbi.

"Why do you cut your beard?" questioned the rabbinic Magistrate.

"Why do you cut your mustache?" countered the defendant, undismayed.

"Because it interferes with my food," explained the ecclesiastic Judge.

"And so does my beard!" snapped the newly-wed. "If I let it grow up I lose my board."

HE SHOULD HAVE DIVORCED HER

The great sage, Rabh, had a vicious and spiteful wife. She found a satanic joy in doing the reverse of her husband's bidding. When he told her, for instance, to cook beans, she cooked lentils, and vice versa.

When his son, Hiya, grew up and Rabh began to give his culinary orders through him,

the sage noticed that his wife began to respect his wishes.

"Your mother is improving," observed the Talmudic epicurean to his son, one day. "She lately tries to please me and cook the dishes I like."

"There is a reason, papa," replied his son. "Whenever you want lentils I tell mother that you want beans, and just to spite you she cooks lentils. And when you want beans, I tell her that you want lentils, and in order to displease you, she cooks beans."

"It is very clever of you," replied the saintly personage. "Nevertheless, keep away from telling lies."

WHY SHE WAS GOOD TO HIM

There was a widow in a small Russian town, who was a common scold.

Rumor had it that the death of her husband was the result of her cruel and inhuman treatment. Yet the rabbi of the local congregation, who was a bachelor, made the very indiscreet step of marrying her.

Everybody felt sorry for the poor minister. Nothing but a life of strife and misery was predicted for him even by his best friends.

To the amazement of the whole community, however, she proved to be a most loyal and devoted wife, respecting every wish and caprice of her rabbinic spouse.

"How is it," she was once asked by an intimate friend, "that you are so considerate and kind to your second husband? You must be terribly in love with him."

"Oh, how I hate him!" ejaculated the vixen. "But I read in a holy book that any one who suffers from a wicked woman will not be tortured in the fires of hell. Do you suppose I am going to save that 'schliemiehl' from hell? No sir, not him!"

FOR HIS WIFE'S HONOR

Reb Zalman was a good, kind soul, patient and enduring. His wife was just the reverse, stubborn, loud and irascible—a veritable shrew.

Once while she was delivering one of her venomous diatribes, he sat calmly in his chair and puffed his pipe.

Seeing that her invectives did not disturb him in the least, she broke into a lament.

"I wish I was dead," she wailed. "I wish I don't rise to-morrow."

The long-suffering husband rose from his chair, walked over to the hysterical woman, and administered a slap on her face, which reverberated through the house.

"Silence, shrew!" commanded the henpecked husband, menacingly, "silence. As long as you were cursing and abusing me I did not mind. But now that you are cursing my wife, I tell you I am not going to stand for that!"

HIS CHARACTER WILL REVEAL HIS NAME

Everything was ready for the circumcision ceremony. The tables were set, the candles lighted, and the guests assembled. The rabbi, the "shohet," the "mohel" were all present waiting for the ceremony. The father and mother of the newly born son, however, were not ready to proceed. In a nearby room they were having a heated discussion regarding the child's name. Father wanted to name the child after his father. Mother wanted to have him named after her father. As they could not reach an agreement they decided to put the matter before the rabbi.

"What was your father's name?" asked the ecclesiastic arbiter, turning to the excited husband.

"Yankel," was the reply.

"And what was your father's name?" he questioned the mother of the child.

"Yankel," she responded.

"Then, what do you quarrel about?" wondered the minister. "Call him 'Yankel' and that's all."

"But I want to call him 'Yankel' after my father and she wants to call him 'Yankel' after her father," explained the sire.

"Now, will you tell me what your father was by trade?" the divine asked the obstinate father.

"A gambler," answered the paterfamilias, blushingly.

"And what was your father?" queried the wise "rov" of the zealous mother.

"A thief," admitted the honest woman, blushing to the roots of her hair.

"Then I'll tell you what to do," declared the venerable sage. "You call him 'Yankel' without any specification, and wait till he grows up. If he turns out to be a gambler then he will have been named after his father's father, and if he turns out to be a thief then he will have been named after his mother's father."

A FAIR COMPROMISE

The peace and happiness of the young parents were in danger of being disrupted. For days they had been debating about a name for their newly born son, without being able to reach any agreement. Father wanted him named after his father; mother wanted him named after her father.

One day the brave man was asked by a friend as to the outcome of this controversy. "We have compromised," said the father. "We decided to call him David Ber."

"What kind of compromise is this?" marveled the other; "you have simply yielded to your wife."

"Of course it is a compromise," insisted the master of the house. "Don't you see? The 'David' is for 'Moishe David,' which is my father's name, and the 'Ber' is for 'David Ber,' which is her father's name."

THE OBJECT SHE VALUED MOST

A couple had lived ten years without having any issue. So they came to Rabbi Simeon Ben Yohai to be divorced.

"I suggest," said the saint, "that you celebrate your divorce with a feast just as you celebrated your wedding with a feast."

Whereupon they went home and prepared a sumptuous banquet, to which they invited all their friends and relatives.

During this melancholy feast, the husband arose and drank a toast to his wife: "My child," he said, emotionally, "for ten years we have lived peacefully and happily together. We are now being separated only because we have no children, and we must comply with the Hebrew law. So in order to show my affection for you, I authorize you to select for yourself any object in my house."

That night, when the lord and master was fast asleep, his wife ordered the servants to carry him to her father's house.

When the husband awoke in the morning, and found himself in the home of his father-in-law, he queried how he had come there.

"You have been brought here through my instructions," said his wife. "You gave me permission to choose any object I liked, so I chose yourself, because you are the most precious object I could find in your house."

Next year they had a child.

MEDDLING POSTERITY

A middle-aged couple came to a rabbi to be divorced. The minister tried to bring about a reconciliation, but his efforts were in vain. They were tired of each other and nothing but a permanent separation could bring peace to their minds.

But the difficulty in sharing up their offspring seemed insurmountable. They had nine children and each wanted to get the custody of five, leaving the remainder for the other.

"The problem has only one solution," said the religious leader. "Postpone your divorce for a year, and maybe during that period the Lord will send you another child."

A year passed and the couple did not show up. One day the divine met his constituent on the street. There was a troubled look in his face and he seemed to be utterly despondent.

"Noo," inquired the holy man, "are you ready for a divorce?"

"No," replied the unhappy man. "I'm afraid I'll have to wait another year."

"Why? No child came?"

"No, two came."

A WELCOME THIEF

"Your God is a thief," said an emperor to Rabbi Gamaliel.

"Why?" asked the sage.

"Because," explained the monarch, "He caused Adam to fall asleep, and, without his consent, removed a rib from his body. Would an honest man act like that?"

"Let me answer him, father," said the daughter of the sage.

"Your Majesty," she said, "I want to tell you an incident: The other night, robbers broke into our house. They took away a silver jug, and left us a golden jug, instead. What do you think of such robbers?"

"Robbers!" sneered the monarch. "They are benefactors. I wish such robbers visited my house every night."

"This is just what God did," said the daughter of Rabbi Gamaliel. "He took from Adam a mere rib, and gave him a woman for it. Don't you think that Adam was perfectly satisfied?"

WOMEN WILL BE WOMEN

When God was about to create Eve, He said: "If I make her of Adam's head, she will be arrogant. If I make her of his eyes, she will be a peeper. If I make her of his ears, she will be an eavesdropper; of his mouth, she will be a tattler; of his heart, she will be envious; of his hands, she will be a meddler; of his feet, she will be a gadabout. So I will create her out of Adam's side, which is a chaste and modest part, and consequently she will possess the same virtues."

Despite this precaution, however, woman possesses all the faults God tried to obviate: Eve was a meddler; she stretched forth her hand to take the forbidden fruit. Sarah was an eavesdropper; she overheard the angel's conversation with Abraham. Miriam was a tattler; she gossiped about Moses when he married Zipporah. Rachel was envious of her sister, Leah. Dinah was a gadabout, and so forth, indefinitely.

MORE HORRIBLE THAN DEATH

Once upon a time the "Malach-Hamoves," or angel of death, took a man's life prema-

turely. The wronged man lodged a complaint against the "Malach-Hamoves" before the celestial tribunal. They found him guilty, and, as a fitting penalty, ordered him to descend to earth in the form of man and marry and support the widow.

The incautious angel carried out the decision of the supernal court, and in due time begot a son.

In the beginning, while not enjoying celestial bliss and felicity, they lived about as happily as other mortal couples do. But as the novelty of married life, and the fascination for each other wore off, the woman proved to be of a nagging and quarrelsome disposition.

By the time his son was fifteen, the patience of the "Malach-Hamoves" was all exhausted, and he decided that instead of living with such a shrew he would rather go to hell, the native abode of the "Malach-Hamoves." Calling his son, he revealed his identity to him, and gave him instructions as to how to prosper in this world.

"My child," said the Angel of Death, tenderly, "I am passing away from this temporal life, but I will not forsake you. With my help you will become rich and prosperous. Be-

come a physician, and when you visit a patient, see if I am there: it is a sign that he is hopeless and do not undertake to cure him. On the other hand, if I am not there, you may be sure that the patient will survive, and you may prescribe a little water with sugar, or anything—it does not matter, he will recover anyhow. Thus you will acquire a reputation as a great physician and become wealthy."

As he concluded his words, the Angel of Death took wing and disappeared.

The young boy soon declared himself to be a physician, and with the aid of his ghostly father, waxed exceedingly rich.

Now it happened that the King took seriously ill. All the magicians and sorcerers and medicine-men gave him up in despair. Then His Majesty heard of the miraculous achievements of the young doctor, and forthwith he sent for him.

"My dear doctor," said the monarch, as the former came into his presence, "I am told that you are a great physician. Now I want you to cure me. If you succeed you will marry my beautiful daughter and become King after me. If you fail, or refuse to heal me, you will be beheaded outright."

There was nothing else to do but to obey the King's order. For the sake of formality he felt the Emperor's pulse, meanwhile looking around whether his father, the "Malach-Hamoves," was there. And lo and behold! to his horror he was standing right near the royal patient—a positive sign that the Emperor was doomed.

Realizing the danger he was in, should the ruler die, he called his ghostly father out and begged him to depart from the regal patient, so that he could cure him, and thereby save his own life.

The Angel of Death assumed a sullen and terrifying countenance, and in firm language told his son that nothing could change his course, as the King's time had come to depart this life.

Seeing that his parent was deaf to his arguments and entreaties for mercy, the son exclaimed: "If you don't go away from here I am going to call my mother."

No sooner had he pronounced the words "my mother," than the archangel of cruelty nervously flapped his ethereal wings and in the twinkling of an eye vanished from the sick room.

NO WONDER HE WAS GENEROUS

The beloved rabbi of the community was seriously ill. The remedies of the physicians were of no avail, and the supplications of his flock were equally futile. The health of the spiritual leader was dwindling away.

So the pillars of the community decided to employ the most drastic of all Jewish remedies—adding years to the patient's life by means of popular contribution. Whereupon a proclamation was issued, calling the inhabitants of the "holy community" to a monster mass-meeting.

When the public was assembled, the "gabbai," or president, of the congregation mounted the platform, offered the prayer of "Mi Shebeirach," and donated one year of his life to the stricken leader. Then he called upon the congregants to follow his example.

The response of the public was generous. Everybody loved the rabbi, and everybody, therefore, was glad to sacrifice a few months or a year of his life in order that the rabbi might live.

One man, however, a cobbler by trade, astounded the assemblage by his lavish donation:

He contributed ten years of life to the ailing minister.

"You are crazy to give up ten years of your life," a friend whispered to him.

"Did I say ten years of my own life?" returned the little cobbler. "I meant ten years of my mother-in-law's life."

XVI

THIEVES, SINNERS AND RENEGADES

LOOKING FOR HORNS, HE LOST HIS EARS

ARRIVING in a strange town Friday afternoon, an Israelite, who had 1,000 shekels with him, reserved a room in the local hotel, and asked the proprietor to take care of his money until after the Sabbath.

"I'll tell you the truth," said the hotel-man. "I don't like to keep somebody else's money. It's a great responsibility. But if you want, you may bury it in the ground behind the hotel." And he quoted the Talmudic passage, "Ksafim ain lahem shmira ela b'karka," which means that money has no better place for safekeeping than in the ground.

The guest obeyed. But coming to the hiding place after the Sabbath, he discovered, to his dismay, that the money was gone. Doubtless, the money had been purloined by the

hotel-man, who had known of the secret. But how was he to retrieve his treasure? After a few moments of concentrated thinking, he hit upon a clever ruse.

He came up to the owner of the hostelry, and without displaying any solicitude, said: "I want your advice, sir. I have 5,000 shekels, which I collected to-day from a few debtors, and I am wondering whether I should bury this money, too, in the ground, or I should rather deposit it with somebody."

"If I were you," counseled the innkeeper, "I would not trust it to anybody, but bury it in the ground."

Now the tavern-man was afraid that if the stranger came to the depository and did not find his money, he would not hide the 5,000 shekels, which was a much bigger prize. So he hastened to the depository, which he had looted the day before, and restored the 1,000 shekels. Whereupon the guest came and recovered his lost treasure.

THEY DID NOT PERJURE LIKE GENTLEMEN

In the good old days, swearing falsely was regarded such a serious offense that even thieves shrank from it.

The following story from the Rabbis is an illustration.

A certain man deposited a hundred denarii with Ben Temalion, a notorious character.

When the depositor came for his money Ben Temalion said that he had returned it to him. Whereupon the depositor demanded that he swear to this effect.

So the unscrupulous man secured a heavy stick, hollowed it, and put the money in the hollow.

When he came to the synagog, and was called upon to take the oath, Ben Temalion asked the plaintiff to hold the stick for a while. Then he took the oath. "I swear to God," he said, piously, "that I returned the money to this man."

Upon hearing this oath, the plaintiff became so furious that he hurled the stick to the ground and the coins fell out and scattered all over the floor.

"Pick them up," jestingly said the scoundrel. They are yours. I returned them to you."

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

The small hotel in the Lithuanian town was overcrowded and the two guests that arrived

with the last train were assigned to one room. As both were Jews and both came from neighboring cities, they soon became chummy, and in the afternoon took a stroll together.

As they were walking, one dropped his pocketbook, which contained a handsome amount of money. The other, noticing it, picked it up and restored it to the owner. "I am fortunate," remarked the finder, "to have the privilege of performing the important 'mitzvah' (commandment) of 'hashovas avayda' (returning a lost article to its owner."

The following morning, when the rich merchant got up, he found, to his consternation, that his treasure was again missing. He notified the police headquarters, who sent a few gendarmes up to the hotel to investigate.

Upon entering the room, the officers suggested to search the roommate.

"Please don't embarrass this gentleman," pleaded the confiding soul. "I am positive he has not touched it. His honesty cannot be questioned. Just yesterday he found my money on the street and returned it to me."

The gendarmes were greatly impressed, yet they proceeded to make the search and, oddly enough, they found the pocketbook on him.

"I am absolutely dumfounded," said the owner of the pocketbook to the thief. "When you found my pocketbook on the street and it was so easy for you to retain it, you returned it to me, and now you go to work and steal it out of my pocket!"

"Don't you understand?" said the thief. " 'Hashovas avayda' is a 'mitzvah,' which I am eager to perform just as well as any other Jew. But when it comes to stealing—why, business is business; that's my profession."

TRANSMUTATION

Two thieves passed before a tavern one evening, and beheld a fine-looking horse hitched to a rural wagon.

"I'd like to take that horse," said one of the pair.

"It's rather risky," returned the other. "The owner must be inside the inn, and when he comes out and doesn't find the horse, he'll give chase right away, and when we're caught, good-by! We are good for ten years!"

"I have an idea," said the first. "You take the horse and run as fast as you can, and I will get into the harness, and put the bag of

oats on my neck. When the peasant comes out I'll know what to do."

When the rustic came out and saw a human being, instead of his horse, hitched to his wagon, and that his head was concealed in the bag of oats, he became dumfounded.

"Where is my horse?" he shouted, in a delirium of rage, "and what are you doing here?"

"My dear man," replied the hitched person, "hush! I am your horse. You see, years ago, I was a human being, just like you or anybody else. Then I committed a sin, and as a punishment, the Almighty decreed that I should be a horse for a number of years. My term has just expired, and now I am again a human being."

"Poor boy," sighed the countryman, "poor boy. And I've treated you so harshly at times. Will you forgive me for my cruelty toward you?"

"I will," replied the ex-incarnated horse, "if you will assist me to get back on my human feet. Can you spare 50 rubles?"

The peasant could and did, sending him away with profuse and copious apologies.

A few weeks later the Russian went to the fair to buy another horse and, lo and behold!

there was standing his good, old horse, which a peasant was offering for sale.

The countryman walked over to his former animal and whispered in his ear.

"Aha," he said, smilingly, "I see you have sinned again. Shame on you!"

HE OUGHT TO KNOW HIS HORSE

A farmer, whose horse had been stolen, went to the fair to purchase another one.

Walking through the market-place, he beheld his horse, which a peasant was holding for sale.

"This is my horse!" exclaimed the countryman, rushing to his animal and seizing it by its nape. "It was stolen from me."

"How long ago was it stolen?" inquired the holder of Dobbin, slyly.

"A week ago," replied the claimant.

"And I have had this horse for the last two years," asserted the other, "how can it be yours?"

"Well," said the rustic, "if you have had the horse for two years, tell me, then, in which eye is it blind, in the right or in the left?"

"It's blind in the right eye," said the other.

"No, it isn't blind in the right eye," stated the villager, emphatically.

"I beg your pardon," stammered the thief. "It was a slip of the tongue. I meant to say it was blind in the left eye."

"No, it isn't blind in the left eye, either," exclaimed the clod-hopper, taking possession of his good animal. "It isn't blind at all. You are a liar and a thief."

DOES IT PAY TO BE GOOD?

Many years ago, in a small and distant town, there lived two Jews. One was exceedingly good and the other exceedingly bad. The good man devoted all his time to the study of the Torah, and the practise of its commandments. He helped the poor, and befriended the lowly. Only one sin did he commit in his lifetime—and this unintentionally:

One Saturday afternoon, while studying the Talmud, a big, black spider descended from the ceiling upon the holy book. Nervously, he shook off the obnoxious insect, and crushed it with his foot, forgetting, in his excitement, that no life was to be destroyed on the Sabbath.

The wicked man was guilty of every sin that has a name: eating "treifah," smoking on

the Sabbath, and associating with vile women were only some of the minor offenses he committed. He had only one "mitzvah," one noble act, to his credit—he saved a life:

Once, while passing by a creek, he heard somebody crying "Help!" Instantly he jumped into the water and hauled the floundering person ashore. It happened to be the young and charming daughter of a Christian minister.

In the course of time the two men died: the one after a life of sin and wickedness, and the other after a life of devotion and righteousness.

When the God-fearing man arrived in the celestial sphere, there was great commotion. Thousands of angels, created through his pious deeds, rushed to welcome him. "Hail the 'tsaddik,' hail the saint," they shouted. As a matter of the merest formality he was escorted by a guard of honor to the heavenly tribunal, so that they might assign him to the proper abode. Naturally enough the tribunal forthwith assigned him to a place in Paradise. But no sooner had the assignment been made than a ferocious-looking devil, black and ugly, in

the form of a huge spider, made his appearance.

"Are you going to send this violator of the Torah to Paradise?" screeched the ugly being. "Why, I am the creature whose life he crushed on the holy Sabbath."

It was a hard problem for the celestial court to decide outright and, following the precedent in such cases, they decided to lock the saint and the spider in one room till the advent of the Messiah, when all difficult problems would be satisfactorily solved.

When the sinner came into the supernal region, there was an outburst of fury. Thousands of devils, created by the wicked deeds of the newly arrived, made a frantic rush to annihilate him. With great difficulty the heavenly guards succeeded in bringing the inveterate sinner intact to the celestial tribunal, where judgment was to be passed as to the proper abode for him. There was no difficulty in reaching a decision. Unanimously the court assigned him to the lowest regions of hell.

But no sooner had the verdict been announced than a pure, spotless angel, in the form of a charming damsel, appeared on the

scene. In sweet and moving accents, the white-winged seraph spoke:

"O ye worthies of the Heavenly Court, are ye going to condemn this good and noble man? Once I was drowning in a creek, and if not for this gallant and self-sacrificing hero my life would have been snuffed out. Is this the reward of noble deeds? No, I will not let him go to hell."

It was a very serious problem for the ethereal tribunal and, again following precedent, they decided to confine the sinner and his guardian angel in one room, and keep them there till Messiah would come, when all hard problems would be solved.

Now, the righteous man enjoyed neither this world nor the other world. Here he deprived himself of all pleasures in life, and there he was condemned to live with a noxious spider. While the sinner had a glorious time right here, and there, again, he was privileged to spend his time with a beautiful "shikse." Now, does it pay to be good?

AND IT WAS PRETTY SOFT

A Jewish mendicant was sitting at the roadside one hot summer's day, taking a rest and

admiring the scenery, when an aged Christian beggar came limping along. The poor old man seemed to experience great pain at every step he made, and the Jewish vagabond was curious to learn the cause of his suffering.

"What ails you, brother?" queried the Jewish pauper of his suffering comrade. "The walking seems to cause you much pain."

"I am walking on hard peas," said the hobo, scowling. "You see, I committed a big sin and, as an atonement, my priest told me to put peas in my shoes and walk on them for two days. Gee, it hurts like hell!"

"I am in the same predicament," confided the wandering Jew. "I, too, have committed a big sin, and when I asked my rabbi for a penance, he told me to do the same. But that does not interfere with my walking at all." He rose from the ground and walked a few yards to and fro to demonstrate the painlessness of his penitence.

"I must say I admire your endurance," remarked the foot-sore Christian. "How do you manage to do it?"

"Don't you understand?" replied the penitent soul of the Jewish faith. "Before I put the peas into my shoes, I had them boiled."

TAKING REVENGE ON ONE'S SELF

Economic pressure and political oppression of the Jews in the diaspora produced among them a class of individuals known as "mosrim," or "squealers."

Their business was to inform the police of any wrong-doing or violation of law that occurred among their coreligionists. These recreants were paid either by the police for furnishing information, or by the community for withholding it. The hatred of the "mosrim" toward their own brethren was proverbial for many centuries.

There is a story of a "moser" in the City of Minsk, who was flogged by the local police for a crime he had committed.

After the flagellation the squealer was discovered standing in a corner and chuckling heartily.

"Why so happy?" asked an acquaintance, who had witnessed the penalty.

"I am glad that a Jew has been flogged," replied the aching fellow.

"Why were you screaming, then, when you were flogged?" asked the friend.

"Because I hated to see a Jew having so much satisfaction," replied the informer.

OYSTERS BEFORE DEATH

"Sarah!" called the dying Israelite, feebly, to his wife. "I feel that my hours are numbered. Go out and get some oysters."

"But, my dear," remonstrated the puzzled wife, "haven't you sinned enough during your whole life that you must transgress another commandment of the Torah just before you die? Besides, you have never eaten oysters before."

"That's just the reason," replied the expiring libertine. "When I'll be chastised in the other world for eating oysters, I'll have the pleasure of knowing that I am punished for my last sin, and that I am through with my suffering."

AT THE THRESHOLD

An old inveterate "apikoros," or heretic, was seriously ill and he sent for the rabbi to say confession and to do penance.

"I can't understand," said a young disciple of the expiring man, "how a brave convinced 'apikoros' like you, should all of a sudden go back on his theories and principles.

"Don't you see?" said the atheist, "by that I

want to disprove the Talmudic dogma that 'The wicked do not repent even at the threshold of Gehenna.' "

COMMON SENSE WITH RELIGION

After profound and mature meditation, the son of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob came to the conclusion that a Jew who lived in Germany should adopt the German religion. Whereupon he repaired to a pastor to be converted, and have his name changed.

Before starting the traditional ceremonies of baptism, the minister asked the convert to Christianity what name he preferred to assume.

"Martin Luther," was the convert's reply.

"Martin Luther!" reiterated the puzzled pastor. "The founder of our sect! Why do you want that name?"

"I will tell you why," said the apostate. "My present name is Marcus Levy, so I want to save the trouble of changing the monogram on my underwear."

HE PREFERRED TO BE AN EX-PROTESTANT

A middle-aged man entered the parish of a Catholic church, and walking briskly up to the

priest, asked to be converted to Catholicism.

The features, the accent, the whole bearing of the applicant bore unmistakable evidence of Jewish extraction. Yet as a matter of formality he asked the newcomer what his present religion was.

"My religion is Protestantism," replied the ex-Israelite.

"How long have you been a Protestant?"

"One month."

"And what were you before?"

"Prior to this I was a Jew."

"Aren't you ashamed to change religions so often?" reproved the "father."

"Well, it is a matter of expediency with me," explained the candidate for baptism. "At present when I am asked what my previous religion was, I am compelled to say that it was Judaism, which is very embarrassing. But now, I will be able to say that it was Protestantism."

HIS UNBOUNDED FAITH IN BAPTISM

A Jew came to a Catholic priest, and declared that he wanted to become a Christian.

"I shall baptize you," said the clergyman, "if you promise to comply with all the rules

and regulations of the Roman Catholic Church. There is, for instance, Lent, during which period no meat is allowed. Will you abstain from meat during that time?"

"Yes, father," replied the Israelite, solemnly, "I shall be a faithful Christian in every respect."

Whereupon the divine sprinkled holy water upon him, and declared him to be a full-fledged Christian henceforth.

During Lent, the ecclesiastic deemed it his duty to pay a visit to the new convert, in order to encourage him in his new creed. As he entered the house, the prelate perceived, to his utter amazement, that the new convert to Christianity was ravenously devouring a huge steak.

"I am terribly shocked," said the apostle of Christianity. "Didn't you promise to abstain from meat during Lent?"

"Father," said the renegade, earnestly, "this isn't meat, it's fish."

"Fish!" exclaimed the outraged clergyman. "Do you think I am blind?"

"Of course it's fish," persisted the apostate. "Wasn't I a Jew once? Yet when you sprinkled water upon me and said, 'You are no

longer a Jew, but a Christian,' I immediately became a Christian. So I did the same. I sprinkled water upon the meat and said: 'This is not meat, but fish, this is not meat, but fish,' and of course it turned into fish."

XVII

BUFFOONS, ENTHUSIASTS AND FOOLS

A QUESTION OF JURISDICTION

YUDEL OPOTOW was one of the most interesting characters the Jewish community of Vilna produced. Possessed of fabulous wealth, intimately acquainted with the highest officials of the Russian Government, robust and temperamental, he was a formidable figure. Jew and Gentile alike dreaded him. His orders to the police were implicitly obeyed. His authority in communal Jewish matters was uncontested.

One time there was a crisis in the public treasury of the Jewish community, and Reb Yudel declared that he would impose a tax of one copeck on every chicken killed for Jewish consumption. The revenue derived therefrom, he averred, would be sufficient to cover the yearly deficit, and enable the public men,

like rabbis and preachers, to live more comfortably.

It was a rather unpopular suggestion with the elders of the community, and they did not hesitate to tell him so.

"Reb Yudel," said the adversaries of the projected impost, "if you do that, just imagine what Vilna will say about it."

"Let all Vilna—" here the "takif" used a phrase which would not look nice in print.

This irreverent remark spread like wildfire and aroused great public indignation against the autocrat.

When the news reached Motke Chabad, that ingenious merry-andrew, he said that he would square things up with the despot for his vulgar and arrogant insult to the community.

One cold winter night, about three o'clock, when a blizzard was raging outside, and Reb Yudel was fast asleep, in a soft, warm bed, happily sheltered from the furious storm outside, Motke took a heavy stick, went to Yudel's mansion, and began to bang on the door. After ten minutes of violent pounding and kicking, a maid opened the door and asked the nocturnal visitor what he wanted.

"I want to see Reb Yudel," said the wag.

"He is asleep now," said the domestic, "and I must not wake him up. Come to-morrow."

"No, I must see him immediately," persisted the buffoon. "It's very, very important."

"My dear man," pleaded the girl. "I would gladly do it for you. But you know Reb Yudel, he is liable to wring my neck."

"Girlie," said the clown, suavely, "you will have to take a chance this time. It is a mighty urgent matter, which concerns the whole Jewish community of Vilna, and I must see him outright."

The servant-girl took her life in her hand, and tremblingly went to arouse her redoubtable master from his slumbers.

In a few minutes the magnate came out, growling and surly like a hungry bear.

"What's the trouble?" roared the terror of Vilna. "The idea of waking me up in the middle of the night! What is it you wanted to see me about?"

"Reb Yudel," said the champion of public honor, solemnly, "the other day you said that 'all Vilna should—' so I was sent by 'kohol' (the community) to ask you whether that in-

cluded Snipishok (a suburb of Vilna), or you just meant Vilna proper?"

A LUCRATIVE OCCUPATION

Motke Chabad once fell into an argument with a big Russian peasant, in the course of which the latter slapped him on the face.

Instead of showing anger, Motke drew a crisp ruble bill out of his pocket, and smiling most affably, handed it to his assailant.

"What's this?" queried the rustic. "What do you give me the money for?"

"Don't you know," said the wit, solemnly. "Why, to-day we have a sort of holiday that when you slap a Jew on the face he pays you for that. I am a poor Jew, of course, and I can't pay you more than one ruble. But if you go to Yudel Opotow and slap him on the face he will surely pay you a hundred rubles. He is very rich, you know. Come, I'll show you where he lives."

The gentleman referred to by the buffoon was a man of powerful physique and domineering character, who lived in a luxurious mansion, and employed numerous servants and attendants.

With joyful expectations, the simple-minded countryman repaired to the mansion of the rich and powerful Jew, and asked to see the master. Soon Reb Yudel appeared and asked the stranger what he wanted. But instead of an answer, the uncouth visitor swung around and landed a slap on the magnate's face, which swept him completely off his feet and sent him with a crash to the ground.

In a moment there were a score of excited attendants on the scene, all armed with sticks and clubs, and under the personal command of the enraged and frothing master, they gave the gullible villager such a beating that he was carried out of the house half unconscious, with a few broken ribs and a fractured skull for a souvenir.

CHASTISEMENT BY PROXY

Yudel Opotow was the absolute autocrat of the Jewish community of Vilna. Contradicting him was a dangerous matter. He either landed on his opponent with his heavy stick, or told the police to give his antagonist a castigation.

One day a servant incurred the wrath of this formidable master. The incensed man penned

a note, sealed it in an envelope and told the employee the deliver it to the police station. It was an order to give the "bearer of the note" thirty lashes.

On his way, it occurred to the messenger that he was perhaps walking into a trap. Yet to withhold the message was even more dangerous.

Suddenly he espied a local porter walking leisurely along the street, apparently busy doing nothing at all. So running up to him he made him a proposition. "Listen, Zorechke," he pleaded, "will you do me a favor? Take this note to the police station. I am too busy to go there myself. Here is ten copecks for your trouble."

The unsuspecting fellow thanked Opotow's servant for his generosity, and scampered away on his errand. But as soon as the Police Captain scanned the note, he ordered his subordinates to administer to the bearer thereof a flogging. Forthwith the innocent man was thrown to the ground, bound hand and foot, and given thirty painful lashes, as specified in Yudel Opotow's order.

Yudel thought it was a big joke on the part of his employee, and he raised his salary.

GIVING HIS CLIENTS MUCH LATITUDE

The well-known Jewish wit, Motke Chabad, once concocted a perfectly harmless powder, and mounting a box in the center of the market, proclaimed that he had for sale a powder that was sure to exterminate bed-bugs.

There was a tremendous rush to purchase his ware, nobody stopping to inquire as to the manner in which the remedy was to be applied.

At length one present-minded woman broached the question.

"Reb Motel," she queried, rather hesitatingly, "will you be good enough to tell me how to use the powder?"

"Sure," replied the wag in the most amiable manner. "You catch the bug and start to tickle him under his arms. Naturally he begins to laugh, and as soon as he opens his mouth, you force some of it down his throat. The effect is instantaneous."

"But, Reb Motel," argued the woman, "if I hold the bug in my hands I might as well throw it down and crush it."

"Well, say," drawled the practical joker, "if one insists on crushing it, one may do so. It's perfectly permissible."

ONLY A QUESTION OF TIME

Herschele Ostropoler, the famous Jewish wit, once rushed into the office of the "Chevra Kaddisha," or burial society, and with tears in his eyes, told them that his wife had suddenly died, and that he needed money to purchase a coffin and shrouds.

He was given the necessary sum, and a committee of the society forthwith went to take care of the poor man's deceased spouse. As the representatives of the burial association entered the house, they were amazed to find the "corpse" engaged in the unghostly occupation of peeling potatoes.

"Say, Herschele," they demanded, "what was the great idea of making fools of us and cheating the society out of money? Your wife seems to be pretty much alive."

"Don't worry," replied the wag. "Sooner or later she will be yours. What do you care if she stays with me for a while?"

THEY WERE PROBABLY INDIFFERENT

The Jewish wit, Ephraim Graidiger, once visited the house of a friend, who seemed to be much upset.

Inquiring after the cause of his agitation, he was told by the host that his wife was preparing to go on a visit to her father, who had resided in another town, and who had now been dead more than two months. He could not possibly break the bad news to his spouse, nor could he let her make the trip and find, upon her arrival, that her father was no more. So he besought the ingenious clown to save him from this vexatious predicament.

Ephraim agreed to be of service. Coming into the room where she was packing up her trunk, the buffoon engaged the lady in a conversation.

"I see you are preparing for a trip," said the merry-andrew. "May I know where you are going?"

"I am going to visit my father," said the woman. "I have not heard from him for more than two months."

"That's nothing," observed the jester, nonchalantly. "My father has been dead nearly ten years, and I did not hear from him."

ONCE A JESTER ALWAYS A JESTER

The month of Elul, which precedes the Jewish New Year, is the period when Jewish folk

of orthodox inclination go to visit their departed friends and relatives. At the tomb they prostrate themselves and offer prayers for the souls of the dead, and beseech them to intercede in their behalf before the Almighty to grant them life, health and prosperity.

One woman in a Russian Jewish community, who visited her deceased husband, was very profuse in her supplications, winding them up with a request for advice as to the kind of work or occupation for her to follow in order to make a living.

"My dear hubby," wailed the sorrowful lady, dismally, "you have left me like a ship without a rudder, I remained a poor, miserable widow. What shall I do to support myself?"

"Bake doughnuts and sell them," answered a gruff voice. It was uttered by Caleb Letz, the local droll, who was hiding behind the tombstone, overhearing the widow's entreaties.

"But there are so many bakers in town," argued the bereft woman.

"Then don't bake any doughnuts," replied the voice from beyond.

"How will I make a living, then?" wept the destitute woman, disconsolately.

"Then do bake doughnuts," advised the ghostly counselor.

Convinced that her late helpmate was jesting with her, the irritated woman angrily exclaimed, "To hell with you. You were a wag when alive and you remained a wag even after death. It's all right. God will help me without your advice. But remember, you'll never see me here again."

AN INVITATION FROM THE GRAVE

The bereft woman had spent a full hour on her late husband's tomb, weeping profusely and asking him to perform a thousand and one things. Now that she was returning home, she remembered that she failed to request him to intercede in her behalf before the Almighty and see that she get the means wherewith to celebrate properly the coming holidays.

As it is improper, according to a Jewish tradition, to visit the same grave twice on the same day, she requested the sexton to carry her petition to her departed spouse.

"Reb Ber," she said, "go to my husband's tomb and ask him to see that I am well provided for the holidays. Here is a dollar for your trouble."

The officious "shamash" hastened to convey the message.

"Noo?" queried the poor widow, as her agent returned.

"Nothing to worry about," informed the emissary, reassuringly. "Everything will be all right. Your husband said that he'd invite you to him for the holidays."

A MIRACLE INDEED

"I am going to tell you a hair-raising story," said the town liar. "You can just imagine the horror I experienced when I went through it.

"One bright summer day I took a ramble in the outskirts of the city. Passing a forest, I was lured by the aromatic air to stroll into the thicket. Roaming through the woods for an hour, I became tired, and I lay down under a tree to rest.

"Presently I noticed a huge, ferocious lion. I got scared. I am a married man, you know, and I hated to leave a poor widow and orphans after me without any protection. Besides, I didn't cherish the idea of dying all of a sudden, anyhow. Naturally I sprang to my feet and began to run, screaming in terror all the time. The lion, roaring savagely, followed right after

me. The situation looked very critical. But we have a great God, and with His help I perceived a tall haystack. Instantly I climbed it, sat on the top of it, and felt comparatively secure, when the resourceful beast began to dig right under it. The heap was becoming lower and lower. I saw that my end was near.

"Presently the haystack fell and I landed on the ground. The beast sprang upon me with all its fury and began to tear my clothes. Another minute and I would be devoured. But, let me tell you, we certainly have a great and merciful God. To my luck and to the luck of my poor family the whole story is a lie. If not, I would have died from sheer fright."

SABBATH, SABBATH ALL AROUND

"My 'rebbi' is a great miracle-man," declared a devotee, enthusiastically, to a colleague of a different sect.

"We were once traveling together. Suddenly dark clouds gathered and a heavy rain began to fall. It was pouring all around, but above our heads there were blue skies, and we arrived home perfectly dry!"

"That's nothing," deprecated the other with a disparaging wave of his hand. "The miracles

performed by my 'rebbi' are by far more marvelous. One Friday afternoon we were driving home from a distant city. It grew late and the sun set. Naturally it was Sabbath all around. But on the road through which we traveled it was still week-day, and we continued our journey."

HIS DEAFNESS—AN ASSET

"My 'rebbi' is some miracle-man," boasted a "Chasid" before a friend. "The other day we passed through a village and the imps began throwing stones at us. 'May your hand become paralyzed,' said the saint as he noticed a 'sheigetz' aiming a stone at him, and the hand of that 'sheigetz' became paralyzed."

"Then, how is it that the 'rebbi's' eye is swollen?" queried the skeptic.

"You see," said the enthusiast, earnestly, "another youngster hurled a stone at the 'rebbi'."

"Why didn't the 'rebbi' utter a malediction against the other gamin?"

"You see," explained the votary, "the other 'sheigetz' was deaf and he could not hear the 'tsadick's' imprecation."

RELIEF

A "Chasid" who had a large family came to his "rebbi" with a complaint that his living-quarters were too small for him. "Rebbi," pleaded the votary, "you are a wonder-worker; pray do something to relieve me."

"Take your goat into the house," counseled the holy man.

The devotee obeyed. But with the installation of the goat, the house became even more crowded, and he repaired to the spiritual leader and told him about it.

"Have you chickens?" inquired the saint.

"Yes, 'rebbele'," replied the satellite.

"Get your chickens, also, into the house," advised the saint.

The enthusiast obeyed. But that made the house practically untenable, and the distressed man ran to the oracle for help.

"Get your goat and chickens out of the house," ordered the miracle worker, "and see me to-morrow."

The next day the devotee visited the "rebbi's" house, his face beaming with joy. "Rebbi," he said, " 'lang leben sollt ihr,' you have actually saved me. Why, since I drove

the animals out of the house we feel so much relieved."

SEER GREATER THAN PROPHET

A woman who had been deserted by her husband went to see a "rebbi" to ask for a benediction that her husband return home.

In the anteroom she was met by the "gabbai," or manager, of the great man, who informed her that she could not see the saint personally, but she might write her request on a slip of paper, and, if accompanied by a fine monetary offering, he would take it into the sanctum sanctorum and deliver it to the holy man.

The woman followed instructions, and in a few minutes the "gabbai" came out and told her in the name of the miracle-man that her derelict husband would be back home ere long.

When the forsaken lady had departed, the "gabbai" remarked to a few devotees, who were assembled in the reception room: "And I say that her husband will never return."

"Why?" exclaimed the votaries, amazed at this impudent observation, "do you presume to know more than the 'rebbi'?"

"Well, in this case I do," declared the finan-

cial manager of the saint. "Because the 'rebbi' saw only her note, while I saw also her face."

HIS CRUTCHES DISCARDED, THEN—

A group of "Chasidim" were celebrating a festival at the house of a colleague. Naturally the predominant topic of conversation was the superhuman attributes of their respective "rebbis." Each was telling a story or two to illustrate what a miracle-man his spiritual leader was.

A "Misnaggid," who was in their midst said, he, too, witnessed the performance of a miracle by a "rebbi."

"Noo, noo, tell us what you saw!" chorused the "Chasidim." "Surely if a 'Misnaggid' admits that he saw a miracle, it must be something astounding."

"Once, while I was visiting the 'rebbi' of Kotchk," began the skeptic, "a lame man entered his house and pleaded to have the use of his legs restored. The legs of the unfortunate were paralyzed and he was walking on crutches. The holy man took pity on the cripple and told him that before leaving the house, he would have two perfectly good legs.

" 'Do whatever I tell you,' cautioned the

godly man. 'First throw your right crutch away.'

"The lame man did what he was told.

" 'Now throw the other crutch away,' said the wonder worker.

"The patient obeyed."

"Noo, noo, what happened then?" shouted the enthusiasts.

"Then," said the "Misnaggid," slowly and deliberately, "then the poor fellow fell with a thump on the floor."

BRINGING THE WELL TO THE HORSE

Whether the Jews of Chelm were wise or otherwise is a matter for profound speculation. But nobody ever questioned their piety.

During the month preceding Rosh Hashana, they used to assemble in the house of worship every morning at dawn, and pray most devoutly and fervently.

To insure regular and punctual attendance, the holy community of Chelm employed a "shamash," whose task it was to rise long before dawn, and go through the streets, rapping with his heavy stick at the shutters of the houses, wherein dwelt his constituents, thereby

arousing them from their slumber for "avodath ha-Boreh," or service of the Creator.

As the years rolled on, the "shamash" became too old and feeble for this arduous task. So the leaders of the community called a meeting to discuss the question of electing a new man.

It was one of the stormiest gatherings the city of Chelm had ever witnessed. It was argued that to deprive the aged veteran of his position, would leave him completely destitute.

"Then let us pay him his salary," suggested a generous member, "and engage another man for the work."

"No, this won't do," shouted another. "Reb Bunim is not the man to accept charity. Besides, this work is a part of his life, and to deprive him of it would break his heart. Should something happen to him his blood will be on our hands."

"I have an idea," suggested the rabbi of Chelm, whose wisdom was worthy of his community. "Let us see, what is it that makes his task so strenuous? Surely not the act of knocking at the shutters. That requires very little effort. It is the walking, of course, which our 'shamash,' as an octogenarian, finds

so difficult. Well, then, this can be easily obviated by putting all the shutters of the community into his house, thus enabling him to knock at them without having to leave his house in the damp, chilly mornings."

The wisdom of the spiritual leader was admired by all present, and the suggestion was adopted unanimously.

WHY THEY REJECTED HER IDENTIFICATION

A prominent citizen of the City of Chelm disappeared. It was a matter of grave speculation whether he had met with a fatal accident or he had simply, for some inconceivable reason, fled from home. In accordance with the Hebrew law, his wife was forbidden to remarry until the death of her husband would be definitely established.

A few months later a local fisherman dragged the body of a dead person ashore. It was presumed to be the remains of the missing man, and the rabbi summoned the grass widow so that she might offer proof that it was her husband, and thereby obtain a release to remarry.

"What distinguishing mark or marks did your husband have?" questioned the holy man.

"You see, you must prove to everybody's satisfaction that this body is that of your husband, before you can be allowed to remarry."

"He was a stammerer," replied the bereft woman.

"Some mark!" chuckled the wise men of Chelm, who had gathered on the scene. "Some mark! There are thousands of men who stammer. One gray cat in the world. Foolish woman!"

RECTIFYING AN ERROR

The citizens of Chelm were building a synagog, and the pious members of the community, who were personally assisting in the construction of the house of worship, carried rocks and boulders from the surrounding mountains down to the valley.

"You big fools," sneered a stranger, who happened to pass through the town, "what's the big idea of carrying stones from the top of the mountains, when you can just roll them down without any effort?"

The Chelmites were greatly impressed with the sagacity of the stranger, and thanked him for his practical suggestion.

To put the scheme into practise, the wise

men of Chelm immediately set to work and carried all the stones that had already been in the valley back onto the mountains, so that they could be rolled down.

GLOSSARY OF FOREIGN WORDS AND PHRASES OCCURRING IN THIS BOOK

Aini Yodeia—I do not know.
Aliyah—The honor of ascending the platform to read a portion of the Torah.
Avodath ha-Boreh—Service of the Creator; prayer.
Baal-Agolo—Expressman; truckman.
Baalei-Batim—Leading citizens.
Baal-Z'dokah—A charitable man.
Bahur or **Bochur**—Young man.
Balabos—Leading citizen.
Barabanstchick—Drummer in a band of music (Russian).
Bar-Mitzvah—Confirmation of boy at the age of thirteen; one thus confirmed.
Bein Mincha L'Maariv—Between the afternoon and evening prayers; twilight hour.
Benschen or **Bensch**—To say grace after a meal; the prayer thus said.
Beth-Midrash—House of learning; synagog.
B'ezer-ha-Shem-Yisborach—With the help of God.
Bikkur Cholim—Visiting the sick, considered among Jews a noble act.
Bima—Platform for cantors or preachers.
Brith—Circumcision ceremony.
Cabala or Kabbala—Mysticism.
Chasid—One of the Chasidim.
Chasidim—Pietists, a Jewish sect.
Chazan—Cantor, precentor.
Cheder or **Heder**—Old-fashioned Hebrew school.
Cherem or **Herem**—A ban; excommunication.
Chevra Kaddisha—Burial Society.
Chilul-ha-Shem—Profanation of God's name, by doing something improper.
Cholush—A weakly person.
Chosan—Bridegroom; one betrothed to be married.
Davnen—To pray; prayer.
Din-Torah—A suit; a trial before a rabbi.
Drashah—Speech; sermon.
Eishes Chayil—Industrious woman.

Feldsher—An empiric; a quack.
Gabbai—President of a congregation; the manager of a "rebbi."
Gam-Su-L'tovah—This, too, is for our best.
Gaon—Genius.
Gemara—Talmud.
Gemara Kop—A keen mind.
Golus—Exile.
Gorodovoy—A Russian policeman.
Goy (Goyim, pl.)—Gentile; heathen; ignorant, irreligious fellow.
Haftorah—A chapter from the Scriptures, read in the synagog after the weekly portion of the Pentateuch.
Hamantaschen—A certain cake eaten on the festival of Purim.
Harabh, Hagaon, Hamaor, Hagadol—Rabbi, Genius, Great luminary (A title by which Rabbis were addressed).
Hashovas Avayda—The commandment, or act of, returning a lost article to its owner.
Haskomah—Indorsement of a book.
Havdolah—Benediction over a cup of wine offered at the end of Saturdays and holidays.
Herr—Mister; sir.
Illuy—Prodigy.
Kalleh—Bride; a young lady betrothed to be married.
Karabelnick—Country pedler.
Kest—Free maintenance given to sons-in-law as a dowry.
Kibbud Av—The precept of honoring father.
Kiddush—Sanctification; a benediction said on Saturdays and holidays over a cup of wine.
Kiddush L'vanah—Consecration of the moon; a prayer offered on a clear evening during the new moon, customary to be said in groups of three or more.
Klous—Synagog.
Kohol—Public; community.
Kosher—Correct; prepared according to the Jewish dietary laws.
Ksav—Document.
Ksafim ein lahem shmira ela b'karka—Money has no better hiding place than in the ground.
Lang leben sollt ihr—May you long live.
Lamdan—A Talmudic scholar.
Lo Aleichem—May it not come upon you, an expression used upon the mention of illness.
Machuten—A close relative by marriage.
Maftir—See Haftorah.
Magen-Dawid—David's shield; a Jewish emblem.

Maggid (Maggidim, pl.)—Old-fashioned Jewish preacher; an itinerant orator.
Malach-Hamoves—Angel of Death; controller on a Russian railroad.
Melamed—Old-fashioned Hebrew teacher.
Meshulach—An agent to collect funds for a Talmudic school.
Midrash—A Rabbinic collection of homilies and Biblical interpretations, ranking in holiness next to the Talmud.
Midrash Pliah—An Enigmatic Midrash.
Minchah—Afternoon prayer.
Minyan—Quorum for prayer; ten Jews.
Misnaggid (Misnagdim, pl.)—Oppositionist; one opposed to the doctrines and practises of Chasidim.
Mishnah—A collection of Tannaic legislation, on which the Talmud is based, compiled by Rabbi Judah Hanasi.
Mitzvah—Precept, commandment.
Mohel—One who performs circumcisions.
Morai V'Rabosai—My teachers and masters; the opening words of a sermon by Jewish preachers.
Moser (Mosrim, pl.)—Informer, denunciator.
Nisraf—A fire victim.
Noggid—Magnate, wealthy man.
Noo?—Well?
N'tilas Yodayim—Washing of the hands before a meal.
Orel Tomay—Unclean heathen.
Parnes—A charity superintendent.
Poritz—A nobleman; a holder of large estates.
Pravozhitelstvo—Residential rights in all parts of the Russian empire, given to only very few Jews (Russian).
Purim—A Jewish festival, celebrating the deliverance of the Jews from annihilation.
Rabbin—Rabbi (Russian).
Rabh or rav—Rabbi.
Reb—Mister.
Rebbi—Rabbi.
Rebitzin—A Rabbi's wife.
Rosh Yeshivah—Head of a Talmudic academy.
Schliemiehl—Good for nothing.
Schnapps—Brandy.
Schnorrer—Beggar; mendicant.
Seder—Ceremony performed on the first two nights of Passover.
Sha, Sha—Tut, tut.
Shadchan—Match-maker; matrimonial broker.
Shamash—Beadle; sexton.
Sheigetz—Gentile boy; imp; gamin.

Shikse—Gentile girl.
Shalom Aleichem—Peace be unto you, a Jewish greeting.
Shohet—One who kills fowls or animals according to the Jewish ritual.
Shull—Synagog.
Simchas Torah—Rejoicing with the Torah; last day of the Feast of Tabernacles, when the last portion of the Pentateuch is read.
Swoboda—Freedom (Russian).
Taanis-Esther—The Fast of Esther.
Takif—Bully; an arrogant domineering man.
Tak Totchno—Yes, sir (Russian).
Tallith—Ritual shawl, used during the morning prayer.
Tehias hamesim—Resurrection of the Dead, expected to take place upon the advent of Messiah.
Teitch Chumash—Bible translated in the Yiddish vernacular.
Treifah—Forbidden food.
Tsadick or **Zadick**—Saint.
Verfluchter Jude—Cursed Jew.
Weh Is Mir—Wo unto me.
Weis Ich Woss—Stuff and nonsense!
Yahudi—A German Jew.
Yayin Nesech—Libation to idols; wine touched by a heathen.
Yeshivah or **Yeshibah**—Talmudic Academy.
Yeshuvnick (Yeshuvnickes, pl.)—Farmer; rustic.
Yiches—Pedigree.
Yidden Ratevet!—Fellow Jews, help, save!
Yishokeini—Kiss me; literally, O, that he may kiss me.
Yom Kippur—Day of Atonement, a Biblical fast day.
Zemlya—Soil, ground (Russian).
Zemlyak—Country man. (Russian)
Zhid—An opprobrious term for "Jew" (Russian).
Zizith—Fringes hanging down from praying shawl.
Zuras Matbeia—The looks of a coin.